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THE SPANISH PRINCESS

FORGET ME NOT.
1830.

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FORGET ME NOT;

A

CHRISTMAS,

NEW YEAR'S, AND BIRTH-DAY PRESENT

FOR

MDCCCXXX.

Appealing, by the magic of its name,
To gentle feelings and affections, kept
Within the heart like gold.
L. E. L.

EDITED BY

FREDERIC SHOBERL.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY R. ACKERMANN & CO.

PREFACE.

After the experience of several years, during which this work has maintained its high station in the public favour, our readers will not expect us, whenever we present ourselves to their notice, to repeat professions which might come with propriety from the projectors of untried speculations. They know that whatever promises we have held out have been realized; and from the efforts that we have made to gain so distinguished a place in their esteem, they may infer those which we shall always be ready to make in order to preserve it.

Such being the understanding that subsists between the public and ourselves, the humble caterers of this their annual banquet, we shall not run the risk of tiring their appetite by detaining them, in a long preliminary address on worn-out topics, from the entertainment here provided, but merely subjoin a few remarks suggested by the contents of the volume now before them.

It has been very justly observed, in regard to the contributions of persons of the highest literary repute to works of this class, that the merit of such contributions has generally been in an inverse ratio to the fame of the writers. This observation is more particularly applicable to poetical compositions. From this consideration, reinforced by the opinion of friends of indisputable taste and judgment, we have this year been induced to abridge considerably the space allotted to poetry; and the consequence has been that, in this department especially, we have been deluged with contributions that could not possibly be admitted, while others, to which we should gladly have allowed a place, have been necessarily excluded, from the lateness of the period at which they were received.

Among the poems introduced in the following pages will be found one which can scarcely fail to excite a very lively interest. It is the first attempt of the late Lord Byron's that is known to be extant; and we consider this piece as being the more curious, inasmuch as it displays no dawning of that genius which soon afterwards burst forth with such overpowering splendour. It was inspired by the tender passion, and appears in the shape of verses addressed to the object of his earliest, and perhaps his only real attachment, the "Mary" whom he has

celebrated in many of his poems. We regret much that the diminutive size of our pages prevented us from indulging the reader with a fac-simile of the autograph of the youthful lover, certified by the lady to whom it was addressed, and now in the possession of Miss Cursham, of Sutton, Nottinghamshire, to whom we are indebted for the communication.

Another poem from the pen of the distinguished writer who lately resigned the critical sceptre, which he has wielded upwards of twenty years in the northern metropolis, and whose severity to the first published essays of the noble poet just mentioned, drew from him a satire that afforded a presage of his future powers, will also be deemed no small literary curiosity. But it would lead us to a length incompatible with our circumscribed limits were we here to enter into an enumeration of all the eminent names which, in the course of this volume, appear for the first time in our pages.

A glance at the embellishments, fourteen in number, will render any commendations of ours wholly superfluous, and bespeak the determination of the Publisher to support the high character which this department of the work has acquired. For the subjects of some of these we owe our best acknowledgments to the proprietors of the paintings, by

whom they were liberally lent for the purpose of being engraved: to that munificent patron of the arts, his Serene Highness Prince ESTERHAZY, for the picture of *Undine*, by the celebrated German artist RETZSCH, whose outline illustrations of the most eminent poets of his country, as well as of our own Shakspeare, are well known here; to Sir GEORGE LEEDS, Bart. for *The Tempting Moment*, by COLLINS; to the Rev. J. H. CAUNTER, for *The Death of the Dove*, by STEWARDSON; to NATHANIEL OGLE, Esq. for *The Flower Girl*, by GAUGAIN; and to JOHN FORSTER, Esq. for the *Land-storm*, by the unfortunate CLENNELL.

We rejoice to see that the selfish satisfaction of locking up master-pieces of art for the exclusive gratification of the possessors, is giving way to a more liberal feeling, which induces proprietors of such productions to communicate to others some portion of the pleasure which they afford, in permitting the multiplication of copies of them by means of the graver. Such examples are not less honourable to the enlightened amateur and collector, than beneficial to the meritorious artist and the public.

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A QUARTER OF AN HOUR TOO SOON.

"If I have ever done anything worth talking of in the world, it was by being always a quarter of an hour before my time." So said Nelson. But he was born to be a great man; and there is nothing more different than the same maxim applied to a great man and a little one. I have been ruined through life by being always a quarter of an hour before my time. For the comfort of the lazy, the only true philosophers after all, let me tell my brief history.

My father was a captain in the guards, and just as a *militaire* should be—a gay, dashing, bustling fellow; utterly ruined at five and twenty; handsome enough to make him a terror of rich old men with flirting only daughters; adroit enough to be on the books of a whole synagogue; and desperate enough to marry, when he could do nothing else in the wide world.

Few men have their fortunes made by the sons of Israel; but my father was one of the few. At Bristol he was seized for some tardiness of finance by a rabbi.

The Jew, to save the expense of a double establishment, had brought his daughter with him from London. Jessica saw the captain, and was smitten. She was heiress to seventy years of usury; and the captain fell prodigiously in love. The flintiness of the man of Israel was worn away by six months' tears and teasing; and Jessica and my father were at the height of happiness.

My ill luck began as early as it could, for it began the moment I was born. My brilliant-eyed mother had twins, of which I was the first to venture into this comfortless world. My lazy brother came just fifteen minutes after me; and by my promptitude I lost the twenty thousand pounds settled on the younger, being entitled in lieu thereof to the honour of the family estate; and never was the proud principle of honour more separate from the debasing principle of money. I have had to repent of this alertness to the present hour.

I pass over the innumerable occasions on which I felt the calamity of taking time by the forelock during my first dozen years, remarking that at school I was invariably among the first martyrs to that sage system by which the birch is made a substitute for brains, and the laws of prosody and clean hands are written, like those of Draco, in blood. I discovered also that my family conceived that I and the holidays were much too ready in our return; that the schoolmaster might have kept me a week or a fortnight more of

the vacation with all their soul; and that my demands on my father for money were looked on as prompt beyond all chronology: indeed, it appeared that he would have had no great objection if time, on this point, had stood still for life.

But school must be left at last; and my leaving it was destined to be a matter of eclat. A horse-race, which agitated all the grown fools of the county for a month before, was too interesting an affair not to resound within the walls of our house of bondage. I was determined to be present, *coute qu'il coute.* The attempt was treason to the majesty of discipline. But when did conspiracy want tempters? If, while I was without the sinews of war, and reduced to my last credit, (for the reduction to the last shilling had occurred on the day of my return) I persevered, who shall suppose that my resolution quailed, when, by the evening's post, within exactly twelve hours of the starting, I received an enclosure of five pounds for my own expenditure, from the liberal hands of my father, and five times the sum for my master, from the punctual hands of my mother?

Like every hero and heroine, I had a confidant, and, of course, as unlike myself as the antipodes—a quiet, honest, good-humoured fellow, a sort of human feather-bed or footstool, the natural resting-place of the fiery, the weary, or the idle. Jack Dulman was the scorn and friend of every soul among us; a two-legged tortoise, whose back would bear any weight, whether of

obligations or injuries, and whom nothing short of the general conflagration could stir out of his pace mental or bodily. To Jack I communicated my secret, and implored him to take the opportunity of seeing the world. We pledged our faiths, and both went to bed, but not both to sleep. I sprang at five from a feverish pillow, on which I had counted every ticking of the house clock, till I could have told the seconds by instinct. The morn was fresh and fair, the sun in his glory; the wind "did gently kiss the trees," sucking music and perfume out of the woodbines and hawthorns, as far as the eye could reach from my attic; and among the inferior melodies of birds and milkmaids, I caught the neigh of steeds, caparisoning for the day of fame. I quivered with expectation; not the most expert country gentleman that ever jockeyed his bosom friend, nor the most match-hunting matron that ever felt herself encumbered with daughters, looked forward with a more eager anticipation of what the day was to produce. I flew to Jack's pillow, but sleep sat upon him with a twenty-parson power. He was buried, welded in torpor. I might as well have tried to animate a stone. In the vexation of my soul I gave him a kick, which, however, never reached his consciousness; and, expressing my opinion in language more vigorous than select, bounded down stairs, and was gone like a falcon on the wing.

Panting, covered with dust, and buoyant with delight, I reached the valley, in whose centre the hopes

and fears of the whole county were centered. All was congratulation and smiles among the fair dames, mounted on every thing that could bear the weight of country-fed beauty; the gentlemen were in their best costume and their best bows; and, until the bell at the starting-post rang, rustic eloquence was in its full flower. But the bell shook the blossoms prodigiously; and the squire's bay filly, and my lord's gray mare, left the ladies desolate in a moment. I ran through whole cargoes of living lilies and carnations, ranged upon carriage-tops and stand-house shelves, and wasting their profitless sweetness on each other. But my time for being a florist was not yet come; and, hurrying with the rest, I was ingulfed in an eddy of gentlemen of the first weight within a circle of fifty miles; was advised by a friend of my father's, a man of ten thousand a year, to bet on a foundered horse; lost my bet almost before I had pronounced the fatal words; and saw my five pounds pass into the hands of my adviser. The blow staggered me a little; I remonstrated, was hustled out of the ring by half a dozen of my honourable friend's grooms; and lost blood, honour, and a pocket-handkerchief.

But now, if I had begun through frolic, I persevered through revenge; and never hard-pressed general rejoiced more at the sight of succours than I, when my friend Jack's lazy length loomed into the field. I instantly demanded a loan: he pondered; but while, in the nervous agitation of one who waits his sentence from a judge,

I was waiting for the slow motion of his mind, and feeling every pocket for the hopeless discovery of the means of fortune and revenge together; I struck upon the five fivepound notes remitted for my quarter's tutorship.

I have had some conscience at different periods of my life, but it was not then; my blood was up; I ran to the ring, betted my whole possession against my honourable friend's filly, and rejoiced in his prospective downfall. The bell rang; off went the steeds: shouts, dust, riot, trampling, shrieks, clapping of hands, and waving of handkerchiefs, followed; and I reached the winning-post just in time to see my honourable friend advance towards me with a smile and a demand of my five and twenty pounds. I surrendered it, as if it were wrung from my soul. "Now, let me give you a piece of advice," said he. "Never be in a hurry to wager upon the wrong horse again. A quarter of an hour's thinking about the matter would have saved you your five and twenty pounds, which I now take from your father's son, merely that you may remember his friend's advice." I could have slain my Mentor on the spot; but he was six feet high, and I felt too pleasant a novelty in advice not followed by flagellation, to encourage him to break the charm.

I was homeward plodding my weary way, in a world "left to silence and to me," when I overtook Jack. He was whistling; the phenomenon excited my curiosity. It turned out that he had won five and twenty

pounds: nay, the very notes that had so calamitously assisted my honourable adviser's maxims. "When you met me," said Jack, "I had just five shillings, which I intended to bet on the same horse with you. But the day and the dust sent me to sleep; and I awoke only soon enough to see the last half mile. A fellow, riding about to pick up bets, took my five shillings among the rest; and the seed produced the crop you see." But Jack was not a bad fellow, after all. I gave him the history of my wager, and of my perturbations about the debt to the pedagogue. He offered to give me the money back, but I insisted on only borrowing it; and I reckon it among the white spots of my life, that the five and twenty pounds were discharged at no deeper a date than half a dozen years.

But the truantry of the morning decided my fate. The letter containing the story of the race was answered by an order for my immediate return. Never was rapture equal to mine. But what is human life? I had scarcely packed up my meagre valise, when the tidings of my father's death broke up all my plans. He loved hunting and play, and was unlucky in both. By the latter, and the help, of course, of an old and intimate friend, he reduced the last acre of his estate to a smoothness that would have been incredible to an American farmer. Not a trunk, not a twig, was left upon its surface; and the land rapidly went the same road with the produce. With the aid of a hunter, for which he had "promised to pay" two hundred and

fifty guineas within the week, he fractured his neck, and died lamented by the ladies, the Jockey Club, the Jews, and the insurance-offices.

I loved my father, for he was a man after my own heart—goodnatured, showy, and spoiled. I loved not my mother, and the feeling was, of course, reciprocal; for the spirit of Duke's-place was in her soul. She had abjured her tribe, but she had no darker conception of evil than the waste of money; and with her the prodigal son would have had, instead of the fatted calf, a mittimus from the next bench of justices.

I determined on embracing my father's profession, and gracefully wrote a long letter for her leave. It was accorded by return of post. I came up to town, and begged for the honour of a final interview. It was granted, and the hour named, half past twelve. I was a boy, giddy and careless enough, but I was not a brute. I had something of a heart beating within me; and it seldom beat quicker than when I set out to visit the mother whom, for some years, I had not seen, and whom, for the rest of my life, I might never see again. I grew impatient; I could neither sit nor stand: so I sallied out, and found myself at the door of her handsome house in Hanover-square.

The hour tolled twelve; I wandered with my eye on St. George's clock. My blood alternately glowed and chilled, till I began to think that I must have loved this sternest of all the Jessicas, without having ever known it before. I was passing the door for

the fortieth time, when a footman, in superb mourning, threw it open, for the indulgence of displaying his person to a passing group of fashionable females. I bounded up the steps, and, to the infinite astonishment of John, rushed to the drawing-room. The door was open, but the room a solitude. I heard voices in the next, opened the door, and saw my mamma, in all the pomp of widowhood, sitting at a boudoir table, beside a moustached fellow, about my own age, who was tenderly encircling her matron waist with one languid arm.

The pair started up on my entrance. The man of moustaches took the matter with supreme tranquillity, plucked a bouquet from the mantel-piece, and walked about the room consoling his nostrils with its perfume. But the lady was indignant; and when I endeavoured to explain the *mal-apropos* by producing her own note, she read it with a fiery glance, and turning on me, said, "Always the same, sir, I perceive; always disobedient. I ordered you to be here at half past twelve." She held up a watch sparkling with gems, and convinced me that I had anticipated her time by full fifteen minutes. Fatal fifteen minutes! They cost me twenty thousand pounds and a mamma; for she married the man of moustaches before the month was out; and, on the lapse of my brother's fortune, by the death of that pampered boy, flung it into her young husband's kid glove.

My premature entrance was the decisive blow. My mother had been a beauty, and was still more than the

beau reste. She had always loved admiration, and that taste had not suffered any very remarkable decay; but she had always loved money, and that passion retained its supremacy without a jot of abatement. In short, she would have had as much adoration as possible, as long as possible, and with unlimited dominion over her own exchequer. The result would have been to flirt much, and marry never; or, at worst, only when she could flirt no more. But my unlucky presence tore through this exquisite web of Penelope. A guardsman, seen in the attitude of an acknowledged lover, must be intended for a husband; or must bring the idle world's idlest tongue upon her. A quarter of an hour later would have seen him coolly dismissed to tie his cravat at the glass of his solitary coffeehouse, and meditate his fruitless visits for the season. As I had witnessed the courtship, I was to be honoured by the opportunity of seeing the marriage. And within ten days, the blooming bride was driving full gallop to the lakes, with the man of moustaches for her *compagnon de voyage.*

I was chagrined at the whole affair, and read Hamlet with an additional respect for Shakspeare's knowledge of womankind; but I was not prepared to act the part of the princely misanthrope; and the sight of my name two days after in the Gazette, as ensign in a regiment under orders for the Peninsula, made me fling sorrow to the winds. I surveyed my uniform in the mirror, practised the salute which I was yet to perform at

some royal review at the head of my regiment, wiped all tears from my eyes, and was in Portsmouth as soon as the mail could carry me.

The sight from Portsdown Hill, as the morning broke, was incomparable — troops marching, flags streaming on tower and fort, signals flying, guns firing, drums beating, bursts of martial music rising on the gale: the sea, blue as indigo, covered over with volumes of canvas, rolling before the light like floating clouds: life, vivid, bustling, bold, was in every thing I saw, heard, and felt. Heroes were round me: the men who had fought on every sea, the living trophies of St. Vincent, the Nile, and Trafalgar. I was in a blaze of eagerness and expectancy, to the utter astonishment of my pacific fellow travellers; and the blaze was still more unmanageable, if that could be, when, on jumping from the coach at the door of the hotel, I almost jumped into the middle of the right wing of my regiment, moving down to the water-side. I was on the best terms in the world with the whole corps immediately. "Fine sight this, sir," said the lieutenant-colonel, with his foot on the boat's gunwale: "in another quarter of an hour we shall be off, and then Portsmouth may put on mourning."

"I am afraid you will find it rather dull," said the major, who had just received a war-office letter: "your wing of the regiment, I see, does not arrive this week, and you must wait for the next convoy."

"A week!" said I, in trepidation.

"Or, say a month, if you like," was the reply. "We shall probably have walked over half the Peninsula before our lightbobs and grenadiers stand on the same parade again."

"A month!" echoed the captain of grenadiers, a fine, dashing Irish Hercules, to whom I took an instinctive liking. "Say six months, or a year, or, by Jove! the end of the world, or as much further as you like. Whatever happens in the Peninsula will be short and sweet. If we beat the French, well and good, the business is done; if they beat us, we come back, and there is an end of the matter. At all events, my young friend, if you see nothing else in the course of the service, you will have it to say that you saw an embarkation."

I did not require the general laugh that rounded this speech to stimulate me; but at once asked the colonel whether I might not embark then. The colonel paused, and had his doubts. But likings and dislikings are chiefly mutual. My rapture with the regiment had made me popular already; and I was tilted on board the transport, across glorious bright billows, that at every heave seemed to throw new life into me.

I enjoyed every thing—the flutter of the sails, the roar of the surge, the brawlings of the shore-boats, the rattle of the cordage, the very smell of the tar; novelty was in every sight and sound: and if I had seven times seven senses they would have been all kept busy and

delighted. A handsome dinner made only a pleasant pause in the pleasures of the deck; and when I turned into my dog-hole at night, I would not have exchanged beds with a Sardanapalus.

The day had not done with me yet; it haunted me in my sleep. For what are dreams, but the remnants and fag-ends of the clothing of the mind during the waking hour; a dress made of the same materials, only rendered a little more grotesque and piecemeal; a sort of Monmouth-street toilette, in which the tatters and the finery are tossed together, and the stray stores come forth like an Irish king—cloth of gold over the shoulders, but with neither shoe nor stocking? Recollections full of the pomps and vanities of the last twelve hours thronged round my sleep: caparisoned horses; ships flagged and streamered from stem to stern; gold-laced heroes; beauties blushing with charms irresistible and perpetual; banquets celestial; dances on earth, in the clouds, on the billows, that lay down, and covered themselves with all the colours of the rainbow, to make a fitting floor for my luxurious feet. Nothing could be more surprising than the scene—except its change: I had been quadrilling it in vision with an incomparable partner, made for me alone; and all was grace and gaiety, when I suddenly saw the roses fly from her cheek, the floor heave, and the whole host of quadrillers heave with it. The gambols of an earthquake were peaceable to the movements that followed; for every thing lifeless and living round us seemed to be

seized with a spirit of saliency. The "elements themselves did dance." I felt the buoyancy of a thousand wings. I was whirled, lifted up, carried away, partner in hand, immeasurable spaces. I swept along, revelling with the loveliest of human dancers, like a chain-shot from a gun, cutting the air at the rate of ten thousand miles a minute. At last a thunderbolt burst athwart me: my partner was torn from my arms by a concussion that shook every nerve of my frame, and I opened my eyes, to find myself rolled out of my hammock on the floor, in the midst of a circle of sick and sulky officers, and with my head in the hands of the surgeon trying to stanch the blood from my temple.

The serene day had been succeeded by a gale. The tossing of the transport had inspired my slumbers; and the last tack had rolled me out of my birth.

I did my best to enjoy the practical joke of the new element, whose treachery I had so soon experienced. But the greatest humorist among us was not long proof against its might. The zephyr had become a breeze, the breeze rapidly grew into a brisk gale, and the brisk gale still more rapidly into a storm. To make the matter more sublime, we were still in the Channel, a spot evidently intended by nature for seasoning this great naval nation to the perils of salt water; for man may put a girdle round the world without meeting such another teacher. We were rolled, pounded, and salted, into living mummies and stockfish; drenched, until the idea of dryness was extinguished among us; frozen, till every

feeling but that of hunger was gone; and thus, without food, fire, or sleep, hourly startled, wretches as we were, by the chance of being called to account for our folly in tempting an element made only for sailors and other sea-monsters; roused from our miserable experiment to sleep, by a yell of, "Shoals on the larboard!"—"Breakers on the starboard!"—"Pumps choked!"—"Water gaining on the hold!"—we passed three full weeks of "the glorious life of a sailor," rocking like unruly children, in that uneasy cradle, the ocean, over every billow from Plymouth Sound to the bottom of the Bay of Biscay.

But our troubles were coming to an end. "Time and the hour run through the roughest day;" and time and the hour drove us back, up the Channel, by "abbey-tower and harbour-fort," with a wind hunting our solitary transport at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The land flew behind us, and we stood on a deck naked of spar, mast, and sail, and with a crew as ghastly as ever manned the Flying Dutchman, to see England "leaving us on the lee;" and every man of us expecting to find ourselves under sailing orders for the North Pole, or the other world. Help from shore was hopeless; for no boat could live a moment in the whirlwind of foam that swept round us. Surges, that toppled over what was in better times our mast, but now a decrepit semblance of the crutch of a Greenwich pensioner, dallied with us, as if our bark were a bauble. Gusts of wind, that ripped up the sea from the bottom, and spread it

over us in huge winding-sheets of spray, salt, and sand, were our only companions. We were not quite drowned yet; but the ocean played with us as a cat would with a mouse; let us slip for a moment, and then was on our backs with a mortal plunge again.

At length execution came. We wheeled, at midnight, into a "profound" of storm, a complication of sea-mischiefs, shores and shoals that we touched every five minutes, surges more implacable than ever, and darkness made more horrible by the glimmering of wandering lights, that every shivering soul among us could have sworn were dancing up and down the waters in the hands of drowned seamen—our *memento mori.*

But our horrors were completed by the still deeper gloom of an enormous promontory hanging within half a dozen feet of our bow. Death was inevitable, and we waited for it up to our waists in water. The ship struck with a violence that flung our whole council of war from its centre of gravity. A French battery could not have more effectually laid the *élite* of the gallant regiment on their faces. But, to my wonder, the blow was given, and we were not yet "full fathoms five" with "those for pearls that were our eyes," nor "of our bones was coral made." But, while the few among us whose tongues could yet move were giving their opinions on the *terra incognita* which had brought us up at last; some voting for the Fiords of Norway, others for Greenland; others for no land at all, but an iceberg, on whose prongs was stuck our hopeless ship,

like a fly on a pin; and the only thing in which we agreed was, that we had left the Channel some thousand miles to the south—the day broke. We looked round us in astonishment. The iceberg over our heads was a bastion, loaded with guns. Behind us was a sunny island; before us a smiling shore. Along it were military lines, a fort, flags flying; and, to round the landscape, a ridge of hills covered with sheets of red, yellow, and green, ten miles long by five. "Hilsea! Portsmouth! Portsdown!" were the three exclamations from us all, the first fruits of our recovered faculties.

Our ship still lay a hundred yards from the shore; and the waves which had brought her so far were not yet tired of playing the same antics with her as for the last month; she pitched and rolled hideously. Before me lay the pleasant land of the canteen, the coffeehouse, and the hotel. A crowd of jovial-looking *militaires* had already gathered on the beach to welcome us home, and were roaring with laughter at our unwilling manœuvres. "Flesh and blood can bear this no longer," said I to the colonel, who, without boots, epaulettes, or stomach, was clinging for his life to the jurymast of our dancing ship. The words were no sooner pronounced than I jumped overboard, and was, like Cæsar, "buffeting the waters with fierce controversy." The waters took their revenge: I was the last of their victims, and they determined to make me remember them. The billows did with me just as they liked. When I was within ten yards of the shore on the back of one, the next con-

veyed me fifty yards to sea. No boat was at hand to determine "the controversy," and, in as few minutes as possible, a huge hill of foam, tumbling back from the beach, carried me with it, insensible, down Channel.

I awoke in the hands of a committee of country surgeons, at the critical moment when the men of science were on the point of carrying it against the philanthropists, and I was about to be consigned to the forceps of a fashionable lecturer on the *post mortem* peculiarities of man. Here, perhaps, I began to breathe fifteen minutes too soon; for one quarter of an hour more was the time in which the philanthropists had agreed to give up the experiment of my recovery. Less promptitude on my part would have saved me a good deal of after-trouble.

But I was fated to disappoint every one; and I disappointed the men of science of their prize, jumped into a post-chaise, and flew back to quarters. The first man whom I met in the streets of Portsmouth was my friend Jack, taking a tranquil saunter among the print-shops. He was goodnaturedly glad to see me. "But you were unlucky," said he, "in venturing to swim from the vessel. The tide was going down; in another quarter of an hour she was lying high and dry, and you might have landed in a cabriolet."

"But the regiment, where is it to be found?"

"You have nothing to do with it now; you were returned drowned, for every ensign in the corps would have pledged every thing but his epaulette, that you

were gone to the bottom. Your commission is given away, and now you have only to go to town and fight them out of another, if they will take your own word at the Horse-Guards for your being alive."

"But what are you doing in Portsmouth, Jack?"

"My duty. I have been gazetted to the regiment; and have the honour to be at this moment lieutenant in the company you left behind, when you were in such a hurry to see service."

I cursed the fifteen minutes in the depths of my soul. Storm, starvation, drowning, and cashiering, were their produce. I shook Jack by the hand, saw him embark for glory and the Peninsula with a wind that landed him at Lisbon in five days; and, sad and sullen, took my way for London. My father had some gambling friends, men of influence everywhere, of course, and able to do any thing on earth but pay their tailors. To one of those I applied, with an indignant refutation of the charge of my being drowned. He sent me to a high functionary, who, from behind his desk, wielded a third of the thunderbolts of Britain's war. A more pacific manipulator of pounds, shillings, and pence, never calculated a discount. But he had the patronage of forty-three battalions, and was to me and five hundred subalterns the living emblem of the god Mars.

I leveed him for a year and a half; and may Heaven forgive me for the prayers that I made for his welfare during the time! Ernulphus was clever at those short

expressions of opinion; and my uncle Toby says that "our troops swore terribly in Flanders." But my vocabulary during this probation might have furnished Ernulphus with novelty, and eclipsed the exploits of our troops in Flanders. At length hope dawned, and I was ordered to attend. An honest clerk in the office, who had contracted an extra-official compassion for me, whispered as I entered, "Your commission is made out, in a corps under orders for the Peninsula." My heart danced at the sound. Wellington was there, with the game of glory in his hands, and every packet brought aides-du-camp, eagles, and lists of promotion. Ushered into the waiting-room, the floor seemed to burn under my feet. Every moment was an hour, every hour an eternity. Let no yearning soul charge me with impatience: I underwent four of those eternities this day. I saw long files of the happy and unhappy passing in and passing out, I alone was unsummoned. I thought that time itself stood still. The great man's carriage rolling to the door roused me into action. I burst into his cabinet, his *salle de trone*, even before a major-general. The great man, when I at last detected him, half buried as he was among petitions, eyed me with a look that might have forewarned any one but the fiery fool that stood within three inches of his tribunal. Our dialogue employed but half a dozen sentences, by no means remarkable for their urbanity on either side. He bowed me out of the room; and, as the door was closing, I heard the words, "Impatient puppy! to

burst in upon me a full quarter of an hour before I was at leisure: I shall take care not to be too soon troubled with the fellow again."

In three days I saw my name in the Gazette, flew to the office, and was struck blank by the intelligence that my new regiment was in the West Indies. A line of the angry pen had made all the difference between beating the French and broiling under the tropic, being covered with glory and flayed alive by musquitoes; or, to say all in one, between the Peninsula and the pestilence.

I sailed for the land of rum and sugar, leaving behind me the land of glory and gazettes; was scorched to a beefsteak by the sun; was drenched by dews that drop like ice upon the boiling pores; feasted without appetite; idled without ease; danced without gaiety; rambled without amusement, and made love without liking. The soul and body of man are melted under the eternal rage of the bluest sky that ever looked lovely in romance and terrible in reality. I had many a moralizing evening on the subject, when I lay on the floor of my barrack-room, naked as a cherub on a convent ceiling, coatless, trowserless, and shirtless, wooing the tardy rising of the sea-breeze, and envying the life of a glass-blower, an iron-founder, a mouse in an exhausted receiver, or even a chancellor of the exchequer, budget in hand, proving at midnight, in a "full house," debt to be credit and expenditure to be income.

However, even in the West Indies there are events.

The cannon of Kingston began to roar, and the whole island of Jamaica was on the alert to welcome the governor on his return from England. The frigate, with her flags, lay glowing in the offing, like a colossal show-box. The harbour was all bustle, the streets were all holiday, and every creature that called itself Christian was flourishing in all its finery. But the day waned, and the breeze disappointed our loyalty, and defrauded the governor of his dinner on shore. I was gazing on the pageant from my window, when the orderly came in to announce a full-dress parade for six o'clock, the expected hour of the sea-breeze and the governor. I put on my harness at my leisure, and, seeing preparations making for the landing, wandered down to the water's edge. A boatful of females was just arriving from the frigate. The populace were too much charmed with the novelty of fair faces to consider what became of the bodies; and, in the course of a general rush to receive the passengers, the boat was plunged under the surf. The danger was little, and the damage nothing, except to Bond-street hats and bonnets, caps from Paris, and a superb lavender silk pelisse utterly ruined on the person of the first *dame d'autour* of the lady in command of the commander of the forces. As I happened to be the only red coat present, I bustled through the mulatto crowd, and took charge of the rescued fair, in their wet drapery costume, to the first hotel. The clock struck six as I entered. The rescue and march had occupied just fifteen minutes; fatal fifteen minutes!

My *protegée* was the prettiest creature that had visited these truant eyes since they saw the shores of Devon sink into the Atlantic blue. Alarm, gratitude, and novelty, were in their loveliest shapes, sounds, and colours, in the young beauty. The cheek, the lip, the voice, the foot, the figure, all seemed to me made by a spell, and made to touch every other human being with a spell. When she disappeared within the door, I could have sworn that the sun was extinguished, or have sat, like Cesario, and all night "called upon my soul within the house." No Romeo was ever more completely "stabbed by a white wench's black eye." I made speeches to the winds; blundered my company into the particular observation of our deputy-assistant-adjutant-general, a martinet of twenty, red-hot from Bagshot; committed the *etourderie* of asking half the regiment what they thought of my Venus; and set every man down for a fool or blind who did not pronounce her "made to enchant all hearts and charm all eyes."

The governor landed in pomp; but, for me, he might as well have been landing at Tower Stairs; I saw but the boat which had conveyed the loveliest freight that ever enriched the shore of Jamaica. The town was in a blaze of lamps, candles, and fireworks; but I abjured the glory of them all, to take possession of a hen-coop, overlooking the garden of the hotel from which I watched the marches of a solitary taper across the windows of a chamber containing, in my judgment, the "one entire and perfect chrysolite," for which the go-

vernor and council, with all their adjuncts, would have been a cheap sacrifice.

I paid my respects at the hotel next day with the devotedness of a Persian to the rising sun; but my sun shone not; her cold bath in the surf had made her ill; and for three whole days—let lovers judge their length—I lingered rather than lived; watching the ominous faces of the physicians. In the mean time, I received many a laughing congratulation upon the wisdom of my choice. The lovely Adeline was the niece of the major-general; and promotion, the staff, and all kinds of military good fortune, were in the relationship. I loftily scoffed at the thought of any possession but the brightest eyes and most bewitching smile at that hour within sight of the Blue Mountains. At length my permission came from the doctor; his patient was convalescent. I was admitted; and, in the recess of a shaded room, saw Adeline looking prettier than ever. The heat, or the surprise, or, as I delighted to think, some recollection of our adventure, heightened the colour in her cheek; but I had scarcely heard the tones of a voice

> "Sweet as the shepherd's pipe upon the mountains,
> When all his little flock's at feed before him,"

when the door was solemnly thrown open, and in stalked the major-general. I saw ruin in the glance that he shared between my idol and myself. But he was shrewd enough to avoid coming to extremities at once. Politeness, the stern politeness of fifty-five and a commander

of the forces, was upon his lips; and after speaking, in the commendatory style of an order that might have figured in the regimental book, of my services on the landing, of my regiment, and so forth, he congratulated me on the promptitude of my visit, which he took entirely to himself. "Rely on the experience of an old soldier, young man," said he, "promptitude is every thing in this world: fifteen minutes later, you would not have found me here; and ten to one if I should have ever heard of your attention in the multitude of things and persons that I have to do with. The consequence would have been, that you would have been left to the aide-du-camp, or perhaps to a *tête-à-tête* with my niece, when you expected to meet the commander of the forces. But now I am going to visit some of the detachments; my horses are at the door, and you shall be my Captain of Guides, and show me the way. You see what may be done by fifteen minutes."

I envied a galley-slave: but the die was cast. We mounted, rode for half a dozen hours, and ended the day twenty miles from the spot that held my enchantress. I could have wished this confounded fellow in the bottom of every pond in the twenty miles. But he condescended to express himself amused by my talk, and talked in turn. He was clever and well-informed, had seen a vast deal of service, and known a crowd of the people that the world talk about. The wine exhilarated him; and, except for the recollection of the black eyes and coral lips of my pretty Adeline, I could

not have passed a pleasanter evening. But the wine, his fluent and fashionable pleasantries, and my own rash brains, laid me at his mercy; and by supper-time he was master of every fragment of my story, every circumstance of my family, and every thought of my heart. We parted next day at the entrance of Kingston, the best friends on earth, and with the general's promise, that "merits and talents like mine should not be long confined to the regimental routine."

He kept his word religiously. On that very evening's parade, the colonel informed me that I was appointed to the quarter-master-general's department in—Honduras! I was thunderstruck: I would have as soon heard—Siberia. I felt myself completely banished; and in my wrath that night I doubly eclipsed the exploits of our troops in Flanders. To shoot the general, elope with the niece, and declare war against mankind, were my first resolves. But I was under eyes that knew the ways of subalterns in love. An aide-du-camp waited on me in half an hour with the major-general's compliments and congratulations on "an appointment in which I might have so many valuable opportunities of distinction; and, to enhance the favour, as I was of course anxious to enter upon my career as soon as possible, a passage was provided for me in a vessel which sailed at midnight."

I tried to extract some intelligence about Adeline, but the aide-du-camp was prepared upon that point too; and, with the true *nonchalance* of the staff, let out that

she was infinitely admired, perfectly disposed to enjoy admiration, and would probably be opening the ball at Government-house about the time I was embarking.

The last news was more consoling than my friend of the silver epaulette intended. In a burst of rage I gave the whole heartless sex to the winds, abandoned my purpose of shooting myself for that night, and, plucking Cupid's quiver from my soul, sullenly packed up my baggage, wrote a supercilious letter to the general, and went forth to battle the musquitoes in their own kingdom.

My fifteen minutes were the price of three years of this warfare; in which nothing but a miracle, and my acquiring the skin and colour of an Indian, prevented me from being picked to the bone. While a white particle remained upon my person, I was the prey of "Legion, for they were many." But I at length became undistinguishable from a savage or a sweep; and, by the close of my banishment, even the mosquitoes could scarcely pierce a cuticle tanned as mine was, by sand, sun, and salt-water.

In the mean time the world was going round. While my campaigns were limited to the demolition of English porter and sangaree, rat-shooting, and sanguinary encounters with a race of skirmishers who would have had the better of Bonaparte himself, the Peninsula was ringing with the exploits of my countrymen; Wellington was hunting down the marshals of France as fast as he started them; my old regiment made a

flourishing figure in the dispatches; and, to my surprise and immortal envy, I saw my lazy friend Jack gazetted major.

The quarter of an hour had done this. Had I lingered but till the last boat had carried the last man of the regiment on board, I should have worn Jack's two epaulettes in the field of glory, instead of sitting in a West Indian hovel, broiling, bitten, naked, miserable, and a subaltern.

But changes nearer home had occurred. The major-general was dead of the yellow fever, and Adeline was gone in the universal scattering of his household. Inquiries were profitless; for in the blessed climate of the sugar islands society passes away as fast as the cane crop; and no one troubles himself about the will of fortune. General, staff, and niece, were as much wiped out of the public mind as the last year's almanack.

I adopted a desperate resolution. A handsome Spanish Creole, of a certain age, a widow, with a plantation, a hundred thousand dollars, and a very obvious inclination for a second husband, had for some time flattered me with her peculiar notice. Europe, Adeline, and glory, had hitherto eclipsed the solid fascinations of the gay Creole. But my mistress was gone, Europe was still three thousand miles off, and glory would probably terminate in the marsh fever, if I remained through another autumn. I determined to take compassion on the Spaniard; went through the regular process without delay; gave a serenade under her window from the

midst of a blooming tobacco-field; made her a present of cigars from the *Casa Reale* of the Havannah; swore that English cheeks were contemptible beside her olive beauties; and found that the grand captivation of the soul lay in diamond eyes of the exact size and setting of her own.

For this I was honoured with the most gracious smiles of the really handsome widow; and the honour was not without its price; for, on the very evening of my proposing for her, by the light of a moon to which our best English moon is but a watchman's lantern, and in the midst of a thousand flowers mixing ten thousand perfumes with my vows, with showers of fire-flies striking the light like little topazes and emeralds from their wings, and millions of conscious stars twinkling above in vain emulation, as I swore, of my Spaniard's sparkling eyes; I received, on my return through a lane of vines and mangoes, two stabs of a dirk, which laid me on my bed for a month, and which, but for the thickness of my cloak, or the presence of the cherub that protects true lovers, would have ended my courtships on this earth. Who my rival was, turned out a hopeless question, where every sallow idler in the settlement was longing for the hundred thousand dollars. My suspicions fell upon the lady's father confessor, who had objected to the match on a religious scruple. But I recovered in spite of his holy zeal: the lady was, of course, only the more bent on her purpose by discovering that it displeased the world, and the day for the ceremony was fixed.

I had hitherto followed up the affair with something of the indigenous languor of the climate. But an Englishman, an officer, and on his wedding-day too! I galloped in full caparison to my jocund bride, to anticipate, by at least a few minutes, the Creole crowd. My bride was unluckily not yet ready; for she was clearing her conscience to her confessor. I had just fifteen minutes to spare; and, thinking myself entitled to the secrets of the house, strolled away to examine my property. The day was burning; and, half strangled with the heat, I opened the door of a recess which looked into the gardens. I was overwhelmed with surprise. Before me were painted in a large mirror the form, the countenance, the matchless grace, of Adeline!

I dreaded to break the illusion by a word, and stood in mystic silence at the door, gazing with delight and wonder. The figure was busy about some embroidery: at length I saw its head raised, and heard a cry of astonishment, as our shapes stood in the mirror together. I sprang into the room, and caught—Adeline in my arms. What was the shortness of our acquaintance to me? I had loved her three long years. She blushed, was full of confusion, and I had the rashness, the folly, the cruelty, to force her to acknowledge that there was no one whom she liked better. Those were mad moments!—Adeline looked lovelier than ever. She attempted to tell me some of her story, of which I did not give myself time to comprehend one word. I attempted to explain on my part, and succeeded only to

the extent of making the whole matter unintelligible. What smiles, what charming sighs, what bewitching confusion, were hers! My whole being was in a tumult of fondness, amazement, and passion. I could have mercilessly gazed for ever, raising perpetual blushes on the cheek of the overwhelmed and exquisite creature before me, when a slight noise made me glance in the mirror. There stood a third figure to finish the group, very handsome, superbly dressed, and with every fire of wronged woman flashing from her immense eyes. My bride had been more expeditious with her confession than I had with mine. A fourth figure next presented itself to fill up the back-ground—the father confessor, whose countenance bore neither wrath nor wonder, but the most sanctified complacency. Not a syllable passed on the occasion: the whole was pantomime, but as expressive as ever was performed on the stage.

The lady and the confessor retired. The *pendule* struck the quarter, and I recognised the hand of destiny. But I resolved to snatch something from fortune, and if I must fall, fall like Cæsar. I importuned Adeline to take her chance with me, telling her that "She would be sacrificed by the Creole or her spiritual guide: she must be separated, probably for ever, from one who loved her beyond the earth besides: and he too felt so miserable with this hope deferred that he could scarcely wish to live."

Adeline was not easily wrought upon by my elo-

quence; but she was wrought upon at last. She gave me a sketch of her story. The major-general had brought her with him to Jamaica, in the idea of completing a match long arranged between her and the opulent son of a government civil officer. But, for some reason or other, which even I could not prevail on her to assign, immediately on her arrival in the island, she had declared her determination to live and die single. Matches of a still higher rank were proposed, but she grew more inveterate, until the major-general gave up the project. Claret, company, and a hot autumn, soon deprived the service of that clever and companionable officer; and Adeline found herself without a shilling, a home, or a connexion. The orphan girl was now on her rather circuitous way to England, having been consigned to the protection of the Spaniard, until a frigate should touch at Honduras on its return from convoying an expedition. The quarter of an hour had robbed me of a hundred thousand dollars; and given me love and beggary in exchange!

To remain under the Creole's roof was dangerous; and to acquaint her with our resolution would make the danger certain. I proposed that at midnight I should be in waiting with a barge to convey us to the first island where we could find a British chaplain. The eventful hour came. I landed, left my negroes with the oars in their hands ready to fly swift as a dolphin, reached the house, made the signal, and was instantly covered over head and ears with a huge sackcloth. I

struggled like a lion; but the more I struggled the more tightly I was tied. I roared, and the roaring was answered by peals of negro laughter, and by a ligature round my throat, that gave me the nearest conception of being hanged. The laughter died, struggle ceased, and I felt myself sweeping along with the smoothness of a bird. I heard a roaring of waves; was dashed by water, whose taste told me that I was at sea, and by whose motion I was unquestionably rolling through the surf that borders every island. I raved, I howled, I tore, and all equally in vain; till, utterly exhausted, and in as much misery as a man can feel, who knows death to be close to him without the slightest power of helping himself, I either fainted or fell asleep; to awake in the cabin of his majesty's frigate, the Warspite, in a tumbling sea, in the full sunshine of noon, and out of sight of land.

I had been found tossing on the water ten leagues from shore, and now had no alternative but to follow the frigate. The first fifteen minutes had lost me a wife and fortune, the next had cheated me with the sight of a bride whom I would not have lost for the royalty of the Windward and Leeward Islands together, and it now brought me in for a share in the ill luck of the New Orleans campaign. There I found my regiment, however, and received my captain's commission time enough to lead my company up head-foremost against General Jackson's cotton bags, be shot in the thigh by an invisible enemy, and be laid in

the ditch until the combatants on both sides became weary. An American surgeon cured me of my wound, and the campaign very nearly cured me of a passion for glory.

After an unsuccessful search for Adeline, I returned on half-pay to England, landed at Portsmouth, under the identical bastion that had wrecked our transport, and had scarcely set my foot on land, when I saw, standing with his back to the moving world and his face to a print-shop, my friend Jack. He was now lieutenant-colonel. At our tavern dinner he told me the story of his late promotion. "He had been disappointed of his passage to the West Indies by a 'little business' at a public dinner, by which the mail left him behind. The result was his remaining in England; and, by being on the spot where interest could be brought into play, his appointment to the majority of a regiment under orders for New Orleans. There his regiment did not arrive till the business was over; but the American rifles had made promotion speedy; and Jack became lieutenant-colonel."

I sincerely shook hands with this lucky son of laziness, and sadly proceeded to London to ascertain the state of my own prospects. Nothing could be more simple. My family mansion had been mortgaged to its last shilling's worth. I found the guardsman transmuted from the showy lounger of St. James's street into the gouty appendage to the fireside—the man, nay, the moustaches, gone; my mamma, still battling against

time by the aid of a French milliner; and, notwithstanding some touches of human nature in her at the sight of me, palpably mortified at the death-blow which my bronzed face, and the five and twenty years written in it, gave to her hopes of being mistaken for a youthful belle. A kiss, a few tears, and a ticket to her opera box, to which "she was not going that evening," were the tribute to my life of ill fortune.

Before I had descended from the most elegant of boudoirs into the street, my mind was made up. The African corps was in want of recruits. The Bulam fever was certain preferment in either this or the other world: and what had I to leave behind? I instantly marched to the house of a Sierra Leone director. He was busy a hundred deep with applications from heroes of all ranks, emulous to fight the swamps for the glory of their country and the difference between half-pay and full. The hour of twelve next day was appointed for offering myself up on this altar of national avarice and absurdity. I grew impatient as the hour approached, sallied from my hotel, and was rapidly at the door of the lordly director's lordly mansion in Hanover-square. My hand was on the knocker, when I accidentally glanced at St. George's clock. It wanted a quarter of the time fixed. I remembered the results of precipitancy so many years before, gently let down the knocker, and retired to wait my time. The resolution once made became less difficult. Memory cowed me; and I lingered, like a philosopher or a slave, until

a full quarter *past* the time; then made my approach, was admitted, quarrelled with the man of patronage, who "did not choose to be at leisure for gentlemen at their own hours," and, in wrath immeasurable, chiefly at myself for my procrastination, was rushing from the cabinet, when I heard—heavens, with what emotion! —the sound of a voice that could have raised me from the edge of the grave. I stopped, distrustful of my senses; a female figure came gliding along the hall, wrapt in silks and furs, that would have eluded any eye but mine. I pronounced the word "Adeline!"—I could scarcely pronounce more. She started with almost a scream, threw up her veil, and showed me a countenance all sincerity, sweetness, and beauty made more beautiful by joy. I was all but frantic with delight and surprise. She had come upon some business connected with "her estate," which she instantly postponed, and desired me to finish my story in the drive to "her villa."

Her story was as brief as mine, but of more importance. On the night of my seizure by the Spaniard's negroes, in punishment of the affront to her matron charms, the frigate arrived, and Adeline was hurried on board, that she might disconcert no more matches. The English shore received her, as forlorn a being as ever trod its sands. She wept for her orphanage much, and, as she blushingly acknowledged, a little for her lover. In another month she was the heiress of five thousand a-year, dropt into her lap by an old relative,

who, after making a fortune by penuriousness, and quarrelling with every soul belonging to him for wishing him to die when he was not fit to live, died at last, leaving the lawyers to find an heir for him. Adeline established her claim; and, when she called on the director, was within twenty-four hours of embarking for, not Paris, nor Rome, nor any of the pleasant places of our wealthy wanderers, but—for the West Indies; with what purpose, a sigh and a smile, that reddened even her red lips, told me without a syllable.

One tardy quarter of an hour had intervened between me and fate. Fifteen minutes sooner, I should have been dispatched to fight the Ashantees and the alligators. I should have missed Adeline, and she would have been tossing on the ocean, roving through the native land of pestilence, and perishing of the pursuit and the climate. Philosophy and fifteen minutes too late had wrought the change for both, from anxiety to ease, from dreary solitude to delightful companionship, from despair to happiness. We married; and such was my fear of over-haste, that I shrank from the lover-like rapidity of a special licence, and postponed my raptures for three mortal weeks of bans. I altered the family motto to "Festina lente;" and offered, upon the spot, to new-gild the decayed brilliancy of St. George's clock, on condition of its being regularly put back a quarter of an hour, for the eternal benefit of the hurriers of this precipitate world.

TO MY DEAR MARY ANNE.

BY LORD BYRON.

The lines addressed "To my dear Mary Anne" were written about a year or less before my marriage, and when Lord Byron left Annesley.—MARY ANNE MUSTERS.

[The following schoolboy rhymes are not inserted as an example for youthful imitation, but as a literary curiosity. Innumerable specimens of Byron's transcendent and original powers are already before the public; but the dawning impulses of superior minds have been rarely disclosed: consequently they possess a novel interest, as well as afford a clue to the dominant feelings which have ruled their destinies. To the philosophic eye, that deficiency of mere poetic interest, which might disgrace an inferior writer, invests the timid steps of the uncultivated muse with a peculiar charm, as it proves, in a striking degree, the ultimate triumph of perseverance and the omnipotent force of *genius*. To those who construe the fitful and wayward flights of an untamed imagination into a settled and desperate malignity of temper, it may be useful to submit a document which bears the genuine impress of generous feeling and simple piety. Minds of a more tender and enthusiastic temperament will learn to pardon the insensibility of Lord Byron's favourite "Mary," when they learn that every crevice of her youthful heart was preoccupied, and that her warmest affections centred upon the man of her choice.]

ADIEU to sweet Mary for ever!
From her I must quickly depart.
Though the fates us from each other sever,
Still her image will dwell in my heart.

The flame that within my breast burns
Is unlike what in lovers' hearts glows;
The love which for Mary I feel
Is far purer than Cupid bestows.

I wish not your peace to disturb,
I wish not your joys to molest:
Mistake not my passion for love,
'Tis your friendship alone I request.

Not ten thousand lovers could feel
The friendship my bosom contains;
It will ever within my heart dwell,
While the warm blood flows through my veins.

May the Ruler of Heaven look down,
And my Mary from evil defend!
May she ne'er know adversity's frown,
May her happiness ne'er have an end!

Once more, my sweet Mary, adieu!
Farewell! I with anguish repeat—
For ever I 'll think upon you,
While this heart in my bosom shall beat.

THE DESTINIES.

BY MISS MARY ANNE CURSHAM,

AUTHOR OF "MARTIN LUTHER."

I saw two beings in the hues of youth—
I have a passion for the name of Mary.

BYRON.

LAST of an ancient house! sole relic left
Of an ennobled line—th' enkindling ray
Destined to warm into a lustrous day
The time-worn honours of her race—bereft
Of kindred ties—her orphan footsteps roam
Uncheck'd around her venerable home.

Crowding her lonely path—above, below,
Lay scatter'd fragments of the vanish'd past;
What reck'd she then if mournful clouds o'ercast
Her fading name?—its budding fortunes grow
Link'd with a costlier wreck—that loveliest form—
That latest blossom still survives the storm!

To those dark halls her joyous spirit lent
A radiant glow—its dreary echoes came
Fraught with wild harmonies—yet to that name
(Love's breathing spell) her heart's soft instrument
Gave back no sympathy—its chords were mute,
And vainly sigh'd th' impassion'd master-lute.

Oft wander'd they when Time's unruffled wing
Brush'd lightly o'er *her* fair and sunny brow

And young cheek rich in summer bloom—when now
His soul, impetuous, spurns life's tardy spring,
Whose lingering footsteps check the bursting seeds
Of ripen'd manhood's most adventurous deeds!

But oh! she loved him not—and withering sunk
That consciousness into his heart's deep core;
Hope's fairy spell dissolved could wake no more—
Of love's delicious wave his soul had drunk;
The dregs were poison—in that lake of fire
The reckless minstrel plunged his burning lyre.

Yet to that charmed sound, that "one-loved name,"
Fond memory listen'd with untiring ear;
The star of some untrodden hemisphere,
It lit his soul to distant fields of fame:
To every thought it was the master-key—
Last in complete, unchanged vitality!

A stricken deer was *she* who scorn'd him—track'd
Far from her haunts, with eyes whose wandering light
Glanced like the antelope's unmeasured flight,
By rushing steed and quivering spear attack'd;
Till in the hopeless conflict droops at length
The panting victim of unequal strength.

And *he*—the scorn'd one—had a living throne
O'er many a prostrate soul; and he did reign,

Magician-like, o'er that enchanted plain!
His muse the oracle, whose slightest tone
Could, from the waters of oblivion, save
Feelings and thoughts long buried 'neath their wave.

And *he*, the idol of whole nations, died
The death of freedom, and a glorious shrine
Rose o'er his ashes; even the star malign
Which ruled his destiny had quench'd the pride
And power of Genius, Error's fruitful nurse.—
He died—and sternest hearts forgot to curse.

PERUGIA.

BY THE REV. CHARLES STRONG.

Is this the spot where Rome's eternal foe
Into his snares the famous legions drew,
Whence from the carnage, spiritless and few,
A remnant scarcely reach'd her gates of woe?
Is this the stream, thus gliding soft and slow,
That from the gushing wounds of thousands grew
So fierce a flood, that waves of crimson hue
Rush'd on the bosom of the lake below?
The mountains that gave back the battle-cry,
Are voiceless now; perchance yon hillocks green
Mark where the bones of those old warriors lie.
Heaven never gladden'd a more peaceful scene,
Never left softer breeze a fairer sky,
To sport upon thy waters, Thrasymene!

Perugia, 1822.

PLACE DE JEANNE D'ARC, ROUEN

LINES ON THE PLACE DE JEANNE D'ARC, AT ROUEN.

ADDRESSED TO [illegible], ESQ.

BY [illegible].

O thou brave Art of Painting!—With what skill
Dost thou force back from out the depths of death,
And clothe with human grace and [illegible] human breath
Creatures [illegible]!—[illegible]
([illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible],
[illegible] land, or [illegible]—
Perhaps some valley we have sigh'd to see,
(Some [illegible], shaded, fairy-peopled spot,
Where we in dreaming boyhood wander'd [illegible])
Or some sea-sever'd city [illegible].
Look, where the Maiden Here, struck to stone,
Now ponders o'er her [illegible], alone,
[illegible]
[illegible]—
In vain [illegible]ls
[illegible]—
By [illegible]
[illegible]!

And [illegible]
[illegible] draw
[illegible]
And [illegible]

LINES ON THE PLACE DE JEANNE D'ARC, AT ROUEN.

ADDRESSED TO SAMUEL PROUT, ESQ.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

O THOU brave Art of Painting!—With what skill
Dost thou force back from out the depths of death,
And clothe with human grace and almost human breath
Creatures departed!—Thou, by thy sweet will,
(Annihilating space—like Love of yore),
Dost bring us here how many a pleasant scene,
Bright slope, or Alpine height, or meadow green,
Vine-cover'd land, or sunny Indian shore—
Perhaps some valley we have sigh'd to see,
(Some gentle, shaded, fairy-peopled spot,
Where we in dreaming boyhood wander'd free,)
Or some sea-sever'd city half forgot.
Look, where the Maiden Hero, struck to stone,
Now ponders o'er her griefs aloft, alone,
Or asks requital for her soiled fame,
The bigot's folly and historian's shame.—
In vain the sculptor chains her; *there* she stands
Unfetter'd by that cunning painter's hands,—
By *thine*, Enchanter, who hast left thy den
To turn all shapes to beauty with thy pen!

And well it is so. If the painter saw
Nought but the *prose* of things, and dared but draw
The literal aged *un*inspiring truth,
And saw not Nature in her winged youth,

Her rainbow aspect, when she stands array'd
In floods of sunshine and in nights of shade,
What would he gain, save what the high-soul'd scorn?
Friend, Art is still Imagination-born;
And her most bright creations none disdain
Save they who strive to catch her hues—*in vain!*
The painter, as the poet, did he drink
Nought but the stagnant ditch, would droop and sink;
But buoyant waters bubble for his lip—
Castalian waters!—let him laugh and sip.
Methinks the tame dull landscape stripp'd of grace,
The map which marks mere outlines of the face,
Measuring the bounds and petty curves—but blind
To that bright sun within—the immortal mind—
Such things mean hands may do, by line and rule;
But *thou* art master in a nobler school.—

Oh! a brave painter art thou, Samuel Prout:
By Jupiter! I would not live without
A drawing from thy pen, though I should feed
To-morrow with chameleons! Thou 'st indeed
The power, the master-touch; and wheresoever
Thy rare pen falls—look! beauty lives for ever.
There runs the rainbow!—through that peerless blue
What clouds are wandering!—there the tempest flew!—
There sleep cathedrals vast!—there rivers shine,
Towers rise, and ocean spreads, and all is still divine!
—Let us go wander! Whither shall we go?
Through all those scenes which thou so well dost know?

Why, all are *here*—made perfect*.—See, what hue
Deep dyes the Italian heavens! Mark, what green
Is in the crown'd Venetian waters seen!
Look at her liquid streets, like paved glass—
That dim and storied street doth seem to pass
Straight to a dungeon's heart†—and *that*, more gay,
Laughs out in sunshine, like the flowery May.
On that close-cover'd bridge‡ did Pierre once walk,
And, with his proselyte, midnight treasons talk.
In that rich palace by the water's side
Did scores of doges dwell. But all have died!
Though the wing'd lion, like the ghost of Fame,
Still broods o'er power, which now is but a name.
Behold, what marble towers and princely domes
Were once the senatorial nobles' homes,
Palladian deserts now, which Jews may hire,
And light on princes' hearths a usurer's fire!—
Peace!—see those bronzed faces, dark, yet clear;
And hark! from that lone street, the gondolier
Pours, like a summer bird at close of day,
In rich, sad voice, the soft, romantic lay:
"Love, love," he sings—the theme which all engage,
From flaming boyhood up to icy age,
Forgetting Venice lost—Grimani dead—
And Faliero gone—and valour fled!

* See the different drawings of the artist.
† Bridge of Sighs. ‡ Rialto.

—Oh! were I you, friend artist, I would roam,
And make the rivers, seas, and shores, my home,
And take my tribute wheresoe'er I went,
From every isle and curving continent;
No star should glitter—not a sky should shine
In its blue beauty but I'd make them mine,
And so go gathering gold for after-times,
Which poets (like myself) might coin to rhymes.
Methinks 't must be a task pleasant as great,
Thus to save all things from the human fate—
Oblivion; to revive the faded past;
To bid the dying live—the transient last:
But better still to be (as thou art)—one
Beloved by all who know thee 'neath the sun.

ON RECEIVING A BUNCH OF FLOWERS

FROM THE AUTHOR OF "THE EXCURSION."

BY MISS M. J. JEWSBURY.

Flowers! that a poet's hand hath cull'd,
Ye lull, as oft his strains have lull'd
  Thoughts that my heart consume:
In harmony your tints oppose,
Carnation, jessamine, and rose—
  A melody of bloom.

And yet ere night, your leaves, forlorn,
Will ask—"Where are the dews of morn?"
  To-morrow—"Where the sun?"

And, missing these, the gracious powers,
That are divinities to flowers,
  Soon will your lives be done.

But now how beautiful ye are!
Each gleameth on me like a star,
  Only with milder hue;
And many a thought and fancy fleet,
And some, by sadness made more sweet,
  Bright flowers I give to you.

Sadness! I dare not look on thee,
Thou richly red anemone!
  And let the word remain.
I dare not think of him who wrought ye,
Nor even of the hand that brought ye,
  With thoughts akin to pain.

So, vanish sadness from my rhyme!
Killing all beauty ere its time:
  I will not muse on death;
But only wish that I could be
Innocent, lovely flowers, as ye,
Living a life of tranquil glee,
  Undimm'd by Passion's breath.

Rydal Mount, June, 1829.

VERSES INSCRIBED IN AN ALBUM.

BY FRANCIS JEFFREY, ESQ.

WHY write *my* name 'midst songs and flowers,
  To meet the eye of lady gay?
I have no voice for lady's bowers—
  For page like this no fitting lay.

Yet though my heart no more must bound
  At witching call of sprightly joys,
Mine is the brow that never frown'd
  On laughing lips, or sparkling eyes.

No—though behind me now is closed
  The youthful paradise of Love,
Yet can I bless, with soul composed,
  The lingerers in that happy grove!

Take, then, fair girls, my blessing take!
  Where'er amid its charms you roam;
Or where, by western hill or lake,
  You brighten a serener home.

And while the youthful lover's name
  Here with the sister beauty's blends,
Laugh not to scorn the humbler aim,
  That to their list would add a friend's!

THE RED MAN.

It was at the hour of nine, in an August evening, that a solitary horseman arrived at the Black Swan, a country inn about nine miles from the town of Leicester. He was mounted on a large fiery charger, as black as jet, and had behind him a portmanteau attached to the croup of his saddle. A black travelling cloak, which not only covered his own person, but the greater part of his steed, was thrown around him. On his head he wore a broad-brimmed hat, with an uncommonly low crown. His legs were cased in top-boots, to which were attached spurs of an extraordinary length; and in his hands he carried a whip, with a thong three yards long, and a handle which might have levelled Goliath himself.

On arriving at the inn, he calmly dismounted, and called upon the ostler by name.

"Frank!" said he, "take my horse to the stable; rub him down thoroughly; and, when he is well cooled, step in and let me know." And, taking hold of his portmanteau, he entered the kitchen, followed by the obsequious landlord, who had come out a minute before, on hearing of his arrival. There were several persons present, engaged in nearly the same occupation. At one side of the fire sat the village schoolmaster—a thin, pale, peak-nosed little man, with a powdered periwig, terminating behind in a long queue, and an expression of self-conceit strongly depicted upon his countenance. He was amusing himself with a pipe,

from which he threw forth volumes of smoke with an air of great satisfaction. Opposite to him sat the parson of the parish—a fat, bald-headed personage, dressed in a rusty suit of black, and having his shoes adorned with immense silver buckles. Between these two characters sat the exciseman, with a pipe in one hand, and a tankard in the other. To complete the group, nothing is wanted but to mention the landlady, a plump, rosy dame of thirty-five, who was seated by the schoolmaster's side, apparently listening to some sage remarks which that little gentleman was throwing out for her edification.

But to return to the stranger. No sooner had he entered the kitchen, followed by the landlord, than the eyes of the company were directed upon him. His hat was so broad in the brim, his spurs were so long, his stature so great, and his face so totally hid by the collar of his immense black cloak, that he instantly attracted the attention of every person present. His voice, when he desired the master of the house to help him off with his mantle, was likewise so harsh that they all heard it with sudden curiosity. Nor did this abate when the cloak was removed, and his hat laid aside. A tall, athletic, red-haired man, of the middle age, was then made manifest. He had on a red frock coat, a red vest, and a red neckcloth; nay, his gloves were red! What was more extraordinary, when the overalls which covered his thighs were unbuttoned, it was discovered that his small-clothes were red likewise.

"All red!" ejaculated the parson, almost involuntarily.

"As you say, the gentleman is all red!" added the schoolmaster, with his characteristic flippancy. He was checked by a look from the landlady. His remark, however, caught the stranger's ear, and he turned round upon him with a penetrating glance. The schoolmaster tried to smoke it off bravely. It would not do: he felt the power of that look, and was reduced to almost immediate silence.

"Now, bring me your boot-jack," said the horseman.

The boot-jack was brought, and the boots pulled off. To the astonishment of the company, a pair of red stockings were brought into view. The landlord shrugged his shoulders, the exciseman did the same, the landlady shook her head, the parson exclaimed, "All red!" as before, and the schoolmaster would have repeated it, but he had not yet recovered from his rebuke.

"Faith, this is odd!" observed the host.

"Rather odd," said the stranger, seating himself between the parson and the exciseman. The landlord was confounded, and did not know what to think of the matter.

After sitting for a few moments, the new-comer requested the host to hand him a nightcap, which he would find in his hat. He did so: it was a red worsted one; and he put it upon his head.

Here the exciseman broke silence, by ejaculating,

"Red again!" The landlady gave him an admonitory knock on the elbow: it was too late. The stranger heard his remark, and regarded him with one of those piercing glances for which his fiery eye seemed so remarkable.

"All red!" murmured the parson once more.

"Yes, Doctor Poundtext, the gentleman, as you say, is all red," re-echoed the schoolmaster, who by this time had recovered his self-possession. He would have gone on, but the landlady gave him a fresh admonition, by trampling upon his toes; and her husband winked in token of silence. As in the case of the exciseman, the warnings were too late.

"Now, landlord," said the stranger, after he had been seated a minute, "may I trouble you to get me a pipe and a can of your best Burton? But, first of all, open my portmanteau, and give me out my slippers."

The host did as he was desired, and produced a pair of red morocco slippers. Here an involuntary exclamation broke out from the company. It begun with the parson, and was taken up by the schoolmaster, the exciseman, the landlady, and the landlord, in succession. "More red!" proceeded from every lip, with different degrees of loudness. The landlord's was the least loud, the schoolmaster's the loudest of all.

"I suppose, gentlemen," said the stranger, "you were remarking upon my slippers."

"Eh—yes! we were just saying that they were red," replied the schoolmaster.

"And, pray," demanded the other, as he raised the pipe to his mouth, "did you never before see a pair of red slippers?"

This question staggered the respondent: he said nothing, but looked to the parson for assistance.

"But you are all red," observed the latter, taking a full draught from a foaming tankard which he held in his hand.

"And you are all black," said the other, as he withdrew the pipe from his mouth, and emitted a copious puff of tobacco smoke. "The hat that covers your numskull is black, your beard is black, your coat is black, your vest is black; your smallclothes, your stockings, your shoes, all are black. In a word, Doctor Poundtext, you are——"

"What am I, sir?" said the parson, bursting with rage.

"Ay, what is he, sir?" rejoined the schoolmaster.

"He is a black-coat," said the stranger, with a contemptuous sneer, "and you are a pedagogue." This sentence was followed by a profound calm. Not a word was spoken by any of the company, but each gazed upon his neighbour in silence. In the faces of the parson and schoolmaster anger was principally depicted: the exciseman's mouth was turned down in disdain, the landlady's was curled into a sarcastic smile; and as for the landlord, it would be difficult to say whether astonishment, anger, or fear, most predominated in his mind. During this ominous tran-

quillity the stranger looked on unmoved, drinking and smoking alternately with total indifference. The schoolmaster would have said something had he dared, and so would the parson; but both were yet smarting too bitterly under their rebuff to hazard another observation.

In the midst of this mental tumult, the little bandy-legged ostler made his appearance, and announced to the rider that his horse had been rubbed down according to orders. On hearing this, the Red Man got up from his seat, and walked out to the stable. His departure seemed to act as a sudden relief to those who were left behind. Their tongues, which his presence had bound by a talismanic influence, were loosened, and a storm of words broke forth proportioned to the fearful calm which preceded it.

"Who is that man in red?" said the parson, first breaking silence.

"Ay, who is he?" re-echoed the schoolmaster.

"He is a bit of a conjurer, I warrant," quoth the exciseman.

"I should not wonder," said the landlord, "if he be a spy from France."

"Or a travelling packman," added the landlady.

"I am certain he is no better than he should be," spake the parson again.

"That is clear," exclaimed the whole of the company, beginning with the pedagogue, and terminating as usual with the host. Here was a pause: at last Doctor Poundtext resumed—"I shall question him

tightly when he returns; and if his answers are impertinent or unsatisfactory, something must be done."

"Ay, something must be done," said the schoolmaster.

"Whatever you do," said the landlady, "let it be done civilly. I should not like to anger him."

"A fig for his anger!" roared her husband, snapping his fingers; "I shall give him the back of the door in the twinkling of an eye, if he so much as chirps."

"Anger, indeed!" observed the exciseman; "leave that to me and my cudgel."

"To you and your cudgel!" said the stranger, who at this moment entered, and resumed his place at the fireside, after casting a look of ineffable contempt upon the exciseman. The latter did not dare to say a word; his countenance fell, and his stick, which he was brandishing a moment before, dropped between his legs.

There was another pause in the conversation. The appearance of the Red Man again acted like a spell on the voices of the company. The parson was silent, and by a natural consequence his echo, the schoolmaster, was silent also: none of the others felt disposed to say any thing. The meeting was like an assemblage of quakers. At one side of the fire sat the plump parson, with the tankard in one hand, and the other placed upon his forehead, as in deep meditation. At the opposite side sat the schoolmaster, puffing vehemently from a tobacco-pipe. In the centre was the

exciseman, having at his right hand the jolly form of the landlady, and at his left the Man in Red; the landlord stood at some distance behind. For a time the whole, with the exception of the stranger, were engaged in anxious thought. The one looked to the other with wondering glances, but, though all equally wished to speak, no one liked to be the first to open the conversation. "Who can this man be?" "What does he want here?" "Where is he from, and whither is he bound?" Such were the inquiries which occupied every mind. Had the object of their curiosity been a brown man, a black man, or even a green man, there would have been nothing extraordinary; and he might have entered the inn and departed from it as unquestioned as before he came. But to be a Red Man! There was in this something so startling that the lookers-on were beside themselves with amazement. The first to break this strange silence was the parson.

"Sir," said he, "we have been thinking that you are——"

"That I am a conjurer, a French spy, a travelling packman, or something of the sort," observed the stranger. Doctor Poundtext started back on his chair, and well he might; for these words, which the Man in Red had spoken, were the very ones he himself was about to utter.

"Who are you, sir?" resumed he, in manifest perturbation. "What is your name?"

"My name," replied the other, "is Reid."

"And where, in heaven's name, were you born?" demanded the astonished parson.

"I was born on the borders of the Red Sea." Doctor Poundtext had not another word to say. The schoolmaster was equally astounded, and withdrew the pipe from his mouth: that of the exciseman dropped to the ground: the landlord groaned aloud, and his spouse held up her hands in mingled astonishment and awe.

After giving them this last piece of information, the strange man arose from his seat, broke his pipe in pieces, and pitched the fragments into the fire; then, throwing his long cloak carelessly over his shoulders, putting his hat upon his head, and loading himself with his boots, his whip, and his portmanteau, he desired the landlord to show him to his bed, and left the kitchen, after smiling sarcastically to its inmates, and giving them a familiar and unceremonious nod.

His disappearance was the signal for fresh alarm in the minds of those left behind. Not a word was said till the return of the innkeeper, who in a short time descended from the bed-room over-head, to which he had conducted his guest. On re-entering the kitchen, he was encountered by a volley of interrogations. The parson, the schoolmaster, the exciseman, and his own wife, questioned him over and over again. "Who was the man in red?—he must have seen him before—he must have heard of him—in a word, he must know something about him." The host protested "that he

never beheld the stranger till that hour: it was the first time he had made his appearance at the Black Swan, and, so help him God, it should be the last!"

"Why don't you turn him out?" exclaimed the exciseman.

"If you think you are able to do it, you are heartily welcome," replied the landlord. "For my part, I have no notion of coming to close quarters with the shank of his whip, or his great, red, sledge-hammer fist." This was an irresistible argument, and the proposer of forcible ejectment said no more upon the subject.

At this time the party could hear the noise of heavy footsteps above them. They were those of the Red Man, and sounded with slow and measured tread. They listened for a quarter of an hour longer, in expectation that they would cease. There was no pause: the steps continued, and seemed to indicate that the person was amusing himself by walking up and down the room.

It would be impossible to describe the multiplicity of feelings which agitated the minds of the company. Fear, surprise, anger, and curiosity, ruled them by turns, and kept them incessantly upon the rack. There was something mysterious in the visiter who had just left them—something which they could not fathom—something unaccountable. "Who could he be?" This was the question that each put to the other, but no one could give any thing like a rational answer.

Meanwhile the evening wore on apace, and though the bell of the parish church hard by sounded the tenth hour, no one seemed inclined to take the hint to depart. Even the parson heard it without regard, to such a pitch was his curiosity excited. About this time also the sky, which had hitherto been tolerably clear, began to be overclouded. Distant peals of thunder were heard; and thick sultry drops of rain pattered at intervals against the casement of the inn: every thing seemed to indicate a tempestuous evening. But the storm which threatened to rage without was unnoticed. Though the drops fell heavily; though gleams of lightning flashed by, followed by the report of distant thunder, and the winds began to hiss and whistle among the trees of the neighbouring cemetery, yet all these external signs of elementary tumult were as nothing to the deep, solemn footsteps of the Red Man. There seemed to be no end to his walking. An hour had he paced up and down the chamber without the least interval of repose, and he was still engaged in this occupation as at first. In this there was something incredibly mysterious; and the party below, notwithstanding their numbers, felt a vague and indescribable dread beginning to creep over them. The more they reflected upon the character of the stranger, the more unnatural did it appear. The redness of his hair and complexion, and, still more, the fiery hue of his garment, struck them with astonishment. But this was little to the freezing and benumbing

glance of his eye, the strange tones of his voice, and his miraculous birth on the borders of the Red Sea. There was now no longer any smoking in the kitchen. The subjects which occupied their minds were of too engrossing a nature to be treated with levity; and they drew their chairs closer, with a sort of irresistible and instinctive attraction.

While these things were going on, the bandy-legged ostler entered, in manifest alarm. He came to inform his master that the stranger's horse had gone mad, and was kicking and tearing at every thing around, as if he would break his manger in pieces. Here a loud neighing and rushing were heard in the stable. "Ay, there he goes," continued he. "I believe the devil is in the beast, if he is not the old enemy himself. Ods, master, if you saw his eyes: they are like —"

"What are they like?" demanded the landlord. "Ay, what are they like?" exclaimed the rest with equal impatience.

"Ods, if they a'n't like burning coals!" ejaculated the ostler, trembling from head to foot, and squeezing himself in among the others, on a chair which stood hard by. His information threw fresh alarm over the company, and they were more agitated and confused than ever.

During the whole of this time the sound of walking over-head never ceased for one moment. The heavy tread was unabated: there was not the least interval of repose, nor could a pendulum have been more re-

gular in its motions. Had there been any relaxation, any pause, any increase, or any diminution, of rapidity in the footsteps, they would have been endurable; but there was no such thing. The same deadening, monotonous, stupifying sound continued, like clockwork, to operate incessantly above their heads. Nor was there any abatement of the storm without; the wind blowing among the trees of the cemetery in a sepulchral moan; the rain beating against the panes of glass with the impetuous loudness of hail; and lightning and thunder flashing and pealing at brief intervals through the murky firmament. The noise of the elements was indeed frightful, and it was heightened by the voice of the sable steed like that of a spirit of darkness; but the whole, as we have just hinted, was as nothing to the deep, solemn, mysterious treading of the Red Man.

Innumerable were their conjectures concerning the character of this personage. It has been mentioned that the landlady conceived him at first to be a travelling packman, the landlord a French spy, and the exciseman a conjurer. Now their opinions were wholly changed, and they looked upon him as something a great deal worse. The parson, in the height of his learning, regarded him as an emanation of the tempter himself; and in this he was confirmed by the erudite opinion of the schoolmaster. As to the ostler, he could say nothing about the man, but he was willing to stake his professional knowledge that his horse was

kith and kin to the evil one. Such were the various doctrines promulgated in the kitchen of the Black Swan.

"If he be like other men, how could he anticipate me, as he did, in what I was going to say?" observed the parson.

"Born on the borders of the Red Sea!" ejaculated the landlord.

"Heard ye how he repeated to us what we were talking about during his absence in the stable?" remarked the exciseman.

"And how he knew that I was a pedagogue?" added the schoolmaster.

"And how he called on me by my name, although he never saw nor heard of me before?" said the ostler in conclusion. Such a mass of evidence was irresistible. It was impossible to overlook the results to which it naturally led.

"If more proof is wanting," resumed the parson after a pause, "only look to his dress. What Christian would think of travelling about the country in red? It is a type of the hell-fire from which he is sprung."

"Did you observe his hair hanging down his back like a bunch of carrots?" asked the exciseman.

"Such a diabolical glance in his eye!" said the schoolmaster.

"Such a voice!" added the landlord. "It is like the sound of a cracked clarionet."

"His feet are not cloven," observed the landlady.

"No matter," exclaimed the landlord; "the devil, when he chooses, can have as good legs as his neighbours."

"Better than some of them," quoth the lady, looking peevishly at the lower limbs of her husband.

Meanwhile the incessant treading continued unabated, although two long hours had passed since its commencement. There was not the slightest cessation to the sound, while out of doors the storm raged with violence, and in the midst of it the hideous neighing and stamping of the black horse were heard with pre-eminent loudness. At this time the fire of the kitchen began to burn low. The sparkling blaze was gone, and in its stead nothing but a dead red lustre emanated from the grate. One candle had just expired, having burned down to the socket. Of the one which remained the unsnuffed wick was nearly three inches in length, black and crooked at the point, and standing like a ruined tower amid an envelopment of sickly yellow flame; while around the fire's equally decaying lustre sat the frightened *coterie*, narrowing their circle as its brilliancy faded away, and eyeing each other like apparitions amidst the increasing gloom.

At this time the clock of the steeple struck the hour of midnight, and the tread of the stranger suddenly ceased. There was a pause for some minutes—afterwards a rustling—then a noise as of something drawn

along the floor of his room. In a moment thereafter his door opened; then it shut with violence, and heavy footsteps were heard trampling down the stair. The inmates of the kitchen shook with alarm as the tread came nearer. They expected every moment to behold the Red Man enter, and stand before them in his native character. The landlady fainted outright: the exciseman followed her example: the landlord gasped in an agony of terror: and the schoolmaster uttered a pious ejaculation for the behoof of his soul. Doctor Poundtext was the only one who preserved any degree of composure. He managed, in a trembling voice, to call out "Avaunt, Satan! I exorcise thee from hence to the bottom of the Red Sea!"

"I am going as fast as I can," said the stranger, as he passed the kitchen-door on his way to the open air. His voice aroused the whole conclave from their stupor. They started up, and by a simultaneous effort rushed to the window. There they beheld the tall figure of a man, enveloped in a black cloak, walking across the yard on his way to the stable. He had on a broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat, top-boots, with enormous spurs, and carried a gigantic whip in one hand, and a portmanteau in the other. He entered the stable, remained there about three minutes, and came out leading forth his fiery steed thoroughly accoutred. In the twinkling of an eye he got upon his back, waved his hand to the company, who were surveying him through

the window, and, clapping spurs to his charger, galloped off furiously, with a hideous and unnatural laugh, through the midst of the storm.

On going up stairs to the room which the devil had honoured with his presence, the landlord found that his infernal majesty had helped himself to every thing he could lay his hands upon, having broken into his desk and carried off twenty-five guineas of king's money, a ten pound Bank of England note, and sundry articles, such as seals, snuff-boxes, &c. Since that time he has not been seen in these quarters, and if he should, he will do well to beware of Doctor Pound-text, who is a civil magistrate as well as a minister, and who, instead of exorcising him to the bottom of the Red Sea, may perhaps exorcise him to the interior of Leicester gaol, to await his trial before the judges of the midland circuit.

A Modern Pythagorean.

SOLITUDE.

BY JAMES KENNEY, ESQ.

There is a time when tears will flow,
  To soothe the throb of care;
When the gaunt eye of hollow woe
  Looks up and mocks despair!
'Tis where the breeze has no control,
  Where pine trees darkly nod,
And silence yields the gasping soul
  To nature and to God!

Good spirits there a healing charm
  On wounded bosoms shed;
And virtue nerves the languid arm,
  And lifts the drooping head;
And then we deem a time will come,
  When tyrant wrong shall fly,
Or fondly dream of martyrdom,
  And how the proud ones die!

Under the blue and boundless sky,
  Couch'd on the bright green earth,
Oh! then we smile for vanity,
  And feel life's only worth;—
We trim no coronet for wealth,
  For fame nor honour sigh;
We pray to God to live in health,
  In love and charity.

And he whose cares in ruthless troops
  Come thronging day by day,
To sap his heart, and make his hopes
  A slow and inchmeal prey,
Shall here, the legion to defy,
  Inhale a heavenly power;
Breathe resignation's balmy sigh,
  And bless that silent hour!

[illegible] pinx.t J. H. [illegible] sculp.t

THE FLOWER GIRL.

[illegible] Ackermann [illegible]

THE FLOWER GIRL OF SAVOY.

Fair ladies all, [illegible] to hear
Of knights sublime, and dragons drear;
Of caves, where necromancers sleep;
Of bowers, where sylphs and gentl peep;
[illegible]
[illegible]
Of patrons, [illegible], and [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
From [illegible] years,
[illegible] by his peers,
And all the tyrant's chances partial,
They pass his sentence—to be married!
Alas! such strains are too divine
For this [illegible] of me and mine!

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

P. Ed. by R. Ackermann London.

THE FLOWER GIRL OF SAVOY.

Fair ladies all, who love to hear
Of knights sublime, and dragons drear;
Of caves, where necromancers sleep;
Of bowers, where sylphs and genii peep;
Of kingdoms won by woman's eyes;
Of all the miracles of sighs;
Of palfreys, plumes, and lances bent
By monarchs in the tournament;
Of banquets gay, and dungeons barr'd,
Where lies the lover, evil-starr'd,
From five to fifty tedious years,
Till, brought to trial by his peers,
And, all the tyrant's charges parried,
They pass his sentence—to be married!
Alas! such strains are too divine
For this dull age of me and mine!

Alas, the time! the minstrel's lays
Are in the grave of other days!
No more the gay Provençal string
Makes roofs of royal chambers ring;
No more beneath the midnight skies
Are sonnets sung to killing eyes;
Nor knights, in glittering harness arm'd,
Sing songs, catch agues, and are charm'd;

Nor ladies fair from galleries peep,
Scorning to eat, or drink, or sleep,
Till, thanks to the propitious stars,
They follow to the Turkish wars.

Sweet sex! whom I but live to please,
For you I have no themes like these;
I offer but a village tale,
To tell how truth and love prevail;
How more than proud the heart may be
That never left her greenwood tree;
What wealth the bosom may disclose,
Whose richest jewel is a rose.

'Twas eve; the fragrant breezes fann'd,
Lake Leman, thy delicious strand;
The sun on Jura's mountain-throne
Threw round the land a fiery zone;
A thousand tints of glory dyed,
Mont Blanc, thy snowy-mantled side;
And, purpling in the sunset glow,
Lay the broad lake, a heaven below,
With every cloud and every beam
In beauty pictured, gleam for gleam—
The matchless emblem of that rest
Which reigns in woman's maiden breast,
Before the heart's wild feelings rise
To dim her spirit's summer skies.

Along the mountain's primrose side
A village girl is seen to glide;
Now lifting up her deep blue eye,
As if she long'd to wing that sky;
Now gazing where the sun's broad limb
Seems on the shadowy lake to swim;
Now plunging in the valley bower,
Herself the landscape's sweetest flower;
To catch within her silken net
The butterfly, all dewy wet,
Then crop the rose and myrtle's bloom,
Unmindful of the deepening gloom,
Till the last gleam of dying day
In twilight purple fades away.

Yet more than twilight bathes the hill;
A cloud has gather'd stern and still,
And from its depths a sudden spark
Darts out, then leaves it doubly dark:
The maiden's eyes in terror gaze,
As round her springs the yellow blaze.
And now the thunders roar above;
Down to its roots is bow'd the grove;
The lake is ridged with sudden foam;
The tempest in its wrath has come.

But deeper fears her spirit shake,
As on the bosom of the lake

She sees, like dust before the gale,
A struggling bark, a shatter'd sail:
Onward it whirls; in vain—in vain
It toils the little port to gain:
In vain the maiden's generous soul
Now braves the blast, the thunder-roll;
Calls through the storm; from height to height
Bounds, with the speed of fairy flight;
Points wildly to the mountain bay;
The sullen storm will have its prey:
Down bursts the whirlwind's tenfold roar—
One shriek is heard—and all is o'er!

Wet, weary, dash'd with spray and foam,
Why seeks she not her cottage-home?
Why pauses on the shore her tread?
What draws she from the surge?—The dead!
The dead!—Ah! many a bitter tear
Were spared thee, Julie, if it were!

A month has fled; 'tis lovely night,
The stars are burning broad and bright,
There is no murmur on the lake,
The birds are hush'd in bower and brake.
But whose the whispers stealing sweet,
And whose the lightly treading feet,
And whose the quick, heart-breathing sighs
That on the garden's echoes rise?

Ah, Julie, 'twas a dangerous hour
Which brought that stranger to thy bower!
Ah, Julie, well for thee the wave
Had been the stranger's early grave!
Yet innocence is sword and shield,
The noble heart is triple-steel'd.
In vain love's eloquence is tried
To win thee from the parent side:
The tempter feels his cause undone,
Raves, threatens, sues, is scorn'd, and gone!

Another month; the air was balm,
The lake in morning glory swam;
But there was woe in Julie's eye,
And woe had blanch'd her rosy dye,
And on her snowy brow was laid
The anguish of a heart betray'd:
And like a shape of sculptured stone
She sat in beauty, sad and lone.

But why shall I the anguish tell
With which the spirit says "Farewell?"
Why tell the thousand secret stings
When truant Love has waved his wings?
The arrow through the heart is gone,
Yet still the world rolls smoothly on.
Nor shall I tell how oft she sought
The meeting and the parting spot;

How oft, beside the valley-stream,
She dream'd love's sweet and bitter dream;
How oft, as evening sank to rest,
Her foot the lake's green margin prest;
How oft, awake before the sun,
She sat upon the mountain-throne,
And fix'd her melancholy eye
Upon her wanderer's distant sky.

But what along the mountain's side
Seems rolling like a golden tide?
Down through the heathflower's purple blooms,
Move tissued flags and waving plumes,
And many a touch of harmony
Proclaims a stately pageant nigh:
But, Julie, thine impassion'd glance
Saw not the pomp, the charger's prance,
Heard not the trumpet's echo borne
Along the living winds of morn!
For one is kneeling at thy feet,
With lips where pride and passion meet;
With lips where passion masters pride,
What noble wooes thee for his bride?—
The stranger, whom thy pity saved,
The stranger, whom thy virtue braved.
And did his penitence prevail?
Pray you, sweet maidens, end my tale!

THE TRIAL OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

AN HISTORICAL SCENE.

BY MISS MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

CHARACTERS.

CHARLES THE FIRST, *King of England.*

Lord President BRADSHAW,
CROMWELL,
IRETON,
DOWNES,
HARRISON,
MARTEN,
} *Members of the High Court of Justice.*

COOK, *the Solicitor for the Commons.*

Clerk, Crier, Guards, and People.

HENRIETTA, *Queen of England.*

Scene.—Westminster Hall, fitted up for the KING'S *trial,* BRADSHAW *seated as President;* CROMWELL, IRETON, HARRISON, DOWNES, MARTEN, *and other Judges on benches;* COOK *and other Lawyers' Clerks, &c. at a table; a chair of state for the* KING *on one side; the* QUEEN *veiled, and other Ladies in a gallery behind; the whole stage filled with Guards, Spectators, &c.*

Brad. HATH every name been call'd? and every judge
Appear'd at the high summons?

Clerk. Good my lord,
Each one hath answer'd.

Ireton (to Crom.) The Lord General
Is wanting still.

Crom. The better.

Ireton. How?

Crom. Fair son,
We have enow of work—doth not yon cry

Announce the prisoner?—enow of work
For one brief day, without him. Downes, sit here
Beside me, man. We lack not waverers;
Men, whose long doubts would hold from rosy dawn
To the slow lighting of the evening star
In the clear heaven of June. Of such as they
One were too many. How say'st thou, good Downes?

Downes. Even as thou say'st.

Crom. Yet, 'tis a valiant general,
A godly and a valiant. Ha! the prisoner!

Enter the KING, *attended by* HERBERT *and other Servants,* HACKER, *and Guards. The Soldiers, &c. as the* KING *walks to his chair, cry* "Justice! Justice!"

Crier. Peace! Silence in the court!

Brad. Ye shall have justice.
My Lords Commissioners, whilst I stood pausing
How fitliest to disclose our mighty plea,
Dallying with phrase and form, yon eager cry
Shot like an arrow to the mark, laying bare
The very core of our intent. Sirs, we
Are met to render justice, met to judge
In such a cause as scarce the lucent sun,
That smiles upon us from his throne, hath seen
Since light was born. We sit to judge a king
Arraign'd by his own people; to make inquest
Into the innocent blood which hath been spilt
Like water; into crime and tyranny,
Treason and murder. Look that we be pure,

My brethren! that we cast from out our hearts
All blinding passions: Fear, that blinks and trembles
At shadows ere they come; Pride, that walks dazzled
In the light of her vain glory; feeble Pity,
Whose sight is quenched in tears; and grim Revenge,
Her fierce eyes sealed with gore. Look that we chase
Each frail affection, each fond hidden sin,
Each meaner virtue from our hearts, and cling
To justice, only justice. Now for thee,
Charles Stuart, king of England! Thou art here
To render compt of awful crimes, of treason,
Conspiracy, and murder. Answer!

Cook. First,
May it please you, hear the charge.

King. Stop! who are ye
That dare to question me?

Brad. Thy judges.

King. Say
My subjects. I am a king, whom none may judge
On earth. Who sent you here?

Brad. The Commons.

King. What!
Be there no traitors, no conspirators,
No murderers, save kings, that they dare call
Stern justice down from Heaven? Sir, I fling back
The charge upon their heads; the guilt, the shame,
The eternal infamy—on them, who sowed
The tares of hate in fields of love; who armed
Brother 'gainst brother; breaking the sweet peace

Of country innocence, the holy ties
Of nature breaking; making war accurst
As that Egyptian plague, the worst and last,
When the first-born were slain. I have no answer
For them or you.—I know you not.

Brad. Be warned;
Plead to the accusation.

King. I will die
A thousand deaths, rather than by my breath
Give life to this new court, against the laws
And liberties of England.

Brad. Sir, we know
Your love of liberty and England. Call
The witnesses. Be they in court?

Cook. They wait
Without.

Brad. Send for them quickly. Once again,
King, wilt thou plead?

King. Thou hast my answer—Never!

[*A pause of a few moments, during which the head of the* KING'*s staff, on which he was leaning, falls, and rolls over the floor.*

Marten (to Ireton). What fell? The breathless silence of this vast
And crowded court gives to each common sound
A startling clearness. What hath fallen?

Ireton. The head
Of the king's staff. See how it spins and bounds

Along the floor, as hurrying to forsake
The royal wretch its master: now it stops
At Cromwell's feet—direct at Cromwell's feet!

Crom. The toy is broken.

Har. What is the device?
Some vain idolatrous image?

Crom. No; a crown—
A gilded crown—a hollow glittering crown,
Shaped by some quaint and cunning goldsmith. Look
On what a reed he leans, who props himself
On such a bauble.

Downes. It rolled straight to thee:
If thou wast superstitious—

Crom. Pass the toy
On to the prisoner; he hath faith in omens—
I——fling him back his gewgaw!

Brad. Master Cook,
We wait too long.

Cook. My lord, the witnesses—

Brad. Call any man! Within our bleeding land
There lives not one so blest in ignorance,
As not to know this treason: none so high
But the storm overtopp'd him; none so low
But the wind stoop'd to root him up. Call any—
The judge upon the bench—the halberdier
That guards the door.

Cook. Oliver Cromwell!

Crom. Ay!

Cook. No need to swear him: he hath ta'en already
The judge's oath.

Crom. The judge's oath, not this.
Omit no form of guardian law; remember
The life of man hangs on our lips.

King. Smooth traitor!

(CROMWELL *is sworn.*)

Cook. Lieutenant-general Cromwell, wast thou present
In the great fight of Naseby?

Crom. Was I present!
Why, I think ye know that.

Cook. And didst thou see
The prisoner in the battle?

Crom. Many times.
He led his army—in a better cause,
I should have said right gallantly. I saw him
First in the onset, last in the retreat;
That justice let me pay the king.

Brad. Raised he
His banner 'gainst his people? Didst thou see
The royal standard in the field?

Crom. My lord!
It rose full in the centre of their host,
Floating upon the heavy air.

Cook. The arms
Of England?

Crom. Ay, the very lion-shield

That waved at Cressi and at Azincourt
Triumphant. None may better know than I;
For it so pleased the Ruler of the field,
The Almighty King of Battles! that my arm
Struck down the standard-bearer, and restored
The English lion to the lion hearts
Of England.

Cook. Please you, sir, retire. Now summon—

King. Call not another. What I have done boldly
In the face of day and of the nation, that,
Nothing repenting, nothing derogating
From the king's high prerogative, as boldly
As freely I avow to you—to all men!
I own you not as judges!—Ye have power,
As pirates or land-robbers o'er the wretch
Entrapp'd within their den; a power to mock
Your victim with a form of trial—to dress
Plain murder in a mask of law!—As judges,
I know you not!

Brad. Enough, that you confess
The treason.

King. Stop! Sir, I appeal to them
Whence you derive your power.

Brad. The people? King,
Thou seest them here in us.

King. Oh! that my voice
Could reach my loyal people! that the wind
Could waft the echoes of this groined roof,
So that each corner of the land might hear

Their rightful monarch's cry! Then should ye hear
From the universal nation, town and plain,
Forest and village, the stern, awful shout
Of just deliverance, mighty and prolonged,
Deafening the earth and piercing heaven, and smiting
Each guilty conscience with such fear as waits
On the great judgment-day. The wish is vain—
Oh, vainer than a dream! I and my people
Are over-master'd. Yet, sir, I demand
A conference with these monsters. Tell the Commons
The King would speak with them.

Brad. We have no power
To stay the trial.

Downes. Nay, good my lord, perchance
The King would yield such reason as might move
The Commons to renew the treaty. Best
Confer with them.

Crom. (to Downes.) Art mad?

Downes. 'Tis ye are mad
That urge, with a remorseless haste, this work
Of savage butchery onward. I was mad
That join'd you.

Crom. This is sudden.

Downes. He 's our king.

Crom. Our king! Have we not faced him in the field
A hundred times? Our king! Downes, hath the Lord
Forsaken thee? Why, I have seen thyself
Hewing through mailed battalions, till thy sword

And thy good arm were dyed in gore, to reach
Yon man. Didst mean to save him? Listen, sir!
I am thy friend. 'Tis said—I lend no ear
To slanderers, but this tale was forced upon me—
'Tis said, that one, whose grave and honour'd name
Sorts ill with midnight treachery, was seen
Stealing from the Queen's lodging. I'm thy friend,
Thy fast friend! We oft see in this bad world
The shadow envy crawling stealthily
Behind fair virtue. I hold all for false
Unless thou prove it true. I am thy friend!—
But if the sequestrators heard this tale—
Thou hast broad lands. *(Aloud)* Why do ye pause?

Cook. My high
And honouring task to plead at this great bar
For lawful liberty, for suffering conscience,
For the old guardians of our rights, the Commons,
Against the lawless fiend prerogative,
The persecuting church, the tyrant king,
Were needless, now, and vain. The haughty prisoner
Denies your jurisdiction. I call on you
For instant judgment.

Brad. Sir, for the last time,
I ask thee, wilt thou plead?

King. Have I not answer'd?

Cook. Your judgment, good my lords.

Brad. All ye who deem
Charles Stuart guilty, rise!

[*The judges all stand up.*

King. What! all?

Brad. Not one
Is wanting. Clerk, record him guilty.

Cook. Now,
The sentence!

Queen (*from the gallery*). Traitors, hold!

Crom. (*to Ireton.*) Heardst thou a scream?

Ireton. 'Tis the malignant wife of Fairfax.

Crom. No!
A greater far than she.

Queen. Hold, murderers!

Crom. (*aloud.*) Lead
Yon railing woman from her seat. My lord,
Please you proceed.

Queen (*rushing to the King*). Traitors, here is my seat!
I am the Queen. Here is my place, my state!
My lord and sovereign, here at thy feet
I claim it with a prouder, humbler heart,
A lowlier duty, and more loyal love,
Than when the false and glittering diadem
Encircled first my brows, a queenly bride.
Put me not from thee! scorn me not! I am
Thy wife.

King. A true and faithful wife! yet leave me,
Lest the strong armour of my soul, her patience,
Be melted by thy tears. Oh, go, go, go!
This is no place for thee.

Queen. Why, thou art here!
Who shall divide us?
Ireton. Force her from him, guards;
Remove her.
King. Tremble ye who come so near
As but to touch her garments. Cowards! slaves!
Though the king's power be gone, yet the man's strength
Remains unwither'd. She 's my wife, my all.
Crom. None thinks to harm the lady. Good my lord,
The hour wears fast with these slight toys.
Queen. I come
To aid you, not impede. If in this land
To wear the lineal crown, maintain the laws,
Uphold the insulted church, be crimes, then I
Am guilty, guiltier than your king. 'Twas I
That urged the war—ye knew he loved me—I
That prompted his bold counsels, edged and whetted
His great resolves; spurr'd his high courage on
Against you, rebels! I that arm'd my knight
And sent him forth to battle. Mine the crime;
Be mine the punishment! Deliver him,
And lead me to the block. Pause ye? my blood
Is royal too. Within my veins the rich
Commingled stream of princely Medici
And regal Bourbon flows: 't will mount as high;
'T will stain your axe as red; 't will feed as full
Your hate of kings.

Crom. Madam, we wage no war
On women.

Queen. I have warr'd on you—and now—
Take heed how ye release me! He is gentle,
Patient, and kind; he can forgive. But I
Shall roam a frantic widow through the world,
Counting each day for lost that hath not gain'd
An enemy to England, a revenger
Of this foul murder.

Har. Woman, peace! The sentence!

Queen. *Your* sentence, bloody Judges! As ye deal
With your anointed king, the red right arm
Of Heaven shall avenge him: here on earth
By clinging fear and black remorse, and death,
Unnatural, ghastly death!—and then the fire—
The eternal fire—where panting murderers gasp,
And cannot die!—that deepest hell which holds
The regicide.

Brad. Peace! I have overlong
Forgotten my great office. Hence! or force
Shall rid us of thy frenzy. Know'st thou not
That curses light upon the curser's head,
As surely as the cloud which the sun drains
From the salt sea returns into the wave
In stormy gusts or plashing showers?—Remove her.

Queen. Oh! mercy! mercy!—I'll not curse; I'll be
As gentle as a babe. Ye cannot doom him
Whilst I stand by. Even the hard headsman veils
His victim's eyes before he strikes, afeard

Lest his heart fail; and could ye, being men,
Not fiends, abide a wife's keen agony
Whilst——I'll not leave thee, Charles! I'll never
leave thee!

King. This is the love stronger than life—the love
Of woman. Henrietta, listen! Loose
Thy arms from round my neck!—Here is no axe—
This is no scaffold.—We shall meet anon,
Untouch'd, unharm'd. I shall return to thee
Safe, safe—shall bide with thee.—Listen, my dear one!
Thy husband prays, thy king commands thee—Go!
Go!—Lead her gently, very gently.

[*Exit the Queen, led.*

Now
I am ready. Speak your doom, and quickly.

Brad. Death!
Thou art adjudged to die. Sirs, do ye all
Accord in this just sentence?

[*The judges all stand up.*

King. I am ready.
To a grey head aching with royal cares
The block is a kind pillow. Yet once more——

Brad. Silence!—The sentence is pronounced—the
time
Is past. Conduct him from the court.

King. Not hear me!
Me, your anointed king! Look ye what justice
A meaner man may hope for.

Crom. Why refuse
His death-speech to a prisoner? Whoso knoweth
What weight hangs on his soul! Speak on, and fear
not.

King. Fear! let the guilty fear. Feel if my pulse
Flutter? Look if my cheek be faded? Hearken
If my calm breathing be not regular,
Even as an infant's who hath dropt asleep
Upon its mother's breast? As I lift up
This sword, miscall'd of justice, my clear voice
Hoarsens nor falters not. See, I can smile
As, thinking on the axe, I draw the bright,
Keen edge across my hand. Fear! Would ye ask
What weight is on my soul—I tell you, none;
Save that I yielded once to your decree,
And slew my faithfullest—Oh! Strafford, Strafford!
This is a retribution.

Brad. Rather weep
Thy sins, than one just, holy act.

King. For you,
My subject judges, I could weep; for thee,
Beloved and lovely country. Thou wilt groan
Under the tyrant many, till some bold
And crafty soldier, one who in the field
Is brave as the roused lion, at the council
Watchful and gentle as the couchant pard—
The lovely, spotted pard—what time she stoops
To spring upon her prey; one who puts on
To win each several soul his several sin:

A stern fanatic—a smooth hypocrite—
A fierce republican—a coarse buffoon—
Always a great, bad man—till he shall come
And climb the vacant throne, and fix him there,
A more than king. Cromwell, if such thou knowest,
Tell him the rack would prove an easier couch
Than he shall find that throne; tell him the crown
On a usurper's brow will scorch and burn
As though the diamonded and ermined round
Were formed of glowing steel.

Crom. Hath this dread wrath
Smitten thee with frenzy?

King. Tell him, for thou know'st him,
That Doubt and Discord, like fell harpies, wait
Around the usurper's board. By night, by day,
Beneath the palace roof—beneath that roof
More fair, the summer sky—fear shall appal
And danger threaten, and all natural loves
Wither and die; till, on his dying bed,
Old 'fore his time, the wretched traitor lies
Heart-broken. Then, for well thou know'st him,
Cromwell,
Bid him to think on me, and how I fell,
Hewn in my strength and prime, like a proud oak,
The tallest of the forest, that but shivers
His glorious top, and dies. Oh! thou shalt envy
In thy long agony my fall, that shakes
A kingdom, but not me.

Crom. He is possess'd!—

My good Lord President the day wears on—
Possess'd of a fierce devil.

Brad. Lead him forth!

King. Lead on!—ye are warned. Lead to my prison, sirs!

On to my prison!

Soldiers, &c. cry—"On to execution! justice and execution!"

Crom. Nay, my comrades,
Vex not a sinner's parting hour. The wrath
Of God is on him! [*Exeunt.*

HOPE.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL, ESQ.

'Tis dead of night: thick clouds obscure the sky;
Loud roar the winds across the wintry plain;
Against the mountain beats the dashing rain;
Woe to the traveller if no cot be nigh!—
Now gaze above!—lo! through the opening gloom,
That like a funeral pall o'er nature spreads,
A little star its trembling lustre sheds;
It seems a lamp dim-burning in a tomb;
It silvers o'er the haggard brow of night,
With watery beam illumes the howling wood,
And chases horror from the dashing flood.—
Thus, mid life's gloomiest scenes, Hope sheds her light;
Let ills surround us, or let cares oppress,
Still she appears, and points to happiness.

J. O'Connell del.

H. C. Shenton sculp.

THE LAND-STORM.

A MILITARY ANECDOTE.

The retreat of the British army under his Royal Highness the late lamented Duke of York will long be memorable for its hardships, its hazards, and the inextinguishable intrepidity of the soldiers. Those features will not be overlooked by the historian of the extraordinary events and signal changes of the time. But [illegible] ose brief nar- [illegible], though for- [illegible] res, make the [illegible]

On the [illegible] r morning, in 1794, an order came from head-[illegible] to a brigade of the flank [illegible] the Leuwarden road, and repel an attack from a strong force of the enemy, that had been attempting to turn the flanks of the position for several days.

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On the stormy twilight of a November morning, in 1794, an order came from head-quarters to a brigade of the flank companies to turn out on the Leuwarden road, and repel an attack from a strong force of the enemy, that had been attempting to turn the flanks of the position for several days.

The winter, at all times severe in the Netherlands, was one of the severest that had been known; and the necessary exposure of the troops in a hurried march through a wasted country made its severity still more formidable. The brigade was immediately under arms: but the storm thickened, enormous drifts of snow suddenly covered the route, the wind dashed it in the faces of the men, and, before they had marched a quarter of a league in the direction of Staffels, a village on the high road by Rolde and Bylen to the Ems, they were completely brought to a stand. The men were

blinded with the snow; every direction of their way was covered; the field, road, and lake were one sheet of white; and the only landmark was one of those low groves, or stunted forests, which the Flemings preserve for firewood. To this shelter, imperfect as it was, the brigade moved; but disgust at being sent out thus unnecessarily to fight the elements, for there was no other enemy to be seen, rapidly rose among the troops. The officers, as much in the dark as themselves, and equally exposed, felt scarcely less irritation. The memory of their quarters the night before, where they had, at least, roofs over their heads and fires to keep them from being frozen to death, at length prevailed, and one by one the men began to return, until the movement became general. The British are proverbial for being unable to retreat; and the march from the Flemish frontier had already disorganised the army. The officer in command of the brigade finding resistance useless, and anxious to avoid the public appearance of insubordination in the finest corps of the army, at length put himself at the head of the movement, and marched back with them.

A thicket in one of the angles of the forest had been taken possession of by a company of grenadiers, under the command of a young officer, lately promoted for his conduct in action. He was a favourite in the regiment, and some of the men ran back to acquaint him with the general retreat. "Have you brought me any orders, serjeant O'Regan?" said he, to a fine showy

Irishman, who stood at once smiling and shivering before him.

"Not a word, your honour," was the answer.

"Why then, serjeant, I must stay where I am."

"To be starved out of the world, and cold as a stone besides, Captain Charlton."

"No, serjeant; but to fight the French, if they come on; and if they don't, to stay here and do our duty like gentlemen and soldiers."

The grenadiers cheered the sentiment. The serjeant remained, and on the abatement of the storm only "begged as a favour" that he might be allowed to go out with a few men and see what the enemy were about, or whether there were any enemy at all.

Charlton looked upon himself as lost. The country in the rear was becoming completely impassable; he had not more than a day's provisions, and the advance of the enemy must cut him off. But, with the military maxim, that all that can be done ought to be done, a maxim worth all the wisdom of the tacticians besides, he commenced fortifying his post; and by felling a few trees, and clearing away the snow from the interior of the thicket, rendered his bivouac comparatively comfortable and defensible. The employment passed off the dreariness of the day, but with the fall of evening many an anxious eye was turned in the direction of the retreating army. Charlton had made up his mind to remain until he was ordered to move, and meanwhile took out a few men to look

for the serjeant. They had not gone above a few hundred yards from the thicket, when some straggling shots were heard in front. The serjeant and his party were next seen sheltering themselves from a troop of mounted skirmishers under one of the low hedges common in Flanders, and alternately running and firing to secure their escape. Charlton's arrival was at a critical moment, for the hussars had seized their only path, and they must be either killed or taken prisoners. He threw in a volley, and the hussars, surprised at the reinforcement, instantly wheeled to the rear, leaving three of their men wounded on the ground. To abandon them there was inevitable death, and Charlton ordered them to be carried to the thicket. Two died on the way, but the third had been merely stunned, and when brought to the bivouac fire he rapidly recovered. His appearance was that of an individual accustomed to the highest ranks of society, and his remarkably handsome countenance gave full authority to his declaration, that he had been of the French noblesse, and was forced into the republican service. He expressed himself deeply grateful for the humanity of his preservers, and expressed his determination to quit his country for ever, if it was to be under the government of the ferocious tyranny that then disgraced France and human nature. The serjeant had been active, and had spent the day in the environs of the French camp, where he succeeded, towards dusk, in capturing a provision-mule belonging

to one of the generals, and making prisoner a dragoon with dispatches. But the dragoon's pistol had gone off in the capture, and the patrole of hussars had dashed out after the serjeant, with what success we have seen.

Nothing could be more welcome than both his prizes. The mule was laden with an excellent dinner, and its wine; and the dispatch stated, that an attack would be made on the British army that night at twelve. The grenadiers supped luxuriously on the general's stock, and long before midnight every man of them would have scorned to stir from the spot where they were to make the enemy feel that "the British grenadiers were not to be beaten." Charlton, drinking a health to their cause, made his preparations with skill and rapidity. The young hussar acquainted him that the French general-in-chief had arrived on that morning from Brussels, and, in high indignation at the continued repulses of his army in his absence, had brought down several fresh columns from the interior, *pour ecraser les Anglais.* The advance was to be composed of cavalry, and the purpose was, to outflank the British on the side of Groningen, thus cutting them off from embarkation. "In two days," said Pichegru's general order, "the English will be on the Ems, or in it. If the former, we are disgraced; if the latter, we shall have conquered peace, and earned immortal honours."

The storm lulled towards midnight, and the grenadiers were falling asleep upon their arms, when the

young hussar's quick ear perceived the trampling of cavalry. Every one was on the alert in an instant, but no sound was heard; and even Charlton, pronouncing that they might sleep for that night at least, threw himself in his cloak beside the fire. The hussar could not be prevailed on to rest. In a quarter of an hour the thicket was surrounded by the whole French advanced guard; but to their astonishment they found it impenetrable: they were received with a heavy fire. A trench had been cut in front of the principal passage through the forest, which was soon masked by the snow, and into which great numbers of the cavalry, coming up in the dark at a full trot, plunged head foremost. Others stumbled over the felled trees, or were entangled in the branches, tied together with ropes as a sort of rude breastwork. Behind those the grenadiers poured in a heavy and deliberate discharge. The struggle continued so long, that the French staff, conceiving some general movement of the British army to have taken place during the night, halted the divisions already in march, and galloped up to the thicket. They found the hussars falling fast by a fire from an invisible enemy. A battalion of chasseurs were now ordered to reinforce the attack. The young hussar pointed out their advance by the flash of the musketry. A wing of the company reserved its volley until they came close, then fired in their faces, and drove the battalion of five hundred men head over heels. In this moment of victory Charlton received a ball in the side,

and fell back into his gallant companions' arms. The post would probably have yielded to the immense superiority of force at length brought against it, but the firing had been heard in the British camp; reinforcements came at full speed, and Pichegru, perplexed by the unexpected and extraordinary resistance, drew off before day-break. This was the final struggle. Pichegru gave up the hope of defeating the British; and the army proceeded towards the place of embarkation with nothing to contend against but the weather.

Charlton must have perished on the retreat, but for the care of the hussar; who, declaring that he owed his life to this brave officer, insisted on being allowed to attend him; placed him in almost the only waggon that remained to the brigade, and watched him with an anxiety that was the admiration of all. A storm, remarkable even in that time of tempest, suddenly came on. The trees were torn up by the roots, the village roofs torn up and swept into fragments, sheets of lightning and bursts of thunder of the most awful and destructive kind filled the air, and every man flew to the first shelter that he could find. The hussar galloped towards his friend. To his horror, he saw that the horses had taken fright at the flashes, and were become unmanageable. The Ems was roaring within view, and the slightest deviation from the road must engulph the whole in its bosom. The waggon, one of the huge machines of the country, and loaded with baggage, rolled and tottered on. The drivers con-

tended in vain with their startled horses: a sudden blaze shot athwart the team, they sprang to one side, and the waggon was plunged into the torrent, like a falling mountain. The hussar, who had stood paralyzed, now, with a wild outcry, darted to the bank, and, putting spurs to his horse, sprang in. The bank was instantly covered with the soldiers, throwing out planks and ropes to the young hero; but the torrent, swelled to an unexampled height by the rain, was irresistible. The waggon and the baggage were soon broken into a thousand fragments and hurrying to the ocean. The hussar's horse was at length seen disengaged from his unfortunate master, and escaping to shore; all was over; and there was but one feeling of regret in the whole army for Charlton and his friend. The preparations for embarking occupied some days more, and the melancholy fate of those two individuals, so singularly combined in success and misfortune, was the topic in every quarter.

The brigade of the flank companies formed the rear-guard, as usual; and they were entering the boats just as a peasant brought a note to the brigadier, requesting a double passage. The note was soon followed by the writer, who, to the infinite satisfaction of his whole corps, was Charlton, and, to their scarcely inferior surprise, with a beautiful and graceful young female under his escort. The hussar was an hussar no more, but Stephanie de Coulanges, Countess D'Albignac. She had met Charlton in garrison at Valenciennes, and a

mutual passion had been the result. But the violent disturbances of France separated them; and she was on the point of escaping to Italy in male attire, a common precaution at that time to avoid insults on the road, when an order arrived in Valenciennes, sending every one who could bear arms to the frontier, and the fair Stephanie became a reluctant cavalier. Her preservation by Charlton seemed to her like the dictate of some superior influence, and she determined to quit her country and follow her lover, from whom her hussar costume was an effectual disguise. She had saved him in the river: where as he was sinking, she had caught his sword-belt, and by a wave they had been thrown on shore together. The peasantry recovered them; and the shako and pelisse, in the hands of those honest people, were no longer a disguise for the fainting and overwhelmed Stephanie. Charlton forgot his wounds at the intelligence; the lovers were united by the village pastor; and, to finish the adventure by a miracle, neither of them has, to this hour, repented the union.

THE WORM AND THE FLOWER.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

You 're spinning for my lady, worm!
  Silk garments for the fair;
You 're spinning rainbows for a form
  More beautiful than air,
When air is bright with sunbeams,
  And morning mists arise,

From woody vales and mountain-streams,
  To blue autumnal skies.

You 're training for my lady, flower!
  You 're opening for my love;
The glory of her summer bower,
  While skylarks soar above.
Go, twine her locks with rosebuds,
  Or breathe upon her breast,
While zephyrs curl the water-floods,
  And rock the halcyon's nest.

But oh! there is another worm
  Ere long will visit her,
And revel on her lovely form
  In the dark sepulchre:
Yet from that sepulchre shall spring
  A flower as sweet as this;
Hard by, the nightingale shall sing,
  Soft winds its petals kiss.

Frail emblems of frail beauty, ye!
  In beauty who would trust?
Since all that charms the eye must be
  Consign'd to worms and dust:
Yet, like the flower that decks her tomb,
  Her spirit shall quit the clod,
And shine, in amaranthine bloom,
  Fast by the throne of God.

THE OMEN.

BY JOHN GALT, ESQ.

* * * * * We were thirteen, the ominous number, and all strangers to each other. It is true that Von Hesse and I had travelled from Prague together, but we had no previous acquaintance; indeed, we had been three days in company before either of us knew the other's name.

Our host, the banker, was a jolly facetious personage, with a dash of freethinking in his conversation, which, though regulated by some feeling allied to good taste, was yet sufficiently obtrusive. He appeared to be sensible that an open display of his religious opinions might give offence, and evidently repressed his inclination to sport irreverent jests; but habit, in despite of resolution, now and then broke out, and an occasional expression indicated that with more intimate friends his infidelity would have been probably less mitigated. As often as any of these expressions escaped him, the thoughtful countenance of Von Hesse was darkened; and twice or thrice, when the banker went a little too far, he gently contrived to check the mirth which the unchristened gibe was calculated to awaken.

The air and demeanour of Von Hesse were at all times mild and winning. His physiognomy was serene, almost solemn; his voice soft and pleasing; and a slight touch of sadness in his accent increased the interest which his calm and engaging manners universally

inspired. It bespoke something like pity; for it suggested an apprehension that his spirit was affected by forebodings, or laden with the remembrance of misfortunes. Once, and once only, in the course of our journey to Frankfort, I saw him agitated. It was but for a moment; something wilder than sadness gleamed as it were through the habitual seriousness of his features; an ashy and ghastly hue, the complexion of horror or of dread.

It happened in the twilight of an evening, as we approached a little village where we were to pass the night, that, at a turn of the road, we came suddenly on a small burying-ground, the most spectral and dismal place of the kind I had ever seen. It was indeed like no other. Tall, black, and fantastical wooden memorials served for tombstones; some of them bore a mysterious resemblance to hatchments and funeral banners, others reminded me of skeletons: they suggested frightful associations, and I could not help saying, "These are surely the sepulchres of men who have made dreadful confessions!"

It was at that moment his countenance became so strangely changed from its wonted pensiveness; but I then ascribed the change to his participating in the momentary superstition with which I was myself affected, nor did I afterwards think of what I had noticed till our host, in his jocular sallies, derided the communion of spirits and the visitation of ghosts.

His remarks were playful and ingenious, and, to

some of the guests, afforded amusement. To me they were disagreeable; not, however, I frankly confess, so much owing to their irreverence, as to their visible effect on Von Hesse.

It was at this turn of the conversation that the slow and meditative eye of professor Khüll became fixed upon him so earnestly, that I could not but think he was actuated by a curiosity similar to my own. Strange, I had travelled four weeks with Von Hesse without discovering any symptom of his mysterious disease, and yet the professor, who had never seen him before, in less than an hour had discerned that he was one of those peculiar beings who have "that within which passeth show." But the extraordinary metaphysical discernment of Khüll has often been the wonder of his friends.

Falling in with the current of the conversation, Khüll remarked, in reply to our host, that whatever the generality of mankind might think of the communion of spirits, and of ghosts and dreams, it is impossible to dissipate by reason the faith of those who believe in them; "because," he added, looking at Von Hesse, "the faith is built up of experiences. The believers do not adopt their creed upon persuasion, but have had testimonials to its truth in themselves, influencing them to believe. The soundness of a man's judgment would not suffer much, in my opinion, by his assuring me that he had seen a ghost."

This singular observation drew from the banker one

of his sharpest jokes; for the professor was not esteemed very orthodox, but suspected of cherishing notions adverse, not only to every kind of superstition, but even to some of the popular dogmas of religion.

Von Hesse interfered, and said, with evident emotion, "But you must allow, professor, that the experience of such mysteries can only affect ourselves: we have no faculty by which we can adequately convey the horror of our experience to others."

"I should infer from that, sir," replied Khüll, "that you have tasted of 'that horror.'"

"I have," said Von Hesse, firmly, "but I have seen no ghosts, nor held communion with spirits, nor—but I will tell you of an instance of my experience."

The table was solemnly hushed as he spoke. All save our host were touched with awe; his attempt, however, to rally, by pushing round the wine, was interrupted by Khüll saying, "A good metaphysical tale is worth a tun of Johannisberger—pray, do let him proceed."

"At the close of the war," said Von Hesse, "I was ordered, along with three other officers, to investigate some of the army accounts which remained at Basle unsettled. Being at the time slightly indisposed, I found it necessary to travel by easier stages than my companions, and accordingly allowed them to go on before.

"On the morning after they left me, I was sensible of a remarkable change in my disease; the slow fever

with which I had for weeks been affected went suddenly off—I should say, it passed from the body to the mind; for, although the corporeal hectic was extinguished, an acute moral excitement succeeded, and my reflections became so hurried and morbid that a dread of madness fell upon me. My sleep was unrefreshing, and filled with dismal and ominous dreams, the imagery of which was sometimes fearfully distinct, at others dark, indistinguishable, and prophetical. I was depressed without cause, and apprehensive without reason; and often, in the still of the evening, while solitary in the inns where I halted for the night, I felt as if I had been conscious of the presence of invisible spirits of departed friends compassionately regarding me.

"By the time I rejoined my companions at Basle, this comfortless state had produced a visible change in my appearance. They said that my complexion had become strangely wan, and that my eyes shone with something more like light than the natural lustre.

"One morning, after a restless night, I fell into a profound sleep—so profound that every trace and sentiment of existence might be said to have been obliterated for the time. From this syncope I was suddenly startled by an indescribable alarm. I heard no voice, nor any sound, and yet I received a supernatural intimation of a dreadful misfortune having befallen one of my dearest friends.

"When I joined my companions they were shocked

at my appearance, and one of them anxiously inquired what had happened. I told them, and they looked gravely at each other: they seemed to think it was a warning to myself.

"I then noted the hour and day of this alarm in my pocket-book; and, strange to tell, from that time I felt myself released from the singular enchantment of dismay which had so invested my spirit; my health revived, my complexion regained its wonted hue, and I laughed at superstition.

"When our inquiries were finished we returned to Vienna, and, soon after, I resolved to visit the friend on whose account I had been so disturbed. He resided at Prague; but just as I was on the eve of setting out on the journey, I received from him a letter, which at once froze me with awe and overwhelmed me with sorrow.

"He described himself as having been for a long time afflicted with an irresistible depression of spirits, a foreboding of calamity, while all things with him were prosperous. Then he proceeded to relate that one morning, quoting the date—I referred to my pocket-book, it was the same, the day and hour, on which I had received the intimation—he dreamt that he saw a hand with a knife at the throat of one of his children; he was at the same moment roused by a message from the nursery that the child was ill. The doctor was sent for, the disease was croup of the worst kind, and to relieve the sufferer the doctor made an incision

with an instrument precisely similar to the knife he had seen in his dream. The same hour one of the servants was found to be ill of a fatal fever, the infection of which spread so rapidly in the family, that the utter desolation of his house at one time seemed to be ordained.—Now, Professor Khüll, what explanation can you give, either by sympathies or associations, of the fact, the sublime fact, of this sense of an event which was taking place at a great distance, and of which there could have been no possible foreknowledge?"

FOR THE FOURTEENTH OF FEBRUARY.

BY T. HOOD, ESQ.

No popular respect will I omit
  To do thee honour on this happy day,
When every loyal lover tasks his wit
  His simple truth in studious rhymes to pay,
  And to his mistress dear his hopes convey.
Rather, thou knowest, I would still outrun
  All calendars, with Love's—whose date alway
Thy bright eyes govern better than the sun,—
For with thy favour was my life begun;
  And still I reckon on from smiles to smiles,
And not by summers, for I thrive on none
  But those thy cheerful countenance compiles—
Oh, if it be to choose and call thee mine,
Love, thou art every day my Valentine!

BALLAD.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

A SINGLE horn at the warder's gate
  Was sounding at eventide:
Now who art thou, quoth the warder bold,
  Who so late and lone dost ride?
Oh! an aged warrior-knight am I,
  From the distant battle-plain;
Where the bravest troops of Normandy
  In their gory mail lie slain.

Now Heaven forefend, the warder said,
  That thy tale it true should be;
Or that ever the Norman arms should yield
  To the Saxon chivalry!
But hie thee within, thou aged man,
  And the cup we'll fill with wine;
And thou of the good old wars shalt speak,
  That were fought in Palestine.

When the midnight hour was rung and past,
  From the warder's grated door
A youthful knight with his lady bright
  Fast gallop'd o'er the moor!
No aged man, but a courtly youth,
  To the gate so late did ride;
And his love-won lives in his castle now,
  A fair and honour'd bride!

SONG.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

Oh! does he think, when I assume
  This cold unmeaning smile,
That I forget his vows of love?—
  That I forgive his guile?
'T was he that left Remorse to pine
  Where Peace was wont to dwell;
And shall the trampled foot forget?—
  Oh, I remember well!

I sought him not:—my mother's love
  Then left me nought to seek;
My heart was gay, my step was light,
  And health was on my cheek.
He came, and bought the simple wreaths
  My mother used to sell;
He whisper'd praises in my ear—
  Oh, I remember well!

He linger'd near my village home,
  And said 't was for *my* sake;
He deign'd to be my partner, too,
  At harvest-home and wake:
He placed a ring upon my hand;
  And could I then repel
The token of a blameless love?—
  Oh, I remember well!

The summer pass'd—he came no more—
  I thought I should have died.
When next we met, a noble dame
  Was smiling at his side.
He saw me—but his guilty eyes
  Abash'd before me fell;
The lady soothed him, and he smiled—
  Oh, I remember well!

They told me 't was his wedding day,
  They bore me to the church;
And pale, and cold, and statue-like,
  I linger'd in the porch:
I heard his wedding peal—I *felt*
  The beating of the bell;
I saw him kiss his lovely bride—
  Oh, I remember well!

And I have met him in the world,
  And I have heard him speak,
And madly forced a smile to light
  My flush'd and feverish cheek:
Do I *forget?* No; let him wait
  Until he hears my knell;
For till I rest beneath the turf
  I shall remember well

P. Stephanoff pinx.t F. J. Portbury sculp.t

THE EXILE.

Pub.d by E. Ackermann & Co. London

THE EXILE.

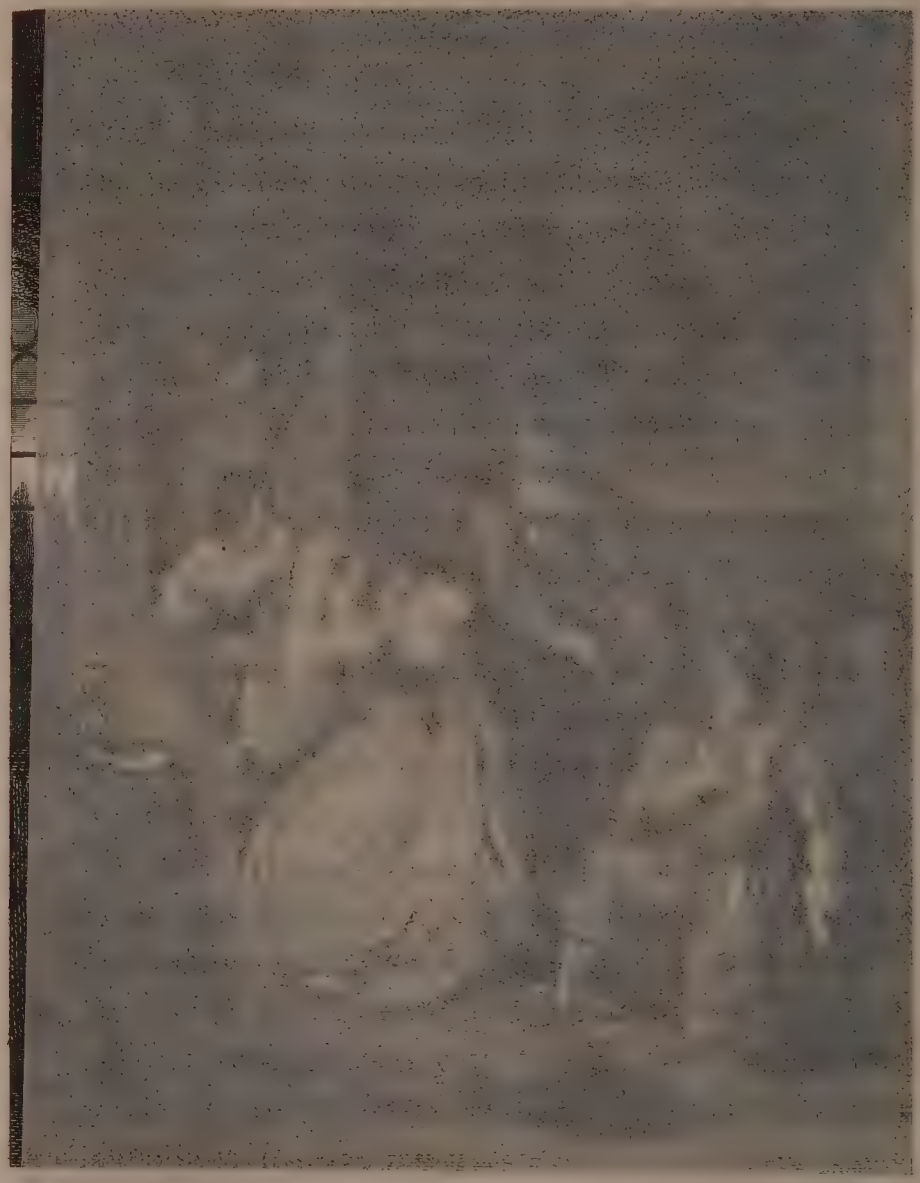
BY W. H. HARRISON, ESQ.

"I'll tell you a short tale."

MASSINGER.

It was in the spring of the year sixteen hundred and [illegible] that a well-mounted cavalier was seen riding leisurely through a forest, or chase, in one of the northern [illegible] of [illegible]. He was a tall, well-proportioned, [illegible] beauty; [illegible] gave him [illegible]. His dress [illegible] the first [illegible] which [illegible] so generally [illegible] by the [illegible] of this period. The evening was one of uncommon loveliness, and the traveller seemed lost in the contemplation of the beauty which reviving nature had flung over the rich landscape before him. His [illegible] was [illegible] by the appearance of a [illegible], [illegible] from one of the bridle roads by which the [illegible] was intersected, and continuing his journey about [illegible] yards in advance. [illegible] by some two or three years, than the [illegible] and his attire, although travel-soiled, was of a more fashionable and [illegible] character. His horse, however, was much inferior, and, from its jaded step and frequent stumbling, [illegible] to have borne its rider many a mile since the morning.

The elder horseman, after observing his precursor



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THE EXILE.

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"I'll tell you a short tale."

MASSINGER.

It was in the spring of the year sixteen hundred and sixty that a well-mounted cavalier was seen riding leisurely through a forest, or chase, in one of the northern counties of England. He was a tall, well-proportioned, and rather handsome man, of about eight and twenty; but an expression of thoughtfulness and care gave him the appearance of being somewhat older. His dress was that of a country gentleman of the first class, and as remote from the precision which distinguished the puritan, as from the gaiety so generally affected by the cavaliers of that period. The evening was one of uncommon loveliness, and the traveller seemed lost in the contemplation of the beauty which reviving nature had flung over the rich landscape before him. His attention was diverted by the appearance of a horseman, issuing from one of the bridle roads by which the forest was intersected, and continuing his journey about a hundred yards in advance. He was younger, by some two or three years, than the other, and his attire, although travel-soiled, was of a more fashionable and courtly character. His horse, however, was much inferior, and, from its jaded step and frequent stumbling, appeared to have borne its rider many a mile since the morning.

The elder horseman, after observing his precursor

for some seconds with great earnestness, put spurs to his steed, with the intention, it would seem, of overtaking him. At that moment the report of a gun was heard from an adjoining thicket. The horse of the younger cavalier started at the sound, and, in plunging, missed its footing and fell, flinging its rider some paces before it into the road. The prostrate horseman, imagining that the shot had been aimed at him, and concluding that either himself or his horse was wounded, drew a pistol from his belt, and fired it, fortunately without effect, at the elder traveller, who was riding up to his assistance.

"Why, Harry Pierrepoint," exclaimed the latter, quoting from his favourite poet, "'What a fall was there, my countryman!' Thou hast bitten the dust, man."

"I don't know what you call a bite, Winterton, but I happen to have a mouthful of it," rejoined the other, sputtering; "however, we are well met, in times when friends are somewhat scarce with me."

"Ay, and if your hand were as sure as it is ready, you had made them one the fewer. Nevertheless, Harry, I am glad to see you, although I would that I had encountered you in better plight; 't were hard to say which of the twain is the sorrier spectacle, you or your horse. That piece of carrion will scarce bear you a league farther."

"It will be well if he carry me another mile," was Pierrepoint's reply.

"And far enough, too," continued the other, "since within that distance stands the house of my fathers, which, fallen as are our fortunes, can still shelter an old friend. But whence come you?"

"From Brussels," was the answer.

"And the news?" rejoined Winterton.

"Oh! bad as may be. Charles's cause is desperate, and his person, for aught I know, scarcely at liberty, though, if he have been permitted free egress from Brussels, he will be at Breda by this time. For myself, having lent and spent the little I had in his service, here I am, wasted in purse and person, in old England again."

"Which is certainly not the safest asylum you could have chosen under such circumstances."

"Perhaps not," pursued Pierrepoint, "but the Roundheads have got my estate, and old Noll is in his grave, while Master Dick, not being able to take up his father's cards and play out the game, has left the matter in the hands of the Parliament, who, just now, have something else to do than to look after one of whom they can get nothing but his blood; an article of which, methinks, they should be well nigh surfeited by this time. Yet, let the worst come of it, I can but die, and death is preferable to herding among profligates and fools, to make up the mockery of a court at which the finger of scorn is pointed by every state in Europe."

"And when," inquired Winterton, "did you quit

this same court, of which you give so dolorous an account?"

"Two months since," answered his companion; "for, hearing that cavaliers returning directly from Flanders were subjected to stricter scrutiny than it would suit either my temper or my purpose to endure, I took a circuitous route, which, with some impediments upon the road, has protracted my return."

"Then my news from the exiled court," said Winterton, "are of later date, and, it may be, of better complexion than yours. But see, we are at home: fling your rein to the only serving-man we can at present boast of; and he, by the way, is but half a one, seeing that he is drunk the greater portion of his time."

"What! my old friend Hubert turned drunkard?" exclaimed the younger cavalier; "I remember him the steadiest fellow alive, and one who always kept himself sober upon principle."

"And now," said Winterton, "he gets drunk upon principle."

"It must be one of very questionable orthodoxy."

"Perhaps so," continued the other; "but assuming that it would be derogatory from the dignity of the family that a less quantity of ale should be brewed than when there were more throats to swallow it, he does his utmost that so much good liquor may not be wasted: secondly, as he professes to discharge the aggregate duties of those of his late fellows whom our altered fortunes have compelled us to dispense with,

he makes it a point of conscience not to omit their performances at the ale flagon."

"By the way, Winterton," said Pierrepoint, "if he perform but one half of what he professes, his duties are somewhat of the heaviest."

"So it would appear," was the rejoinder, "for he frequently lies down under them."

What little the reader may have failed to glean, from this dialogue, of the respective characters I have introduced to him, will be supplied by a slight sketch of their histories.

The elder cavalier, having been detected in a correspondence with the exiled monarch, with a view to his restoration to the throne of his ancestors, had been permitted to retain his estate only upon the payment of an oppressive pecuniary penalty, termed a composition, which reduced him to the necessity of curtailing his establishment, and retaining, of a once magnificent stud, but a single horse, and, of a numerous retinue, the solitary male servant already mentioned, who, with a female domestic or two, formed the whole of his household.

The younger cavalier was also born to high expectations, but had lost his patrimonial estate in consequence of his father's attachment to the cause of the unfortunate monarch, who paid the price of what some have termed firmness, and others obstinacy, with his blood. Harry Pierrepoint, whose father died in exile, followed the fortunes of the second Charles in all his

vicissitudes, until, having spent his last shilling in the service of that prince (who had little delicacy in drawing on the purses of his friends), he returned to his native country at the crisis at which I have presented him to the reader.

After the younger cavalier had partaken of a substantial supper, to which his host was not slow in introducing him, he was quite an altered man. His spirits, naturally elastic, rose in proportion as he recovered from his fatigue, and he began to see the world and his own condition in a much ameliorated point of view, through the medium of a flask of excellent Rhenish produced upon the occasion.

His host, perceiving the improvement in his guest, began to rally him, by saying,

"Pierrepoint, you do not mean to say, that an abstract love of England, the pure *amor patriæ*, has brought you back hither at the hazard of your personal liberty, to rate at the lowest the danger you have incurred? Confess now, is not a certain damsel, of whom I wot, the object of attraction?"

"Supposing your conjecture correct," said the other, "what then?"

"Nay, I know not that I have any right to question you on the subject; but I would fain know your motive for seeking her under your present circumstances," said Winterton.

"You will laugh at me," rejoined Pierrepoint, "when I tell you, it is to ascertain if the hopes I have

dared to encourage have any better foundation than my own conceit."

"And if it should prove that they have not?" inquired the elder.

"I shall then," answered his friend, "have travelled some hundred miles, or so, on a fool's errand, and shall bid adieu to merry England for ever, and take such chance as the fortune of war, in some foreign service, shall send me."

"And your first step," continued Winterton, "towards the execution of your hopeful project is—"

"To find out the lady," interrupted Pierrepoint, "and throw myself at her feet."

"You must first throw yourself over a thirty feet wall, then," said the other, "taking care to clear the spikes on the top of it."

"Winterton, you alarm me!" exclaimed the younger cavalier.

"Nay, never fear, man; your ladylove is safe enough, I promise you. Your friend Noll, as you are wont to designate him, placed her and her sister, the Lady Blanche, in the guardianship of the present possessor of your estates, doubtless with a view to your convenience, in order that, if affairs should take a turn, you might regain possession of your property and the lady at once."

"But, do they never walk out?" inquired Pierrepoint.

"Never, by any chance," said the other: "their re-

spectable guardian wisely deems the grounds within the castle walls sufficiently spacious for every purpose of air and exercise."

"But you surely magnify the difficulties of gaining access to them?" rejoined Pierrepoint.

"*Tout au contraire,*" said Winterton; "I have been, for the last six months, doing all in my power to diminish them."

"True," pursued the other; "now I bethink me, you had a penchant for the Lady Blanche, who, I recollect, regarded your suit with more favour than her sister Elinor extended to mine."

"Nay," replied his companion, "there you do her wrong.—I have it from a sure hand, that she is not altogether so indifferent to your pretensions as your modesty would lead you to imagine."

"I would, then," exclaimed Pierrepoint, "she had admitted me to some portion of her confidence upon a subject in which she can scarcely be more interested than myself."

"And when do you propose to attempt this notable achievement, and win your way to the presence of the damsel, in spite of stone walls, six stout serving-men, and their Argus-eyed master?" inquired Winterton.

"On the very first opportunity," was the reply.

"Nay," said the other, "to wait for opportunity is beneath the chivalry of so redoubtable a knight."

"Well, then," rejoined Pierrepoint, "to-morrow morning perhaps."

"And in your present plight, doubtless," said his host, "in order that if you fail in exciting her love, you may, at least, be certain of moving her pity; passions, by the way, not so closely allied as some wiseacres have opined. Credit me, there is nothing like making love with a joyous countenance; therefore, wait, I pray you, until those lank cheeks have done honour to my hospitality; or, at any rate, until your mail chests have arrived, lest, by exhibiting yourself to the lady in your present travel-soiled habiliments, you may appear desirous of securing another suit before you are compelled to part with the one you have. Come now, if I certify you that your interest with the Lady Elinor is not at so low an ebb as you estimate it, will you consent to defer this hopeful attempt for a few days, when, as I trust to show you, circumstances will be more propitious to its execution?"

"Ay," said the other; "make that appear, and you shall e'en guide me as you please."

"Well, then," continued Winterton, "thus much I promise you; and, in the mean time, I would inquire after certain of our friends in Flanders. How is Frank Sackville? The king promised to take care of his fortune."

"And has kept his word most royally, to the last stiver of it," was the answer.

"And where is poor Frank now?"

"In a garret at Brussels," said Pierrepoint, "of such circumscribed dimensions, that he cannot stretch

himself without flinging open the window for elbow-room."

"And does he flaunt it as bravely as ever?" pursued the querist.

"Alas, no!" was the reply. "Poverty is now his only tailor, and has slashed his doublet sadly. He told me, with tears in his eyes, that the last of his shirts he had six different ways of getting into, until, on undressing himself one night, he missed it altogether, and at last found its melancholy remains coffined in his boot."

"Has he recourse to the wine-flask as frequently as was his wont, drowning his cares after the manner of Clarence?" said Winterton.

"Oh, no!" rejoined the other; "he has descended to the alcohol, which he obtains as he can; begs, borrows, or perhaps steals it, as did Prometheus fire of another sort, and, like him, suffers for it in his liver."

"And how fares it with old Sir John—absent Jack as we used to style him? Is he still subject to those fits of abstraction, under the influence of which he was accustomed to forget his meals?"

"Fortunately for him, as much so as ever," replied Pierrepoint; "a circumstance that administers marvellously to his convenience, seeing that his dinner is frequently as absent as himself."

"He had a turn for poetry, had he not?" said Winterton.

"Call it a *twist*," replied the incorrigible Pierrepoint;

"for nothing could be more foreign to his nature. He had a fancy for bell-ringing, you will remember; and when he gave that up, he took to jingling of another sort, and nick-named it poetry."

"Gliding, by a natural transition, from poetry to music, I would inquire how goes the world with my friend Dick Crotchet; is he as indefatigable a scraper as ever?"

"Confound him! yes," said Pierrepoint; "he lodged in the next room to me, where he fiddled from morning till night, and taught me, by sad experience, that the punishment of the bow-string is not confined to Turkey."

Although Winterton acquitted himself of his promise by convincing Pierrepoint that the Lady Elinor was favourable to his pretensions, he had much difficulty to restrain his impatience in seeking an interview. After the lapse of a few days however, Winterton, with some reluctance, sanctioned the undertaking; and on being consulted by his friend as to the best mode of ensuring success, replied,

"Old Hubert is, of all others, the most likely man to aid you; but, in the ordinary routine of his business, you can scarcely reckon upon his services after noon, when he begins his devotions to the jolly god, and he usually carries his worship to prostration in his temple, the beer-cellar;—in more scientific language, abandoning the perpendicular for the horizontal. You must therefore request of him, as a particular favour, that he

will be so obliging as to get drunk betimes in the morning, so that he may be sober and fit for your purpose in the afternoon."

"For my part," said Pierrepoint, "I know of no other method than fording the moat at the most accessible point."

"I would counsel you," said the other, "not to attempt it; for, setting aside its impracticability, you will lose, what I hold to be essential to your success, the co-operation of Hubert, who happens to be afflicted with hydrophobia, and will, on no consideration, allow water to approach his lips."

Hubert was accordingly summoned to council, being fortunately sober at the time. In whatever other respect he might have been disqualified for a privy councillor, he was, in an essential particular, admirably adapted for one: his secrecy, whether drunk or sober, might be implicitly depended upon; for, naturally taciturn, the ale flagon, possibly from the glutinous properties of the beverage, sealed his lips hermetically.

When questioned as to the practicability of gaining admission to the castle, he answered, that he knew of but one thing more difficult, namely, to get out again. After musing some time however upon the problem, he placed his finger upon his forehead, and then on one side of his nose, and, with a look of peculiar significance and intellectuality, informed the cavaliers that he had hit upon a plan of compassing the object. He occasionally, he said, condescended to a cup of single ale

with the porter of the castle; and here he uttered an anathema, which it is not necessary, nor would it be very edifying to give verbatim, upon the churl who, for the sake of a few paltry bushels of malt, condemned his household to such thin potations. He added, that his friend the janitor, not daring to admit him by the gate, was wont to fling him a key, which procured him an entrance by a postern, without subjecting him to the notice of the proprietor, who was accustomed to look as black as Tophet at any stranger who approached his hold. He concluded by proposing that Pierrepoint should repair to the postern, and conceal himself in some underwood, while Hubert should obtain the key in the manner described, and deliver it to the cavalier, who was to take his chance for the rest.

It previously happened, that, in an accidental rencontre with the waiting-maid of Lady Elinor, Pierrepoint had ascertained the precise situation of the apartments assigned to the sisters, which, being in a quarter of the building little frequented by the servants, he would be likely to gain without attracting observation, while Haslerigge, the possessor of the castle, either from respect to his captives or their cool reception of him, rarely troubled them with his company.

Fortune appeared to favour Pierrepoint's enterprise; for he succeeded in obtaining the key of the postern, and, by means of it, admission to the castle; and although it required some address, combined with an intimate knowledge of the interior, he was also success-

ful in gaining the apartments of the Ladies Elinor and Blanche.

He entered in the most romantic and approved manner, namely, by the window; and was, of course, greeted with a scream from the damsels in concert. The Lady Blanche was the first to speak.

"Master Pierrepoint," she exclaimed, "by all that 's wonderful!"

"Even so," said Pierrepoint; "here I am, pitched into the enemy's very citadel, like a bomb."

"Ay; and like it," rejoined the lady, "threatening destruction to all in the apartment into which it has pleased you to descend."

The Lady Elinor, having recovered from her first surprise, resumed her seat with an air of something like offended dignity, and it was not until the gallant had dropped upon one knee, and finished a flourishing oration upon the subject of his love and loyalty to his mistress—fifty per cent. of which, to do him justice, was true—that the lady condescended to address him, which she did, by inquiring where his loyalty was, when he kissed Dorcas, her waiting-maid, the preceding evening in the wood.

"I plead guilty of kissing, fair lady," replied Pierrepoint, "but not with intent to defraud. It is very true, I did bestow upon the aforesaid Abigail the kiss named in the indictment, but it was upon trust for your ladyship's behoof; and that she hath feloniously embezzled it, to her own base purposes, is more your fault than

mine, seeing that your exemplary prudence was my sufficient warrant for your having none but honest and trustworthy persons in your service."

"Matchless assurance!" was the lady's exclamation.

"Matchless indeed!" echoed the cavalier, purposely diverting the application of the expression; "and to demonstrate that my abhorrence of such unpardonable malversation is as strong as your ladyship's, I will avail myself of the first opportunity of taking back the kiss from the base purloiner, and appropriating it according to the intention of the donor. In the mean time I have one consolation at least under the miscarriage."

"And what, in the name of impudence, may that be?" inquired the lady.

"The regret which your ladyship expresses for the loss of the kiss, as proving the value you would have placed upon the possession."

The Lady Elinor, perceiving that to lecture so incorrigible an offender would be a very profitless labour, indulged her better nature by laughing at him instead; but soon resuming her gravity, she inquired, "What could induce you, Pierrepoint, thus to peril your safety by putting yourself in the power of a man who has such urgent motives for seeking your destruction? He naturally regards you as the only person who can ever dispute his claim to the property he has usurped, and you well know him to be one whose conscience never yet stood in the way of his interest."

"My excuse," rejoined the cavalier, bowing, "is before me, and none will dispute that it is a fair one."

"And a weak one, nevertheless," responded the lady; "but, admitting your right to sport with your own safety, what apology can you offer for hazarding mine?"

"My good sword, dear lady," replied the gallant, "and a strong arm, which I trust will prove a sufficient barrier between you and any evil which is likely to threaten you at present."

The words had scarcely passed his lips, when the Lady Blanche, who, from a reluctance to overhear the conversation of the lovers, blended with her anxiety to warn them of any danger which might approach, was looking from the casement, exclaimed, "Fly, Harry Pierrepoint, and save yourself! Master Haslerigge is in the garden beneath the window, and is hastening this way."

"By what path comes he?" inquired the cavalier.

"By the ivy tower and the fountain," replied Blanche.

"Then, in attempting to escape, I must infallibly encounter him," said Pierrepoint.

"Oh, Pierrepoint!" exclaimed the Lady Elinor, bitterly, and wringing her hands, "why did you court this danger? Haslerigge may not be a match for you in courage or strength, but he is blood-thirsty and cruel, and there are those in this castle who, at his slightest bidding, would fling you from the battlements into the moat with as little compunction as they would a dog.

Oh, Harry Pierrepoint! Harry Pierrepoint! you are lost, lost!—concealment is impossible!"

"And unnecessary," said the cavalier. "I will brave the foul usurper and his myrmidons here in my own castle. In the mean time, dearest lady, calm your apprehensions, and, on the word of a gentleman, no harm shall come of it. I pray you resume your seat; this exhibition of your interest in my safety is not likely to diminish the anger you would deprecate. Oh, Elinor! in the day of my adversity, when its cloud was upon my fortunes and its blight upon my spirit, how had this blessed assurance of your solicitude for my welfare sustained me through the troubles that have well nigh overborne me!"

The Lady Elinor, putting a strong guard upon her feelings, sat down, and drew her veil partially over her face, while Pierrepoint remained upon his knee before her, when Haslerigge entered the apartment.

He started on perceiving the cavalier, but immediately recovering himself, exclaimed, "Whom have we here?—the traitor, Harry Pierrepoint?"

The latter rose, and with much dignity of manner replied, "A traitor and Harry Pierrepoint both are here, but in different persons."

"He who comes in secret, and in arms," rejoined the other, "comes with no honest purpose. Have you stolen hither to assassinate me in my own castle?"

"Villain, it is mine!" replied Pierrepoint, "and therefore you are safe."

"You are forward, Sir Malapert," said Haslerigge, with a sneer, "in proffering a protection which I need not, and you have not to give. You will excuse me, if I cannot resign to you the castle which you so modestly claim; but I will accommodate you with an apartment in it, where you will have leisure, an it please you, to indulge your passion for those profane fancies which you call poetry."

"I thank you for your courtesy, Master Haslerigge," said the cavalier; "but I would first claim your attention to a little composition in prose, in which, it may be, you will feel more interested."

As Pierrepoint spoke, he drew from his vest, and put into Haslerigge's hand, a copy of the manifesto which was the result of General Monk's negotiation between the Parliament and Charles for the restoration of the latter, and which had been transmitted by express to Winterton, who had long been in the confidence of the exiled monarch, and was in constant, though secret, communication with his court, regardless of the penalty to which he was exposed.

Haslerigge's hand trembled exceedingly as he perused the proclamation, which he suddenly dropped, and made towards the door. Pierrepoint, anticipating his design, seized him by the arm, saying, "Stop, Master Haslerigge; you are in great haste to quit one with whom, but a minute ago, you expressed so flattering a reluctance to part. I would a word with you. You have read in that document of certain exceptions to the

proposed amnesty, and, if I mistake not, your services to the old government have been of a nature not very likely to be forgotten by the new one."

"But I will defend the castle," said the other.—"What, ho, there! Humphrey!—Giles!—"

"Another word above your breath," said Pierrepoint, "and I will wind my bugle, and ere the hills can give back its echo, the castle will be beleaguered by my friends, in such numbers, and with such means, that resistance would be idle, and escape, though you had the ring of Gyges or the wings of Icarus, impossible. Wicked regicide and base usurper as you are, and well as you would become, and richly as your crimes deserve, the scaffold, I would not that the hall of my fathers were made a passage to it even for an enemy; else had I not incurred the personal risk of coming alone and in secret, when I might have come openly with a host in my train. Fly, then, while the path is open to you: wait the issue, and you are lost beyond a hope."

Either awakened to a sense of his danger, or unwilling to put the other's assertions to the proof, Haslerigge made a movement indicative of his desire to follow the advice he had received.

"One word more," said Pierrepoint, detaining him. "The blood of a martyr is upon your soul: remember there is One whose blood can wash out the stain, deep though it be. May it not have been shed in vain for you! Go now; you are free: take the northern road, and you are safe."

The Ladies Elinor and Blanche were, as will be imagined, most interested witnesses of this exciting scene. They had heard that Pierrepoint was brave, and they knew him to be honourable, but they had to gather from the occurrences of that morning, that, beneath a playful fancy, an exuberance of animal spirits, and much of what savoured of levity, there was an energy of mind which rose with the occasion, and stamped on his character a value that they had not previously assigned to it.

If the Lady Elinor had at any time wavered in her sentiments in regard to Pierrepoint, the dignity of his manner, and the manly generosity of his conduct upon this occasion, as well as the deep and solemn tone of feeling in which he pronounced his valedictory admonition to Haslerigge, were calculated to decide her choice. They did so: she gave him her hand, alleging, however, that she had but an election of evils; between the inconvenience of removing from the castle with all her goods and chattels, and incumbering herself with a husband.

The Lady Blanche, out of pure love for her sister, and a consequent desire of living near to her, took up her residence at Winterton-Hall, under the style and title of Lady Blanche Winterton.

The fortunes of the two ladies enabled their liege lords to live upon their estates in a manner suited to their rank.

Upon our friend Hubert the restoration of his master's establishment wrought the happiest change, for, being relieved of much of his duty at the ale flagon, he resumed his former habits of sobriety, although it was reported that he was troubled with hydrophobia to the day of his death.

JULIAN'S DEATH.

BY THE LATE EDWARD KNIGHT, ESQ.

An acorn was planted at Julian's birth,
That resisted the blights of the weather;
The youth grew in strength, like the oak from the earth,
And they flourish'd in beauty together.

The youth being forced to a far distant shore,
The leaves fell like tears to the ground;
The breeze seem'd to murmur, young Julian's no more,
And the oak droop'd like death at the sound.

The branches were perish'd, the axe was applied,
Which fell'd its proud head to the ground;
And the maiden who loved him, in sorrow she sigh'd—
Such a fate has my Julian found!

Alas! and alas! at the very same hour
Came news that suspended her breath;
The tree was now levell'd, and so was the flower,
For the news was young Julian's death.

THE STOLEN KISS.

BY CAPTAIN M'NAGHTEN.

SHE slept—I have seen loveliness,
Than heavenly beauty scarcely less;
Beheld in every varying form
Its glories, and they well might warm
The blood of aged saints, long chill'd
In hearts with holiest transports fill'd.
I 've seen the soft, voluptuous eye,
I 've felt the chastely-yielding sigh,
The joys of purest love I 've known,
And the mad hour of passion—flown;
The hand, whose lightest touch thrills through
The fever'd frame:—the changing hue,
From the soft tint of conscious love,
  When virtue chastens down its fire,
To those warm flushes, sent to prove
  Th' unbridled wildness of desire,
I 've view'd—th' enthusiast's brow serene,
  As, full of hope, she gazed on heaven,
And beauty's madden'd eye, I 've seen,
  When unexpected death has riven
Her lover from her heart away,
And reason would no longer stay.
These I have seen, but never yet
Has soul in such a form been set,
As I beheld it shining through,
  With a pure brightness, all elysian,

While scarce my fluttering senses knew
  If all was not a waking vision!—
She slept—'twas in a beauteous bower,
Around which every perfumed flower
That nature's lavish hand could rear,
Shed its soft fragrance on the air,
Which to her cheek its freshness bore
  As gently, in that slumber deep,
As a fond mother's breathing o'er
  Her first-born infant's cradled sleep.
Her clustering ringlets scarcely moved
  From her white brow—their resting-place—
So gently each light zephyr roved
  Among the beauties of her face.
One dazzling arm a pillow made,
On which her cheek of pink was laid;
And, though her eloquent eye was hid
By its almost transparent lid;
Love never yet look'd so divine,
As in that still, unconscious shrine.
So tranquil was her bosom fair,
The eye could see no breathing there,
And—but that death would never spare
  The loveliness which shone
Forth from her form that lifeless seem'd—
Th' enraptured gazer might have deem'd
  The soul itself had gone,
And left its peerless dwelling here,
For glory in a higher sphere.

Her lips, like two small rose-bud leaves,
  Were parted (just like hope and love,
When hope the trusting heart deceives)
  And who could gaze, nor wish to prove
The sweetness of the fairest flower,
That bloom'd in that delicious bower!
I gazed—I bent—I softly knelt—
  I placed my hand upon her brow,
And the impassion'd throb I felt,
  Is in my burning bosom now.

I knelt—and on her brow I placed
My hand, but not a sign I traced
Of her returning consciousness;
And then I even dared to press
But lightly, on her cheek's pure bloom,
And all was quiet—as the tomb!
My burning lip to hers I brought,
Its scarce felt breath I madd'ning caught—
They met!—oh! it would whelm again
This long chill'd soul and aged brain,
Were I to dwell on that brief minute,
And the wild rapture there was in it.

That bow'r of fragrance long hath faded,
And death long, long hath overshaded
That brow of beauty, and we've parted,
She, to be bless'd—I, broken-hearted!

TO-MORROW.

BY RICHARD THOMSON, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "TALES OF AN ANTIQUARY," &c. &c.

"Where shall I find him? Angels! tell me where:
You know him; he is near you; point him out:
Shall I see glories beaming from his brow?
Or trace his footsteps by the rising flowers?"

YOUNG.

SAY, where shalt thou be found on earth?
Mysterious and sublime!
Imagined at Creation's birth,
But yet unborn in Time!
Albeit thy footsteps we can trace,
As if thou wert but few hours' space
Before us—yet thy clime,
Thy life, and course, remain to man,
Unknown as when the world began.

All other things of mortal aim
Are seen, pursued, and caught;
But thou—the shadow of a name—
Art ever vainly sought.
The eagle, and the clouds that fly
Before the morn's nativity,
Ere yet the sun is brought
Above the earth, alone can say,
"*We* saw thee ere thou wert, *To-day*."

Riches and rank, ambition's height,
  The love of female hearts,
The Hero's wreath of living light,
  This world full oft imparts:
E'en worth and happiness have shed
Their radiance round a mortal head;
  But all of human arts
To thine abode could never climb,
Nor mark the approaching wheels of Time.

Thy changing features oft have been
  Like those deceitful sands,
On Mizraim's wildest deserts seen,
  As cool and water'd lands;
Though vainly towards their blessed seat
The pilgrim drags his wearied feet,
  For when he o'er it stands,
The mist hath fled, the magic stream,
Like thee, To-morrow, proves a dream!

Vain hope, then, for a child of dust,
  Art thou with all thy years;
Albeit, unto thy care we trust
  Our fondest hopes and fears.
Yet fleeting time is hastening round
A period when thou shalt be found
  To die when it appears!
For the last setting sun shall see
To-morrow in eternity!

A. Nicholson pinx.t — S. Davenport sculp.t

THE ORPHAN FAMILY

Pub.d by R. Ackermann & Co. London

THE ORPHAN FAMILY.

BY MRS. HOLLAND.

There are indictions which, from their peculiarity, suddenness, or severity, call on the sympathies of our nature with a voice so imperative as to be irresistible, and excite the thoughtless, not less than the considerate, to exercise the offices of humanity. Such was the case [illegible] died within a [illegible] from the attack of a [illegible] nt [illegible] of the youngest of their [illegible] ce [illegible].

"What can we do for the poor orphans?" said all their late neighbours to each other; and every mother in the little village of Fairwood had some treasured recipe, or dainty morsel, that could aid the suffering, and sustain the convalescent; and every father was ready to lend a helping hand in the labour required for [illegible] [illegible] lated losses touched every [illegible] every hand.

By degrees the poor children managed from sickness and [illegible], and their humble friends consulted on what must be their future destination, for the landlord had claimed the right of selling the stock and resuming the land, as they had no relations on either side, save a [illegible]

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THE ORPHAN FAMILY.

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THERE are inflictions which, from their peculiarity, suddenness, or severity, call on the sympathies of our nature with a voice so imperative as to be irresistible, and excite the thoughtless, not less than the considerate, to exercise the offices of humanity. Such was the case when farmer Littlewood and his wife died within a few hours of each other, from the attack of a virulent fever, which had already carried off the youngest of their children, and reduced to extreme debility the three others who survived them.

"What can we do for the poor orphans?" said all their late neighbours to each other; and every mother in the little village of Fullwood had some treasured recipe, or dainty morsel, that could aid the suffering, and sustain the convalescent; and every father was ready to lend a helping hand in the labour required for their grounds and their cattle. The awful circumstance of three funerals issuing from the same house, three pale and helpless children weeping over such accumulated losses, touched every heart, and opened every hand.

By degrees the poor children emerged from sickness and sorrow, and their humble friends consulted on what must be their future destination, for the landlord had claimed the right of selling the stock and resuming the land, as they had no relations on either side, save a rich

aunt of their mother's, who lived in London, and had no intercourse with the deceased. It was the wise advice of the schoolmaster that this lady should in the first place be written to; for, since she was a rich woman, and single, it could hardly happen that a circumstance which had impressed them all so deeply would fail in moving her compassion, and obtaining that assistance which was more particularly required for the farmer's only son, then but five years old.

To this touching appeal the lady granted a prompt reply: she professed herself willing to take a girl, provided "she was too old to be troublesome, clever enough to be capable of accomplishment, and tolerably pretty." The child so taken would be educated as her future heir and present companion, and must "on no account hold intercourse with the relatives she was leaving, as such conduct would for ever forfeit her favour, and subject her to a poverty which would necessarily be more painful than that which she was quitting."

Elizabeth, the eldest, was a girl of fourteen, and, before her illness, a blooming, active, lively creature, the "little busy bee" of the household. Alice, the next, was a delicate, timid flower, whom the fond mother was wont to call her "lady-bird," and whom the affectionate sister warmly offered to be chosen as "fit for the purpose, and sure to please a gentlewoman." Nor did her generous renunciation of the "grand offer" stop there; for she anxiously soothed the mind of the weeping child, pointed out to her the future blessings she

would ensure, and promised faithfully that she would be a mother to little James, the fondly beloved of both, but to the younger almost an object of idolatry.

Midst youthful hopes, anxious forebodings, and the bitter tears which follow such severings of affectionate hearts, Alice departed. Well did Elizabeth fulfil her promise to him that remained, by placing all the produce of their sale in the hands of the good schoolmaster, entreating him to take that and James with it, in order to bring him up decently till he was able to help himself. She then entered into the service of the 'squire's family, as assistant to the housekeeper and dairy-maid, thankful that her unceasing exertions entitled her to the welcome reward of occasionally seeing her little brother, and lavishing on him all the tenderness with which her bosom overflowed, and which his desolate situation demanded.

Elizabeth did honour to the education (the purely useful education) she had received from a most exemplary mother. The boast of the housekeeper, "that her butter was the sweetest, her curds the whitest in the village—that she could sew better than the lady's maid, and read the bible as well as his honour," drew attention to her merits, and secured lighter labours, abundant kindness, and intellectual improvement. What was best of all, it enabled her to provide for the increasing wants of the poor boy, who had no other friend or parent.

The time came, however, when another object claimed

a share in the affections of Elizabeth. When she was about nineteen, her master's son, a naval officer, returned from a long absence, attended by one whom he called a servant but treated as a friend; for they had shared those dangers together which displayed the virtues, and proved the faithfulness, of honest Ben Bloomfield. The frank-hearted sailor was struck a little with Elizabeth's person, which was indeed attractive; but the story of her early misfortunes, and the witnessing of her affection for little James, entirely won his love, and he offered to take both for better and worse, so kindly and sincerely as to prove irresistible in his entreaties.

The young captain gave Elizabeth away at the altar. Not only the family, but her former neighbours, loaded her with proofs of their affection, and she departed from her native place, with the good wishes of all who had known her, for a residence on the sea-coast, that she might be better able to secure the society of her husband, in those brief intervals allowed by his professional duties; a circumstance the more desirable, because James was determined to accompany him to sea.

Elizabeth had now a neat home of her own, an income equal to her wishes, and a husband so kind, that he sought to render her sister the companion who should solace her solitary hours; but his attempt was repelled with disdain by the aunt who had taken her, and who informed him in reply, "that Miss Littlewood was about to change her name, and herself to remove, by

which means she hoped to escape from unwelcome intrusion."

The birth of a little girl, whom she named Alice, somewhat consoled Elizabeth for this disappointment; and in a short time her own rapidly increasing family, and the anxiety inseparable from a wife and mother so situated, might be said to engross her wholly. Her husband rose rapidly in the service, and increased, if possible, in her love and esteem. But with his improved circumstances came also longer absences and increased dangers; and often would her sinking heart be sensible how possible it is

"To feel a thousand deaths in fearing one."

It was not however her lot (as it is that of many similarly situated) to mourn for those whom they behold no more. Benjamin and James were indeed wrecked on a distant coast; but they escaped with life, and returned in poverty and sickness to the afflicted wife and sister. By slow degrees James was restored; but the fond husband died, and the sorrows of Elizabeth's childhood were renewed in her widowhood, for three desolate children called her mother.

But far worse was her present situation than the past. Her little savings had been expended before the return of the afflicted wanderers: the expenses of their sickness had taken her furniture; and, to procure the decent interment of her beloved husband, even her clothing had been sacrificed. She was far from her native place, and had formed no acquaintance in that

where she resided capable of assisting her. Her health was injured by sorrow, and the energy of her mind so impaired by suffering, that whilst she felt herself called upon to live and to labour for the helpless babes around her, she yet felt an utter incapacity for exertion: in the emphatic language of holy writ, "the whole head was faint, and the whole heart was sick."

With affectionate solicitude, and the grateful affection awakened by memory of the past, did poor James urge her to unite with him in endeavouring to gain even scanty food by making matches and weaving laces and cabbage nets, which he crept out to sell, and by degrees regained sufficient strength to offer himself as an errand-runner, or assistant to the market-gardeners near them. By one of these he was recommended as a poor, but honest, lad, who would assist in weeding the grounds around a handsome villa, which was taken for a month by a wealthy couple, who sought the benefit of residence on the coast during that period.

To a family "ready to perish," even the daily acquisition of a small sum was an object to awaken not only thankfulness but hope, and poor Elizabeth roused her mind to devise the means of gaining farther relief through the same channel. But, alas! her strength was gone—the will to labour was unsupported by the power; and when James announced the arrival of the family, she wept bitterly over that weakness which forbade her offering to be their laundress, and that deplorable appearance which would prevent them from

trusting her as a semstress. "Yet, my dear sister," said James, "I must beg you to cheer up a little, and even to see the lady. I am sure they are good people, for though they knew I was paid by the gardener, they have given me half-a-crown. If they were to see you and the children, who knows how kind they would be?"

Elizabeth faintly smiled, as she looked on the fair faces of her fatherless babes, and felt a mother's pride in their beauty, whilst she inwardly blest the kind hand which enabled her once more to find them a sufficient meal. When this her first care was over, she began eagerly to question James on the subject of his benefactors.

"You must know, sister, the 'squire is quite an old gentleman, lame and infirm, which I take it was the reason why he pitied me for being pale and thin, and called his beautiful young wife to come and look at me; and she did look with such kind eyes, Elizabeth, I could have thought it was you that gazed upon me."

"She is a good lady undoubtedly, James, and perhaps not a very happy one: all have their troubles."

"I think she had none till she saw me, for her face was smiling and her step light; but when I told her I was an orphan, with one friend only, and that a widowed sister, the tears came into her eyes, and she turned away her head to hide them. At that moment the old gentleman popped the money into my hand, and said, 'Go away now, my good fellow; Mrs. Del-

ville will see you to-morrow, and talk about your poor sister.'"

The next morning Elizabeth, after making her pretty children as neat as she could, struggled for their sakes against the shrinking modesty of her nature, and determined to take the earnest advice of her brother and throw herself before this charitable pair as an object of pity. Still desiring to claim help through any medium rather than that of downright beggary, she collected her humble merchandise into a basket, which was carried by James, while the hands of little Alice were filled with matches.

They proceeded by an unfrequented path towards the villa, and whilst they were still at some distance, Elizabeth, overcome with trepidation and the fatigue of carrying her babe, sate down on the wall of a ruined building to rest herself. Scarcely had she done so, when James saw the garden gate open, and the ill-matched but apparently happy couple advancing towards the spot where they were. "Look up, sister," he exclaimed, "the lady is coming!—see how beautiful she is; her hair light and curling like your own little Alice's, and when she is near, you will see that her eyes are just as blue."

Elizabeth could not look till the lady stood beside her and addressed her in a voice full of courtesy and kindness—it came over her like the memory of music heard in days gone by. Whilst she was asking herself "if it were possible that this could be one of her young

ladies at the Hall?" little Alice interrupted the current of her thoughts by addressing James: "See here, uncle Littlewood, the good gentleman has given me a white ha'penny for my matches."

"Littlewood! Littlewood!" cried the lady in great emotion, "can he be James Littlewood of Fullwood?—but surely, surely, it cannot be James!"

"Yes, madam, it is poor little James, and I am Elizabeth. I now remember *you*, dear lady!—may God for ever bless you, my beloved——"

These words were uttered in extreme trepidation, and the latter in a mere whisper, for the widow, overpowered as she was by joy and surprise, yet dreaded to injure the sister lost so long, yet still held so dear. She would indeed have instantly withdrawn, had not Mrs. Delville, equally astonished, but of course far more affected with the discovery, sunk almost fainting in the arms of him who was ill able to sustain her—him whom our impoverished family beheld with a timid and deprecating air, as if to beseech his mercy, not for themselves, much as they needed it, but for the lovely and artless one, who had confessed her alliance with poverty like theirs.

"Alice, my beloved Alice!" said the generous husband, "do not allow yourself to be overpowered thus; you cannot doubt my joy in finding your relations, and thereby adding to your happiness."

"Doubt! oh, no! I cannot, do not doubt your goodness, since it turned the misery of a dependance, worse than even this poverty, into happiness. Still I grieve

that I should have allied you to positive beggary, though I am certain such beggary is allied to virtue."

"Hear me, dear Alice! To me you have been the best gift of Heaven, and you have indeed bestowed on me every comfort save one, an heir. This brother of yours may, if he pleases, become such.—To this widowed sister I will immediately transfer the fortune left by your aunt to you, since your goodness to me for five long tedious years is more than a sufficient dower. For the present we had better part."

"Oh yes, sir, certainly sir," was echoed by all.

"Take this pocket-book, relieve your wants, remove to London, and on our return we will meet as friends after a long absence. From that time James shall belong to me, but never shall he forget that Elizabeth was the friend of his infancy, any more than my Alice that she resigned the goods of fortune for her sake."

The friends separated; when they again met, the shoeless weeding-boy was not recollected in the smart midshipman, and the handsome widow "clothed in silk attire" was deemed a suitable sister for the elegant Mrs. Delville. Health revisited the benefactor, and never did the bright eyes of his beloved Alice shine with such joy as when she gazed on her infant nieces, save when she turned in a transport of gratitude to that excellent man whom she loved and honoured as the restorer of her dearest connexions, the earthly saviour of an Orphan Family.

EVA.

BY JOHN BIRD, ESQ.

"FAREWELL, sweet Eva! o'er yon brow
See where the beams of morning glow!
Farewell till softer hours shall come,
And lure me to thy moon-lit home.
I may not, love—I dare not stay—
  Dare not!—Oh! fond one, but for thee
This arm should cleave our onward way
  Through hosts but Eva should be free!
Nay, tremble not; thy will shall be
  Sovereign o'er mine, come weal or woe:
Oh, while that bosom beats for me
  Shall I e'er wound that bosom?—No!
I swear it by yon Heaven! by all
  Our cherish'd joys, our hopes most dear!
Farewell, sweet love! when shadows fall,
  By this—and this—expect me here!"

One last embrace—they part: she turns
To where her taper lonely burns—
To where a mother sleeps within,
Unconscious of a daughter's sin.
Oh, not for thee that blessed sleep,
Eva—'tis thine to watch and weep:
To watch for days that ne'er shall glow;
  To weep o'er one unguarded hour,
That yielded for a fragile vow
  A priceless gem—thy maiden dower!

In accents sweeter than the gale
That shakes the bells in Eva's bower,
Flow'd on her ear the impassion'd tale;
Till Eva, snared in love's soft spell,
Listen'd—believed—confided—fell!

The morn arose; the summer-day,
Bright, but for her slow wore away:
Pale evening came, and whisper'd rest;
Yet ere the lady left her hall,
Her kneeling child she fondly prest.
"I know not why these tear-drops fall,
Save that in thee, my hope, my all,
Some trace of silent grief appears;
Oh that thy mother could recall
The rainbow hues of former years,
When joy laugh'd through my Eva's tears
Like smiling showers of blossom'd spring;
And love—oh, my prophetic fears!
And have I waked the slumbering string!
Yet if thy heart—but no—not now;
I will not search that tell-tale brow,
O'er whose bright mirror like a glass
Thy bosom's swift emotions pass.
Enough, thou know'st that there is one
Thy smile must never beam upon;
Foe to our race—nay, tremble not,
My hope, my trust, are firm in thee:

Be not thy mother's words forgot,
  And all may bright and blessed be."

"Bright! blessed!—no, that hour is past!"
  Low murmur'd Eva: "to our foe
Fond love hath given—oh fatal haste!
  All that a maiden could bestow.
Yet will not he the feud forego,
  He, for whose sake fame, fortune, all,
I scorn'd, abjured, content to know
  In him my fate—alas! my fall?"
Dim night beheld pale Eva stealing
Where arching boughs, her path concealing,
Oped on a spot so bright, so fair,
The sternest heart had soften'd there.

It was a glen, where from on high
  A shining rill slow winding fell;
Amid such witching tracery,
  It seem'd the work of fairy spell;
And the soft moonlight blended well
  With rocks, where flowers and foliage wreathing,
    Now trembling into light and shade,
    As o'er the leaves the moonbeams play'd,
Around that lone romantic dell
  Balm and delight were breathing.
Beneath, the mingling waters lay,
Like diamond sparks, their mimic spray
  Pale showering in the beam;

And every tree that loves the wave
Low bent its weeping boughs to lave
  Amid the silvery stream,
Which tranquil now as love's repose
Through that sequester'd valley flows,
While imaged earth and heaven imprest
Shine forth upon its lucid breast.
"And oh that Eva's days might glide,"
Low breathed the fair, "like yon pure tide,
Where beam and shade, one moment seen,
Pass like a dream that ne'er hath been!
Vain, flattering hope!—it may not be;
The hour is past—yet where is he?
  Love brooks not love's delay;
Perchance that in the sibyl's grot,
His vows, his Eva, all forgot,
  He wastes the hour away!
I 'll seek him;—no—yet what is here?
A scroll!—his hand!"—one burning tear
  Fell on it as she read:
"Eva, farewell! forget the past;
Our joys were all too bright to last:
  Time wanes, and they are fled.
A fonder maid, a fairer brow,
Claim from my lips the nuptial vow;
  Love is a changeful dream!
Yet if again thy breast shall glow
With passion's fire—ne'er trust a foe
  Beside a moonlight stream."

The morn return'd—the lady sought
  Her Eva's bower; that bower was lone.
" Oh, what a ruin love hath wrought!
  Where is my child, my treasure, gone?"
Through the lone vale she wildly roved
Each woodland haunt that Eva loved,
Tracing her light step on the dew,
Till near the sibyl's grot she drew:
Then trembles as her starting eyes
Seek the dark sod where Eva lies,
In death's embrace, as marble pale,
Clasping the scroll that tells her tale!
The lady gazed on her lovely form,
And tears were lost in passion's storm:
" Eva, my child, I cannot weep for thee;
His burning towers thy funeral pyre shall be!"

The skies were red at the midnight hour,
And the craven had fled from his blazing tower;
Had wildly fled o'er the crimson'd heath,
Where the foemen were dealing the work of death.
Oh, guilt is fearful!—ne'er till now
Sat terror on his dewy brow,
Who onward speeds, unknowing whither;
  Fate seems above, around, beneath—
Oh what hath led the wanderer hither,
  Here, where his victim sleeps in death!
He starts, he shrieks, he gasps for breath—
  " Eva, pale—dead!—oh righteous Heaven!

Have I not twined that funeral wreath,
  And shall her murderer be forgiven?
No; vainly now would life atone,
  Yet, Eva, I can die for thee—
For thee, whose beauty never shone
  So dear as now it smiles on me.
Come, my true sword, my spirit free,"
  His trembling limbs her name repeat;
" One parting kiss—it may not be—"
  He falls and dies at Eva's feet.

Loud are the shouts on the midnight air:
" We have track'd the foe to his secret lair—
We have track'd him where he cannot fly—
And the craven chief must do or die:
Sweet Mary, what a sight is here!"
Back they shrink like frighted deer,
But the lady onward her course pursued,
And fearless gazed on that scene of blood.
" And is it thus!"—her spirit changed—
" Eva, thy wrongs are all avenged;
Our feud is o'er; whom death unites,
  No mortal hand shall sever:
One tomb shall crave earth's holy rites,
  And twine their loves for ever!
Vengeance for injuries dark and deep
  Hath dread atonement given;
'Tis ours, my friends, their fate to weep,
  And leave the rest to Heaven!"

THE SAILOR'S EVENING SONG.

BY RICHARD JOHNS, ESQ.

In the wave the sun is sinking,
'Mid a realm of limpid light,
Of his own bright glories drinking,
Ere he shrouds himself in night.
Now the breezy zephyr's sighing
On fair summer's rippling sea,
To its measured tones replying,
Lady, will I sing to thee.

Shall I sing of martial story,
Of the daring hazards run,
When I sought the battle's glory,
For thy praise o'er laurels won?
No! my harp its voice refuses;
Gentler far my theme must be;
Whilst the eve its calm diffuses,
War I must not sing to thee.

Shall I sing of Friendship's power—
Friendship, holy, pure, and bright?
No! 'tis not for sunset's hour—
Friendship loves the cold moonlight.
Let my harp's wild numbers flowing
Rouse the echoes on the lea;
Be its theme more deeply glowing:
Friendship I'll not sing to thee.

Wake, my harp! in passion'd measure,
  Pour the ardent voice of song;
Softly now, now wild in pleasure,
  Sweep thy swelling chords along:
Now the shades of eve descending,
  Veil thy blushing charms from me!
Pity sure its ear is lending
  While my love I sing to thee.

Lady, shall I sing of sorrow
  'Mid a fairy scene like this?
No!—our hearts its joy shall borrow,
  As they melt in mutual bliss.
Love I'll sing, but not its sadness;
  Care shall from our bosoms flee;
Love, all peace, all hope, all gladness,
  Lady, will I sing to thee.

THE PEASANT'S SONG.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

O SAY not man's faith is a flower, love,
  That lives but a day, and is past;
A star which gives light but an hour, love,
  A sky that is soon overcast:
There *may* be such men, it is true, love,
  And ladies, perhaps, much the same;
But these—are these like me and you, love?
  Oh, no!—our love 's more than a *name*.

I know that thy beauty may gain, love,
  The wealthiest lord of the isle;
I know he hath sued, and in vain, love,
  To win the sweet bliss of thy smile.
For me—that reward wilt thou keep, love,
  For me—to adore whilst I live!—
When I think of thy truth, I could weep, love,
  To find I've so little to give!

Yet amidst splendid banquets and show, love,
  Gay dances, with roses and light;
Affection thou never couldst know, love,
  So fond as I plight thee to-night!
The soul of a husband is lost, love,
  In pleasure's enchanting career;
And, oh! thou might'st find to thy cost, love,
  That riches bring many a tear!

My cottage, though small, is my own, love,
  'Tis shaded by woodbine and tree;
I wish for thy sake 'twere a throne, love,
  O proudly I'd share it with thee!—
'Tis humble, yet not very poor, love,
  And wouldst thou but yield thy consent,
Thou wilt feel—if thou lovest me—I'm sure, love,
  The *gold* of the earth—is *content*.

HOME.

BY THE LATE EDWARD KNIGHT, ESQ.

THE dearest spot of earth to me
Is home, sweet home!
The fairy-land I long to see
Is home, sweet home!
There, how charm'd the sense of hearing!
There, where love is so endearing!—
All the world is not so cheering
As home, sweet home!

I've taught my heart the way to prize
My home, sweet home!
I've learnt to look with lover's eyes
On home, sweet home!
There, where vows are truly plighted!
There, where hearts are so united!—
All the world besides I've slighted
For home, sweet home!

LINES.

BY THE REV. DR. BOOKER.

WRITTEN ON PLACING A LILY OF THE VALLEY IN THE DEAD HAND OF A LOVELY CHILD, WHILE LYING IN HER COFFIN, MAY 24, 1829.

THOU sleeping innocent! to thee I bring
This purest offering of the new-born Spring!
While to thy spirit by thy God is given
A palm of glory, in the realms of heaven.

ST. FEINAH'S TREE.

A LEGEND OF LOCH NEAGH.

ONE evening Collogh (Goody) M'Gragh sat by her peat fire, and her three sons sat around her; fine lads they were too—I do not mean in dress, but in person—possessing brave hearts and hands for a row, and frisky legs enough for a dance; when such things were going, as oftentimes they be, in merry Ireland; —fine, spirited *craturs*, were Dan, Mike, and Pat M'Gragh, as young Irishmen ought to be; and their handsome faces and their large black eyes glowed and glistened, as the *ould* mother looked upon them, with pride in her heart, as well she might. The lads had just come in from a neighbouring wedding among the gentry, where prizes had been bestowed on the most agile in rustic sports; consequently, Dan, Mike, and Pat, had each carried off from it something *honestly;* a proceeding not without a precedent on their parts, although it must be confessed that such was rare.

"And the *what* will I do with my hat, mother?" said Dan, in answer to a query of Collogh's, twirling the ribbon-decked beaver round his hand; "why, sell it to be sure; is it I that shall *still* in such a jewel!—Faith no!"

"And I'll lay up my shirt for the burying," cried Mike.

"Then, Mike M'Gragh," said Collogh, "bad luck be wi' ye, my lad, and boderation: is it the *ould* mo-

ther ye 're thinking to bury? O, Mike, Mike! 'tis yeeself, and no other, I tell ye."

Michael stared; for though he really meant to wear his new Irish surtout as a shroud, when he was dead, yet he intended, though he did not exactly mean so to express himself, to put it on, clean, white, well-made, and ornamented as it was, at his mother's funeral and his own wedding, events which in his ideas were neither of them far distant: he therefore stared; for the anticipation of an early death was furthest from his thoughts.

"And what 's the lad looking at? Ay, honey; *do* stare, an ye will, *now*;—nigh is the hour when your sightless eyes shall be turned on the desolate Collogh M'Gragh! But why would I spake to *you*, Mike? Isn't it all my brave lads? and meself am the ould des'late cratur to go down to the grave alone!"

The young men were astonished, and prayed her to explain herself; which, after a couple of hours' persuasion, and more than a couple of horns of whiskey, she did, by desiring them on no account whatever to go to their still.

Now in Church Island, one of the little isles of Loch Neagh, the M'Graghs had an illicit distillery, which was the subject of endless contention between the mother and sons; because, whilst the old lady did not in the least object to drink many a hearty draught of the beverage they prepared, she had many conscientious qualms respecting the legality of their proceedings;

and ofttimes, after vainly entreating them to pursue some *honest* calling, she prophesied a heavy curse upon their disobedience. But the lads knew very well that to an Irishman a still is both an idle and a profitable source of revenue, and therefore continued to work at their own, together or in turns, as occasion required. When, therefore, they heard her present prohibition, imagining it to be but the revival of the old subject, they ridiculed her fears, and one and all declared that they *would*, whatever were the consequences, continue the business upon Church Island. Collogh, heated with wrath and whiskey, flew into a hurricane of passion, cursed them in the bitterness of her heart; and when they turned out of the cabin, in order, as they said, "to leave her to cool a bit," she wished she might never see their undutiful faces again!

The Irish character is peculiarly ardent and fickle: suddenly its anger or its love burns like a devouring and unquenchable fire, and as suddenly is extinct. No sooner were her sons gone than the mother's heart began to soften, and she reflected, that young men could never endure to be governed by the fancies of a woman: and *such* young men too!—bold, handsome, and joyous lads as they were;—that she had been drinking the finest poteen in Ireland, the produce of *their* still, and had cursed them to their faces, and banned them from her door. She then remembered her prophecy of their deaths, and fearing it might come true, her heart was

wrung with an agony too sore for speech; so at first the poor dame sat down and cried for the *certain* death coming upon her dear boys; and then, her grief vanquished by hope, she bestirred herself to provide for them a good supper.

Hour after hour passed, and it seemed to her that they came not: but at midnight, uncovering her face (for over it long had she spread her apron, as she sat in her sorrow), she beheld, seated round the table, Dan, Mike, and Pat, as pale as death, and as silent. They fixed their large, mournful, and glazed eyes upon her, but spake not. She put before them the hot potatoes, milk, and bacon, urging them, in the kindest manner, to eat and to answer her; but they neither touched the food, nor moved, nor spoke: indeed, the young men looked more like corpses than living bodies; and horrible thoughts and apprehensions thronged thick and fast upon the soul of Collogh M'Gragh. She conjured them in an agony to speak, to tell her what ailed them, and not to trick and fright a lone woman like her, by appearing as their own *fetches;*—she assured them of her pardon, of her unchanged affection, and many times retracted the curses she had called down upon her children in her grievous fury;—she addressed them generally and separately, but without avail: Dan, Mike, and Pat, answered not, neither did their bluish-white, chilly, ghastly faces, betray that they even heard her words; not a muscle moved; the large dead-look-

ing black eyes were fixed and vacant; and Collogh, remembering that she had not heard them enter, uttered a cry of horror, and fell senseless on the floor.

When consciousness returned, the pale, dewy light of morning was beaming in at the cabin, through the smoke-vent, for it had no window; and Collogh M'Gragh found herself alone, bating the pig that always slept in a corner of her house. Her first thought was for her sons, who, it was evident, had been out all night; but had not the memory of the horrible apparitions flashed at the same time athwart her brain, this circumstance would not have alarmed her, as they usually worked during the night at the still, and slept in the day-time: she hoped, therefore, that they might be home in an hour or two—but they came not; and it was no consolation to think, that one or all of them might have been overwhelmed by the holy stone, which she knew it was their favourite freak to endeavour to lift. She remembered that Pat, once choosing to hazard a shot at some of St. Feinah's wild-fowl on Church Island, his gun burst; and though he remained uninjured, the thousand fragments of the weapon flew upwards, and never a splinter of it came down again! She also recollected, that sundry misfortunes, and even death, had attended such persons as, with sacrilegious temerity, had plucked a twig off St. Feinah's tree, that sacred and wondrous elder, the age of which is incalculable; and which, though overthrown and hacked by

sundry cuttings, still flourishes, covering a great portion of the interior ground of that ruined sanctuary which gives title to the island. A thousand vague suspicions and apprehensions presented themselves to the mind of Collogh M'Gragh, and at length, as the day wore away, she resolved to take a boat at the ferry, and cross over to Church Island in search of her sons.

Now this island is a kind of fairy place, both from the circumstances already mentioned concerning it, and because it is rich in antiquities, relics, and white-thorn trees, whose odorous, delicious blossoms, in their season, are as grateful to the wanderer, as those gales that greet the mariner from lands of spice and roses; consequently, all tourists of taste, when they visit Loch Neagh, which deserves consideration as well as its rival Killarney, never fail to land upon Church Island, as a something to see of course. Accordingly, the day being bright and beautiful, Collogh M'Gragh, upon her arrival at the ferry, found a number of visiters taking their places in the holiday boat to cross to the island, upon which, she understood, a gay party was already landed. The strangers were good-natured, and insisted on the poor woman taking the opportunity to cross with them; and as the sun shone, the streamers floated in the sweet air, and the bagpipes struck up a merry tune, Collogh could not prevent her old heart dancing for pleasure. Notwithstanding her

heavy fears for Dan, Mike, and Pat, she felt as if her old limbs could have danced too, lightly, mirthfully, and buoyantly, as in the days of her buxom youth, on the very surface of the cool, calm, shining lake.

On reaching the island, many persons stood upon its shore, and, as Collogh observed before they opened their lips to hail the fresh party, with very anxious and woe-begone countenances: at length several voices asked whether they had heard of the accident, or seen any of the bodies? "What accident? what bodies?" was the reply from the fresh company: but Collogh M'Gragh shrieked forth—"My sons! my sons!" and, alas! she spoke but too truly. After the clamour had ceased, which the desire of all to relate the circumstance occasioned, the wretched mother gleaned a succinct account of the dreadful catastrophe, from which it appeared that the three M'Graghs, who were well known to the boatmen who took the first party over to Church Island, had been seen by the strangers, on their visit to the old church, lopping and hewing St. Feinah's tree, because, as they said, they wanted wood, and elder was, of all others, the wood for their purpose. What they cut they carried off in a boat, which, when about half-way between Church Island and the Ferry, suddenly, without a breeze, without a ripple, and beneath the broad unclouded sunshine—sunk. A rush and splash of water was heard—a death-ful, piteous shriek—and to these succeeded a deep,

awful, grave-like silence! Boats were immediately dispatched, to render, if possible, assistance to the sufferers, but in vain; their bodies even had not risen—no, nor were they ever seen or heard of again. The English strangers attributed the accident to natural causes, but the Irish inhabitants of the shores and islands of Loch Neagh believe nothing less than that St. Feinah thus avenged the insult and sacrilege committed by the M'Graghs upon his, or her (for this saint's name is not in the calendar) favourite and sacred elder-tree.

Little remains to be added, but that poor Collogh M'Gragh, the wretched mother, was inconsolable: she had cursed her children in the bitterness of her soul—and with that curse upon their heads had they quitted her presence—never to return—never to learn that they were forgiven: they were gone—the comforts of her age, the life of her heart—to their untimely graves, and in her misery and desolation she became deranged, and died soon afterwards. Her spirit, it is said, wanders yet upon the shores of Loch Neagh, chanting, in a low but awfully plaintive tone, the words of a keen, or song, which she improvised for her children, and died singing; and of which the following is a nearly literal translation:

They say, my sons are sleeping
  Beneath the treach'rous wave,
And I—their mother—keeping
  A wild watch o'er their grave;

But are they dead?—nay, seeming
  Deep in the lake to lie,
They're whisp'ring love, or dreaming,
  And will not heed my cry.
                Ullah!

Flow on, flow on, glad waters—
  The loved, the young, the brave,
Are gone to court thy daughters,
  The blithe ones of the wave.
Shine on, thou lake of pleasure,
  When late thy breast was spread,
Each sunk, to seek his treasure,
  As on a rosy bed.
                Ullah!

Bloom on, green isles of beauty,
  Ye'll sparkle not in vain;
For though to mortal duty
  The loved ne'er rise again;
Yet, since they did adore ye,
  By the moon's melting ray
They'll rove with sea-maids o'er ye,
  Or elves, more bright than they.
                Ullah!

Rise, dear ones, from the waters!
  And glad me with your smile;
The lake's enamour'd daughters
  May spare ye for a while:
Quit, quit their love, *too* tender,
  Their music, and their wine;
Leave, leave their homes of splendour
  One hour, to brighten mine!
                Ullah!

M. L. B.

THE DESERTED CHURCHYARD.

BY DELTA.

THERE lay an ancient churchyard
  Upon a heathy hill,
And oft of yore I linger'd there,
  Amid the twilight still;
For 't was a place deserted,
  And all things spoke a tone,
Whose wild lone music vibrated
  To things for ever gone.

Yes! Nature's face look'd lonelier
  To Fancy's brooding eye,
The marshy moors—the mountains—
  And solitary sky;
And there was like a mournfulness
  Upon the fitful breeze,
As it wail'd among the hoary weeds,
  Or mounted through the trees.

Around were gnarly sycamores,
  And, by the wizard stream,
I lay in youth's enchanted ring,
  When life was like a dream;
And spectral generations pass'd
  Before my thought like waves,
Men that, for creeping centuries,
  Had moulder'd in their graves.

There, as the west was paling,
  And the evening star peep'd out,
I leant to watch the impish bat,
  That flitting shriek'd about;
Or the crow that to the forest,
  With travel-wearied wing,
Sail'd through the twilight duskily,
  Like some unearthly thing.

The scowl of Desolation
  Hung o'er it like a shade;
And Ruin there, amid the moss,
  Her silent dwelling made;
Only unto the elements
  'T was free, and human breath
Felt like unhallow'd mockery,
  In that calm field of death.

Within that solitary place
  No monuments were seen
Of woman's love, or man's regret,
  To tell that such had been;
And, to the soul's wild question,
  "Oh, dead! where are ye flown?"
Waved to and fro, in mournful guise,
  The thistle's beard of down.

There, as I loiter'd, pondering,
  Amid the mantling night,

Upon the old grey wall the hawk
  Would silently alight;
And, rushing from the blasted hills,
  With rain-drops on its wing,
The wind amid the hemlocks
  Would desolately sing.

Life, and the living things of earth,
  Would vanish far away,
As there, in vague abstraction,
  Amid the graves I lay:
The world seem'd an enchanted world,
  A region dim and drear,
A shadowy land of reverie,
  Where Silence dwelt with Fear.

'T was hard to think that Passion
  Had stirr'd how many a breast
Which now, beneath the nettles rank,
  Decay'd in lonely rest;
That once they loved like kindred,
  These unacknowledged dead,
From whose bare, wasted bones at length
  Ev'n famish'd dormice fled.

For ages there no mourner
  To wail his loss had come;
The dead, and their descendants,
  Like yesterday, were dumb;

And sang the hoary cannach,
  Upon the casual wind,
A dirge for generations
  That left no trace behind.

So dreary and so desolate
  That churchyard was and rude,
That phantasy upon the verge
  Of night and chaos stood;
And, like a sibyl's chronicle,
  Mysteriously it told,
In hieroglyph and symbol,
  The shadowy days of old.

TO THE WIND.

BY THOMAS MAUDE, ESQ.

O THOU invisible agent, that dost sweep
Through the etherial heavens like a god,
Lashing the seas to fury, rushing o'er
The crackling forests with destroying speed,
Suddenly hurling from its craggy height
The shatter'd pine—quick flying o'er the wastes
Of arid Libyan sands, of which thou heap'st
Conglomerated mountains in thy haste,
And driv'st them scorching o'er the caravan!—
O that I had—unseen and mighty power!—
Wings like to thine, or even that I might ride
Upon thy viewless pennons, and escape
Perhaps to rest!——

THE SNOWDROP'S CALL.

BY MISS ELIZABETH EMRA.

WHO else is coming?—There 's sunshine here!
Ye would strew the way for the infant year:
The frost-winds blow on the barren hill,
And icicles hang in the quarry still;
But sunny, and shelter'd, and safe, are we,
In the moss at the foot of the sycamore tree.

Are ye not coming? the first birds sing;
They call to her bowers the lingering Spring;
And, afar to his home near the north pole-star,
Old Winter is gone in his snow-cloud car;
And the storms are past, and the sky is clear,
And we are alone, sweet sisters! here.
Will ye not follow? Ye safe shall be
In the green moss under the sycamore tree.
And, oh! there is health in the clear cold breeze,
And a sound of joy in the leafless trees;
And the sun is pale, yet his pleasant gleam
Has waken'd the earth, and unchain'd the stream;
And the soft west-wind, oh, it gently blows!
Hasten to follow, pale lady Primrose!
And Hyacinth graceful, and Crocus gay,
For we have not met this many a day.
Follow us, follow us! follow us then,
All ye whose home is in grove or glen.
Why do ye linger? Who else is coming,
Now Spring is awaked with the wild bees' humming?

W. Collins, R.A. del.t *H. C. Shenton, sculp.t*

THE TEMPTING MOMENT.

Pub.d by R. Ackermann, London.

THE TEMPTING MOMENT;

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] the distinction of having given birth to Homer. [illegible] Gilbert Chrimes, a man, as I have [illegible] of his [illegible] in his way, [illegible] have [illegible] of his [illegible]. [illegible] for every [illegible] claimed the honour. A [illegible] to Rome, however, if not the place of his birth, was the theatre of his achievements. He was the son of reputable parents, who were, to use a significant expression of a [illegible] sect, "tolerably well to do in the world."

[illegible] of Gilbert Chrimes the [illegible] of appropriation [illegible]. His infancy, [illegible] of this fact. Among his [illegible] constantly effecting transfers of [illegible] invested in sugar-plums and gingerbread,—from the elder by stratagem, and from the younger by force. His incursions on the [illegible] and the store-closet were also truly formidable: many a currant-tart, which had been designed to solace the stomachs and besmear the faces of some

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Pub.d by R. Ackermann London.

THE TEMPTING MOMENT;

OR,

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF MR. GILBERT GHRIMES.

BY W. H. HARRISON, ESQ.

> View his whole life,—'tis nothing but a cunning contexture of dark arts and unequitable subterfuges, basely to defeat the true intent of all laws.
>
> STERNE.

SEVEN towns contended for the distinction of having given birth to Homer. Had Gilbert Ghrimes, a man, as I hope to shew, of no contemptible genius in his way, been the subject of a similar discussion, one might have ventured a shrewd guess at the place of his nativity. I only know that he was not born in Scotland, for every town in that kingdom has unequivocally disclaimed the honour. A small market-town in Kent, however, if not the place of his birth, was the theatre of his achievements. He was the son of reputable parents, who were, to use a significant expression of a certain sect, "tolerably well to do in the world."

In the cranium of Gilbert Ghrimes the organ of appropriation was very early and prominently developed. His infancy, even, was fruitful in evidences of this fact. Among his brothers and sisters he was constantly effecting transfers of property, chiefly invested in sugar-plums and gingerbread,—from the elder by stratagem, and from the younger by force. His incursions on the larder and the store-closet were also truly formidable: many a currant-tart, which had been designed to solace the stomachs and besmear the faces of some

five or six expectant urchins, was prematurely diverted to his sole use and adornment.

His genius continued to unfold itself as he grew into boyhood; and, accordingly, we find him, at the early age of seven, the ringleader of a conspiracy for the abstraction of certain apples from the *al fresco* bazaar of a female fruit-merchant, who, having been ground into forgetfulness by an itinerant professor of the organ, afforded to the juvenile depredators their opportunity, and to the world an example of the disastrous consequences of taking Morpheus as a sleeping partner in the concerns of trade. This fragment of Gilbert's history, arising out of the first "tempting moment" of which he had availed himself in public, was communicated to me by the master of the free-school, who, happening to be under the operation of shaving on the opposite side of the market-place, witnessed the exploit; and the testimony of that very erudite and respectable personage, from whom much valuable information has been derived for this memoir, proves the extraordinary fidelity to nature of the artist who sketched on the spot the design for our pictorial illustration.

In order to dissolve certain associations in which feats of a similar kind had involved him, his parents determined on sending him to a boarding-school in a remote county; a measure, however, which rather tended to foster the talents it was designed to discourage. He early distinguished himself by sallying forth from the window of his dormitory, one moonlight night,

with his pillowcase as a succedaneum for a sack, and returning loaded with the spoils of a neighbouring garden. This notable foray was followed by complaints from the proprietor for the spoiling of his orchard, and from the schoolmistress for the spoiling of the pillowcase. He was mulcted of six weeks' pocket-money to indemnify the one, and soundly flogged for the satisfaction of the other. The flogging was, of course, set down to the fortune of war, for which there was no remedy but patience and beef brine. Not so the mulcture; for a second and undiscovered attack upon the apple orchard reduced the cost of his former booty fifty per cent.

At this period of his life he was a tall, but ill-proportioned and ungainly boy; and, although he bore his head as uprightly as most persons, he had a remarkable dislike to looking any one full in the face, but requited the glance of another by the instant aversion of his own. His very limbs appeared to be rather acquired than natural property, and to have belonged originally to some one else.

As he could not be kept at school all his life, it became necessary for his friends to determine on his future path in the world. The very confused and indistinct notions which he entertained of *meum* and *tuum* were formidable objections to his embarking in trade. The profession of arms was repugnant alike to his views and his taste, inasmuch as little was to be gained from it but laurels, which he well knew bore

no fruit. The organ of destructiveness was not powerfully enough developed in his phrenological system to ensure success to him in physic; and it would have been stark madness to consign his peculiar abilities to so contracted a sphere of action as the church. It was therefore at last resolved that, in order to secure him against a premature acquaintance with the practice of the law, he should devote a few years to the study of the theory; and he was accordingly articled to Nicholas Nightshade, a pettifogging attorney in his native town.

Nicholas had slidden, I will not say risen, into considerable practice and comparative wealth, by undertaking business with which no respectable member of the profession would pollute his hands. He was a short, rotund figure, of a dark complexion, with an overhanging forehead, bushy brows, small but piercing eyes, a nose somewhat hooked, and a nether lip, which, projecting considerably beyond the upper, imparted a singularly shrewd, but sinister, expression to his countenance. He was of rather frugal habits; wine he never tasted—it had indeed been too generous a liquor for him; *in vino veritas.* Porter was his nectar; but, though he quaffed it freely, it never muddled his brain; the narcotic and deleterious ingredients of his potations appearing to have been absorbed by his heart, for it was poisoned to its very core.

Gilbert Ghrimes's friends, who were a worldly and far-casting set, in placing him with such a man, had speculated upon his discovering, in his new profession,

a field for legalised depredation so extensive, as to leave him little inducement for exploring any other. But they calculated not upon the force of genius; for, before the term of his probation had expired, he eloped with his master's only daughter; and it was doubtless in the hurry and confusion attendant upon their flight, that he happened to pack up in his portmanteau a few more of the alchemised rags of Threadneedle-street than, in strictness, belonged to him. Nightshade could have well spared his daughter; but the loss of his money touched him, and he vowed revenge. The newspaper which announced the marriage of Gilbert Ghrimes contained an advertisement offering a reward for his apprehension. Gilbert, who had no notion of so much money passing out of the family, quietly surrendered himself before his father-in-law the following morning at breakfast-time, and claimed the reward. This piece of assurance would have astounded any other than Nightshade, who was a wholesale dealer in the article.

"Ghrimes," said he, "you are a villain!"

"I know it," was the reply; "you have kept your news until they are somewhat stale."

"Give me back the money you have purloined from me," rejoined Nightshade.

"I may scarcely do that," answered Ghrimes, "seeing that a portion of it is already spent, and, if you withdraw your countenance, I shall have the greater need of the remainder. But why this fruitless anger?

The evil, if such it be, is done, and past remedy: there," he added, flinging down a certificate of his marriage, "the noose is tied as tightly as you can desire."

"Not quite," said the other, "and, therefore, with the hangman for priest, we will draw it somewhat closer."

"What! hang a man in his honeymoon?"

"I would gibbet thee at the very altar, thou measureless knave!" said Nightshade.

"Nay," replied Gilbert, "that were poor requital for the forbearance of one who has long had the power of elevating you to the distinction which your kindness proposes for him. Remember the forged deed!"

"I am not likely to forget it," said Nightshade; "but who, think you, will now believe you on your oath?"

"Doubtless," was Ghrimes's answer, "it were worse than folly to do so, but the deed itself were good evidence, methinks."

"And that is safe in yonder iron chest," said the other, exultingly.

"Are you well advised of that?" was the cool rejoinder.

Nightshade, alarmed for the first time, hurried across the room, applied a key to the spring lock of the chest, gazed in it for an instant, then flinging down the lid, snatched a pistol from the mantelpiece, and presented it at Ghrimes, exclaiming, in a voice expressive of rage and determination, "Villain! give me back the deed

this instant, or I will blow out your brains, though I swing for it to-morrow."

Gilbert eyed him awhile with that hardihood which I will not dignify by the name of courage, and which nothing but the most determined villany could supply; then, putting aside the muzzle of the weapon, he said, with a smile of scorn, "I were, indeed, but a dull pupil of so bright a master, did I learn no safer policy from your instructions than to put the evidence of your guilt, as well as my person, in your power."

"Scoundrel!" thundered the other, "where is the deed?"

"Be assured, in good keeping," said Gilbert, "whence, if I revoke not my instructions, it will be transferred to those, who, for their own sakes, will make such use of it as will scarcely consist with your safety. And now, my honoured father-in-law, call in your constable, and away with me to prison, 'an it please you."

The countenance of Nightshade fell when he found himself completely in the power of the man whom he so lately proposed to crush. He regarded his hopeful son-in-law, for a few seconds, with a fixed and searching look, and then said, in a tone and manner considerably softened, "Gibby, you have done that which I had not expected from your years—you have outwitted me. I am in my dotage, it is plain, or you had not thus weathered upon me. But no matter, I forgive you. With regard to that same halter, which

has somewhat superfluously embellished our conversation, it would seem that our claims to it are nearly equal: let it, therefore, instead of tying us up, tie us together. You are my partner from this hour. I am growing old; my labours are heavy, and you have given me convincing evidence of your ability to share the burthen. As for your wife, if she be the daughter of her mother, you will repent your bargain ere your honeymoon be on the wane. The lot was of your own choosing, and you must make the best of it. Now, go to your office, and let this morning's conversation be forgotten as speedily as may be."

From that day the circumstance was never even alluded to by either party, and Gilbert became an active and useful partner of his late master. There was but one lawyer besides themselves in the town, and he, being an honest one, could not, of course, interfere with their practice. They might well be termed the friends of the unfortunate. Did any man, mistaking, in the darkness of the night, a gentleman's house for his own, and, unwilling to disturb the family, find his way into it without knocking; did he, entering the fold, relieve the sleeping shepherd at once of his duty and his charge; or, without an act of parliament to back him, did he raise a loan upon the highway, and any of the little personal inconveniences consequent upon detection overtake him, he had the comfortable assurance that, if there were a loophole, either in the law or in his prison, through which he might escape, Messieurs Nightshade

and Ghrimes were the men who, for a consideration, as Trapbois would have said, were sure to find it out. Indeed, so successful were their exertions to such laudable ends, that had their course been as protracted as it was brilliant, the tread-wheel had rusted upon its axis, and the hangman, without his perquisites, had starved upon his pay.

They prospered indeed, but theirs was the uncoveted prosperity of the wicked, who have been truly said to "flourish as a green bay tree," for it hath poison and bitterness in its leaves. The career of Nightshade was arrested by a sudden and short illness, and the God whom he had abandoned in his youth forsook him in his age. Hardened and profligate he was, it is true, but he was not that fabled monster, an infidel;—like the devils, he believed and trembled, and the aspen conscience was ever restless in his bosom. To use his own fearful expression in his parting moments, he felt the cold grasp of the dæmon he had worshipped upon his heart-strings, dragging him down to that hell which he had purchased by so many ruthless deeds and wasted years. The vengeance of Heaven is sometimes slow, often sudden, but always sure; a truth which received an awful confirmation in the death-scene of this godless, graceless man.

The death of Nightshade left Gilbert in undivided possession of the practice and the secret of the forged deed. Ghrimes continued to take care of the main chance, that is, to have one hand on his own pocket,

and the other in his neighbour's. Genius, however, like his could not remain long without its reward. It at length attracted the notice of twelve honest gentlemen, who, wisely deeming his own country too circumscribed a theatre for his talents, kindly provided him with a more extended one; and, accordingly, the last passage which I am enabled to record in the life of Gilbert Ghrimes was to Botany Bay. By some untoward accident the forged deed came to light, and, although the evidence brought forward upon the occasion was sufficient to procure restitution to the injured party out of Ghrimes's ill-gotten wealth, it did not affect his life. He arrived in his adopted country, bankrupt in every thing but character, which he could not lose, inasmuch as he happened to be born without one. Nor indeed did he find the want of that commodity in Australasia; the perfect state of public morals in the colony doubtless being such, that to take a character thither would be to carry coals to Newcastle.

Gentle reader!—for, in accompanying me thus far, thy patience hath well earned for thee the epithet—if thou hast read "The Hour too Many" in our last volume—and if thou hast not, I counsel thee, for thy mind's health, to do so—thou wilt perceive that a talent too many may prove equally inconvenient, since the spare hour, and the supernumerary talent, conducted their possessors to a *common goal.*

SONG.

BY MISS EMMA ROBERTS.

Upon the Ganges' regal stream,
  The sun's bright splendours rest;
And gorgeously the noon-tide beam
  Reposes on its breast:
But in a small secluded nook,
  Beyond the western sea,
There rippling glides a narrow brook,
  That 's dearer far to me.

The lory perches on my hand,
  Caressing to be fed,
And spreads its plumes at my command,
  And stoops its purple head;
But where the robin, humble guest,
  Comes flying from the tree,
Which bears its unpretending nest,
  Alas! I'd rather be.

The fire-fly flashes through the sky,
  A meteor swift and bright;
And the wide space around, on high,
  Gleams with its emerald light;
Though glory tracks that shooting star,
  And bright its splendours shine,
The glow-worm's lamp is dearer far
  To this sad heart of mine.

Throughout the summer year, the flowers
In all the flush of bloom,
Clustering around the forest bowers,
Exhale their rich perfume.
The daisy, and the primrose pale,
Though scentless they may be,
That gem a far, far distant vale,
Are much more prized by me.

The lotus opes its chalices,
Upon the tank's broad lake,
Where India's stately palaces
Their ample mirrors make:
But reckless of each tower and dome,
The splendid and the grand,
I languish for a cottage home,
Within my native land.

Benares, 1828.

FAME.

BY THE LATE EDWARD KNIGHT, ESQ.

What is Fame?
It is the shooting of a star,
That gleams along the trackless air,
And vanishes, almost ere seen, to nought.
And such is Fame!
It shines and flutters for a span,
And is forgot.

THE FOURTH OF JUNE.

BY DELTA.

THE fourth of June! the fourth of June!
  Methinks, in careless boyhood's reign,
I hear the loud bell's festal tune,
  And cannon's peal again;
Methinks from tower and battlement
  I see St. George's standard fly,
And smoke from many a bonfire sent
  Up through the clear blue sky!

The fourth of June! the fourth of June!
  What loyal mirth 't was thine to bring!
A nation's hearts in unison
  Beat for their loved old king:
Healths from a million cups were pour'd,
  By old and young, by high and low;
Defence to Britain from each sword,
  Defiance to each foe!

The fourth of June! the fourth of June!
  Still do I see, in all their glow,
The bright flowers wreathed in wild festoon—
  The rockets that to heaven did go—
The glad huzzaing of the crowd—
  The snaky squibs that rose and sunk—
The musket peals that thrice aloud
  Boom'd when the health was drunk!

The fourth of June! the fourth of June!
  Thou day that for so long wert bright,
At length a cloud came o'er thy noon,
  Time touch'd thee with his blight:
Thy morn awoke not with the peal
  Of cannon or of merry bell;
The sire, who loved his people's weal,
  In death had ta'en farewell.

The fourth of June! the fourth of June!
  Thou sunniest spot in childhood's year,
The sound brings, like a sweet loved tune,
  To memory's eye a tear;
And when I think of what hath been,
  And what on earth no more may be,
I mourn o'er many a happy scene
  Once duly brought by thee!

THE PAYSANNE IN THE CITY.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

I PINE to hear the breeze of spring
  Make the young leaves its lute;
I pine to see the fruit-trees fling
  Their blossoms at my foot.

I long to see the eglantine
  Enwreathe the hedge-row wild,
Ev'n as a mother's arms entwine
  Her bright and happy child.

I long to lift the violet's leaf,
  To pluck the primrose pale,
And odours, delicate as brief,
  With the fresh breeze inhale.

The mountain-rill that leaps along,
  As bounds a frolic boy,
Filling the quiet air with song,
  A thing of life and joy;—

The bloom upon the distant hill,
  The silver mists of morn,
When shall I greet them, and be still;
  Behold, and cease to mourn?

Though splendour all around I see,
  The pomp of palace-bowers,
I miss the murmur of the bee,
  His matins mid the flowers!

A thousand lamps make noon of night,
  Their radiance streams afar;
The crescent-moon sheds lovelier light,
  And Evening's single star.

Love, pleasure, peace, whilst here I roam,
  May only come and part;
O bear me to my sunny home,
  And they will reach my heart

PAST, PRESENT, FUTURE.

BY DR. BOWRING.

I MUSED while I turn'd on a feverish bed,
  Recalling the changes I've seen;
"There is so much of grief and of grievance," I said,
  "In the things and the thoughts that have been,
That they canker the budding of hope with their blight,
And o'ershadow the future with memory's night."

Then I counted the joys, and the beautiful dreams,
  Of the sunshine and stars of the past,
In the glory-gilt twilight of youth-time, which seems
  To echo back bliss to the last:
And I said, "Life's a blessing, and man should be blest,
And the sorrows of life are but shadows at best."

It seem'd that I stood on the verge of the tomb,
  While the flapping of ravens I heard;
I felt the sweet calm between gladness and gloom,
  And patiently waited the word—
The word which should bid me descend, but my breast
Was still as the snows on the mountains that rest.

Too much I've enjoyed on life's journey, to close
  My pilgrimage free from regret;
And I've suffered too much from its wants and its woes,
  Their scourgings and stings to forget:
So come when it will the decree from on high,
I am willing to live—but contented to die.

THE BOOR OF THE BROCKEN.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

However knowledge may have dispersed superstition, so that in these our days the Hartz country itself is considered as free from witches and warlocks as the fens of Lincolnshire, it is sufficient for my purpose that a contrary opinion was once held, and that Etto the boor was born during its reign. The blocks of granite, scattered on the summit of the Brocken, were then veritably esteemed the altar and pulpit of sorcerers; the spring of clear water was believed to be, what it was called, the magic fountain; and even the beautiful anemone that grew thereabouts was placed under a ban, and called the sorcerer's flower. Etto's father lived in an ancient *wirthshaus* on the Brocken, which offered to the chance traveller scanty accommodation in the shape of bed, board, and *kirschwasser*, but the most voluble of guides in his own person, and in the person of his wife the most accomplished narrator of legends that ever made an auditor's hair stand on end. Accompanying his father in his expeditions as guide, hunting when not so employed, and when not hunting, dreaming and droning over legends wilder even than the country that gave rise to them, Etto grew up to manhood, but not by any means the brave romantic vagabond that might have been expected. His prominent characteristic was a mean, lazy, wishing-cap

kind of ambition, that led him to despise the lot to which he was born; made him long to eat dainties, sleep softly, dress sumptuously, and escape, in a word, the boor's life. The boor's mind never troubled him; that he did not desire changed. Frequent visits to the neighbouring town of Goslar, and an occasional opportunity of tasting its seven different kinds of beer, invariably made Etto return home more discontented than he left it. After gazing on the emperor's state chair, preserved in the cathedral of Goslar, and on the imperial portraits that adorned the windows of that structure, he would soliloquise much in the following manner:—"Ah! it was worth their while to be men! —but what is life to a poor wretch like myself? only a dull something to be had and lost! It were brave sport to be a king, and go a-hunting for pleasure; men, horses, and even dogs owning me as lord; then to have the peasants bowing and blessing every time I turned my head, and even the Count Winplingerstrasse proud of my presence in his castle:—the dais-table covered with all manner of dainties, my crown and sceptre laid beside me, a canopy over my head, drums and trumpets sounding at every mouthful, and ever and anon the count saying to me with cap in hand—'Will your imperial highness try another slice of the venison? or will your princely majesty honour the wine by taking another goblet? or may it please your gracious mightiness to condescend to a flagon of ale?'—Then should I, with a gracious wave of my hand, say—'Noble

vassal! I have done exceedingly well, make yourself welcome to what remains!' Ah, if any thing short of selling myself to the evil one, short of spending May-day night with Sir Urian or Mother Baubo, would make a great man of me—Saint Martin, Saint Maximin, St. Hildebrand—what am I talking about"—— and here Etto would cross himself (but more from cowardice than Christianity) to prevent the possible appearance of any member of the witch and wizard club. Nevertheless, the half-uttered wish was only driven from the lip to the heart, if it were *but* possible, without sin and scathe, to obtain supernatural aid; for without it, small chance did there appear of his becoming other than Etto the boor.

The combined workings of discontent and envy made his life like the bread he ate—somewhat black and bitter; more especially when chance threw him in the way of the great man of the neighbourhood, Count Winplingerstrasse, who scowled like a dragon, inhabited a castle that looked like a prison, and occasionnally hung a vassal to prove his love of justice. One day, Etto was sitting on a crag beside his father's door, more discontented than usual, for the puissant Count Winplingerstrasse had that morning speared his dog, for having presumed to take by the ear a boar which he, the said Count, had intended to kill with his own unassisted hand. Whilst Etto sat musing on the chance that made one man rich and another poor, he was roused from his reverie by observing that an individual

stood beside him, who did not stand there the instant before. Etto was therefore reduced to the sagacious conclusion, that the intruder had either dropped from the clouds, or grown out of the earth. The dress of the stranger puzzled him also, for it was framed according to divers fashions; the hat being English, the ruff Flemish, the doublet and hose German, whilst the mantle had been cut in the country of long cloaks, though which that was I am unable to say with antiquarian certainty. It was equally impossible, from his face, to assign him a birth-place, for he had a look of all nations. In spite, however, of his odd garb and features, Etto felt himself in the presence of a much greater personage than Count Winplingerstrasse, and he rose and made a suitable reverence.

"What makes you look so sulky, friend?" asked the stranger.

"Please your unknown worship, I'm a poor man," said Etto.

"I always understood that content dwelt in a cottage," said the odd-looking man.

"Please your noble worship," replied Etto, "I only live in a wood hut, where the wind whistles in at the window, and the rain pours down the chimney. *I* always understood that content dwelt in a castle."

"I will make a great man of you," said the stranger with a remarkably grim smile.

"And without any unlawful conditions?" inquired Etto, bowing within an inch of the ground.

"Without any other condition than that of continuing what you are, in mind and spirit. Now, what great man will you be?"

"Could your very gracious reverend highness contrive to make me Count Winplingerstrasse?" said Etto, his eyes ready to fall out of his head with amazement.

"With all the pleasure in life," rejoined the stranger, taking a pinch of snuff with extraordinary coolness.

Etto could hardly refrain from shouting his rapture to the hills.—"And will your imperial highness change the count into me?—make him just as poor and miserable as I was five minutes ago?"

"Thou art a malicious dog; but that also will I do. The count has a few sins to atone for as well as thyself—so then, presto!—look yonder—there he comes, Etto the boor to all intents and purposes,—and there art thou, Count Winplingerstrasse.—Ha, ha! most mortal fool, adieu!—a week hence, and——"

"And what?" inquired Etto—but the stranger was gone—gone as he had arrived, though the proof of his appearance remained behind; for Etto now held up his head, wore a brave hunting suit, and looked as if he had been born what he seemed—Count Winplingerstrasse. Without more delay he took the road to the castle, where he was received with all imaginable deference, the servants conceiving him to be the identical master who sallied from it in the morning. The only observable difference was, that he did not

bear himself near so much like a dragon, and that he was carried to rest much more intoxicated than was esteemed usual. The next day, and the next, and the next, passed off gloriously: hunting, feasting, and receiving homage, diversified the time most charmingly; and Etto was never weary of congratulating himself on his change of rank. On the fourth morning he was doomed to understand the cares as well as the pleasures of greatness. He had just arranged the sports for the day, and with hound and horn, bow, baldric, and spear, huntsman and woodman, horse and foot, was on the point of leaving the court-yard for the chase, when a messenger made his appearance, reined up his horse, and, without ceremony, presented a letter on the point of his sword.

"Fetch Father Zick here," said Etto. Counts were not expected to read in those days; therefore no disgrace attached to Etto on the score of ignorance. Father Zick made his appearance, deciphered and read the letter. It contained remonstrances, demands, charges, and threats, on the part of the noble Baron Seidensticker; spoke of laying waste the domain of Winplingerstrasse, in default of instant redress for all and sundry offences committed by the count and his vassals during the last few weeks.

"What does all this mean?" said Etto; for his countship's consciousness only went back to the moment of his receiving the dignity.

The attendants answered by bewildered looks, for they could only account for their lord's ignorance of the matter in hand from his having become suddenly crazed.

"I wait your answer, count," said the messenger; "am I to tell my noble lord that the butts of wine, the vests, armour, and household gear, stolen by your lordship's followers when on their way to my noble lord's castle, shall be instantly restored, together with a full and suitable apology, and a promise that justice shall be done to the ringleaders in the offence, and that furthermore——"

Etto obeyed the first impulse of his boorish nature, and raising his fist struck the speaker such a violent blow on the face, that, being unprepared for its force, he was nearly thrown from his horse. The messenger did not wait any further answer, but wheeling his horse round, rode off homewards at no gentle rate.

The old seneschal now appeared, thridding his way through the throng, puffing and talking at every step: "He is gone mad—mad, of a surety! Did he not arrange the foray himself?—and the wine—did he not make merry upon it last night, and the night before, and the night before that?—Good my lord (he had by this reached Etto's side), good my lord, be pleased to recollect yourself; and, since we are found out, let justice take its course.—Ah! it was a pity we meddled with Seidensticker, seeing *he* can revenge himself.—Good my lord, let us even send the gear back; I can

fill the empty butts with beer instead of wine—and two or three idle varlets we can well afford to hang.—Mercy upon us! if Seidensticker comes against us how shall we stand a siege, with only half a score hogs in salt, two oxen, and some small meats for the dais-table? Good my lord, have reason, and we 'll have all ready in a trice—the gear, the apologies, and the varlets that must be hanged."

Here each of the head domestics put in a word of recommendation touching some very particular rascal, and the heart of many an underling throbbed with fear.

The seneschal had spoken under the idea that he addressed his old fiery master, prone to plunge himself into broils, and over-apt to take charge of his neighbour's goods. Etto listened in stupid amazement, and in conclusion began to wish that he had made a few inquiries before he jumped so readily into the shoes of Count Winplingerstrasse.

"Do as ye list," said he, throwing himself from his horse. And having so said, and so done, he paced doggedly into the castle, leaving his attendants in great surprise.

"Markebrunn has quenched the firebrand," muttered the seneschal. "Well, Saint Caspar be praised! we shall lead the quieter life. Howsoever, they shall be a few flagons lower before they travel homewards—those said wine-butts that are yet full."

By the close of the day, the pacificatory arrange-

ments, as regarded restitution and apology, were in tolerable forwardness. The selection of the vassals who were to officiate as culprits, in other words, be made the scape-goats in this affair of foray, gave both the seneschal and Father Zick considerable trouble; insomuch that it was at last agreed, that, if before they reached the gallows, the rogues could contrive to make their escape, the castle of Winplingerstrasse should not shut its gates against them.

Etto, meanwhile, made, according to his own apprehension, the best use of his time, by emptying flagon after flagon of Seidensticker's wine, till, unaccustomed to such choice libations, he was soon placed by sleep beyond the reach of fear and sorrow. The seneschal had, in like manner, allowed himself a little extra indulgence in consideration of his day's anxiety. Father Zick kept him company out of sheer benevolence; and the rest of the household rendered themselves as oblivious to the sense of danger as their several degrees permitted.

But the following morning brought cool reflection in the guise of two score men-at-arms, accompanied by all the known means of doing battle, and making a noise over it. The warden was of course the first person who perceived their approach, and, having multiplied two score by ten, he posted down to apprise the seneschal of the company at hand. The worthies were cabineted together, each occupied in forming conjectures, and

giving advice, to which neither listened, when the council was interrupted by the loud blast of a couple of trumpets, and a prodigious knocking on the iron-studded gate of the castle.

The seneschal looked out of a loop-hole window, with full as much fear as curiosity; nevertheless he demanded, with a bold voice, the occasion of the disturbance.

The messenger of the preceding day then rode forward, and, having commanded silence, addressed the seneschal with true diplomatic dignity:—"In consequence of the original offence given by Count Winplingerstrasse to my master, the mighty Baron Seidensticker,—in consideration of the violent reception given yesterday to me, his accredited messenger,—on behalf of baronial rights in general, and his own insulted dignity in particular,—and finally, in the hope of thereby restoring peace and amity—the mighty Baron Seidensticker does here defy Count Winplingerstrasse to mortal combat. But should the said count refuse to avail himself of this opportunity of clearing his honour, the baron, my master, will straightway beat, batter, and burn, this castle of Winplingerstrasse, and all connected therewith!"

The above speech being finished, the trumpeter sounded a flourish, which added greatly to its effect, and the seneschal drew in his head from the loop-hole window, declaring that he would instantly submit the

alternative to his master's most serious consideration. On turning round, he found most of the household at his back; for they justly esteemed it a common cause.

"A very pretty kettle of fish is here!" said the cook and his scullions in chorus.

"Tra-la-la-lira-la! we are like to be hunted, instead of hunting, to-day," suggested the head-ranger.

"Honesty is certainly the best policy," cried half a dozen rapscallions, who had been foremost in the foray.

"I would I were just now where men robe in cassocks, and not in chain-mail," sighed Father Zick.

"Fighting is not my vocation, but I will cheer the combatants with songs," observed the minstrel.

"And I will weep for those who fall," put in the jester.

"Hold your several tongues, you prating blockheads!" said the seneschal, in a tone of authority; "our noble master will assuredly do all the fighting himself. Come with me, Father Zick; for we must disturb his slumbers, which it seems these trumpets have respected. Some of you knaves, bid the armourer follow us with the count's battle-suit, and bid the grooms caparison his horse. Do you, Mr. Minstrel, walk before me with a flagon of wine, and you, Mr. Jester, follow with a pasty. Were the count a lion he could not fight fasting."

In a few minutes these various worthies entered the sleeping-room, where Etto lay in as sound a slumber

as if the clatter outside the castle had been only so much silence.

"'After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well,'" said the jester, from whom Shakspeare, a century afterwards, plagiarised the idea.

"Very true; but his lordship must nevertheless awake like meaner men," said the seneschal. "So-ho! my lord!"

Etto only gave an additional snore.

"Humph!" said the seneschal; "it is a case of necessity, and therefore, Mr. Minstrel, put your flagon down, and pinch his lordship's leg. Motley, do thou the same by its fellow. Father Zick, shout lustily in that ear, while I shout in this. Now, then—So-ho! my lord!"

By these combined efforts Etto was at length roused to a sense of his situation. What his feelings were on the discovery made to him, the reader, who is in the secret, may naturally imagine. He will also comprehend the discomfiture and amazement which it exceedingly puzzled the attendants to account for.

"Will your lordship be pleased to break your fast, and then proceed to arm?" said the seneschal.

"I tell you, I never engaged in single combat since I was born," replied Etto.

"My lord's modesty forgets that I have sung his victories in half a hundred ballads," observed the minstrel.

"I tell you, I never killed a man in my life."

"I have given your lordship absolution for killing

at least a dozen out of the common way," said Father Zick.

"And here comes your lordship's armour," said the seneschal, "proof in every joint; and also a newly invented visor—a most brave defence, if your lordship can but breathe in it."

Etto's head began to swim.

"And Seidensticker himself is just arrived," cried the armourer, "and with him another score of rogues in steel. As pretty a fellow that baron as ever I saw!—black armour—black steed—black plumes and pennon!—the very image of a thunder-cloud on horseback!"

Etto felt his heart turning into water.

"A very worthy antagonist indeed," said the minstrel, going to the window, and looking carelessly out: "Firm as a rock, tall as a tower. If it were any one but our count who was about to fight him, I would not give a rhyme for his life."

By this time Etto's teeth chattered audibly.

"The day wanes—may it please your lordship to rise? And stay! a shirt of mail, in addition to the armour, were not out of place to-day."

The seneschal's speech was interrupted by a loud and martial summons from without.

"Hear me!" cried Etto, wringing his hands in utter despair. "Seneschal!—Father!—Father Zick!—I have been bewitched!—changed!—I am only Count Winplingerstrasse in body—I am Etto the boor in

soul.—I can't fight!—I won't fight!—I don't know how to fight!—Give up the castle!—Give up——"

The trumpets sounded again from without; again the gate was assailed with loud knocks; and the seneschal, the confessor, the minstrel, and the armourer, looked exceedingly perplexed. The jester was the only person who saw his way through the dilemma. "It is plain," said he, "that this is not our real master, or he would fight for *us*. If then he be not our real master, we are not bound to fight for *him*. Furthermore, if he has been bewitched, we are not bound to keep terms with him at all: I propose therefore that we instantly hang him up in the court-yard, and so make our peace with the Baron Seidensticker!" The jester might have learnt logic, and his auditors have understood it, so unanimously was the proposal agreed to, and so quickly were the preparations made for carrying it into effect.

"*Must* I die?" said Etto, covering his face with his hands, as the executioner approached. "Must I die, without having done any thing to deserve it too?"

"Think again, Count Winplingerstrasse," said the above-named personage; "and please to put your hands down, that I may tie the noose round your neck. Well, if you won't, I must."

Horror of horrors!—When his eyes were uncovered, Etto beheld in the executioner the identical stranger who had spoken to him on the Brocken. Yes, he wore

the self-same Flemish ruff, the German hose and doublet, the English hat, and the long cloak.

"Save, save me!" cried Etto, clinging to the last-named article of apparel.

"It is a very strange thing," said the mysterious executioner, "that people should invariably repent of their bargains with me. Ascend the ladder, count."

"Save me! save me!—Change me again!"

"Into Baron Seidensticker, I suppose. No, indeed; you are too modest; I will exalt you yet higher.—Mount the ladder, I say!" and the speaker jerked the rope attached to the culprit, in order to give emphasis to the command.

"Life, with bread and water!" groaned Etto.

"Thou art a driveller as well as a dolt."

"I am! I am!"

"Fit only for the station to which thou wert born."

"Only that—only that!"

"Dost thou perceive that it is very dangerous to change places with people without knowing their private history?"

"I perceive it most clearly," said Etto, glancing up at the gallows.

"And wilt thou ever again desire to be king, prince, baron, count, knight, or squire?"

"Never—never—never more!"

"Well, then, get back to the Brocken!" And—hey, presto!—in five minutes the whole aspect and condition of things were changed. Etto was again a boor in

person as in mind, sitting on the crag beside his father's door; the executioner in the strange garb was gone; the gallows was gone: and in their stead was the real, proper, and true-born Count Winplingerstrasse arming in hot haste.

That night, the valiant Baron Seidensticker found himself bereft of three teeth, two fingers, and a thumb, which, together with his wine-butts and household gear, he found it impossible to recover.

THE GENTIANELLA.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

In Leaf.

GREEN thou art, obscurely green,
Meanest plant among the mean!
—From the dust *I* took my birth;
Thou too art a child of earth.
I aspire not to be great;
Scorn not thou my low estate:
Wait the time, and thou shalt see
Honour crown humility,
Beauty set her seal on me.

In Flower.

Blue thou art, intensely blue!
Flower, whence came thy dazzling hue?
—When I open'd first mine eye,
Upward glancing to the sky,

Straightway from the firmament
Was the sapphire brilliance sent:
Brighter glory wouldst *thou* share?
Look to heaven, and seek it there
In the act of faith and prayer!

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

SUPPOSED TO BE SUGGESTED TO A REPENTANT PRODIGAL BY THE FRONTISPIECE TO THE "FORGET ME NOT" FOR 1827.

BY W. H. HARRISON, ESQ.

"But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation!"
SKETCH BOOK.

My mother's grave! my mother's grave! what bitter thought it brings!
And yet unto that bitter thought how fond affection clings!
Though since I saw thy resting-place long years have pass'd away,
It seemeth to my aching heart a scene of yesterday.

I stood beside the hillock green—the sun was sinking fast,
And from the rudely sculptured stone a lengthen'd shade was cast,
And, oh! to my prophetic eye that shadow seem'd to spread
Along the rugged path in life my feet were doom'd to tread.

Oh, I have wept for follies done, and deeds of darker
dye,
To be committed o'er again ere yet those tears were
dry:
I've wept o'er many a hope deferr'd; and then, the boon
obtain'd,
Have mourn'd more bitterly the cost at which the prize
was gain'd.

I've mourn'd the faithless and the frail, who smiled
but to betray,
But more the blind fatuity that made my heart their
prey:
Yet ne'er for aught I've lost or done, though sad the
thought may be,
My spirit weeps so bitterly as when I think of thee.

And well itself to deepest grief my spirit may resign,
And sorrow for my destiny, but surely not for thine;
It were a happier fate for thee that death thine eyes
should close,
Than thou hadst lived to look upon my folly and my
woes.

Thou knewst me but in childhood's day, when, if too
wild and free,
Thy voice could check my wayward steps, and charm
me back to thee:

Thy heart had broken with that charm, for, oh! what
earthly power
Could stay my mad and headlong course in manhood's
fiercer hour!

I have been Passion's passive tool—a sear'd leaf on her
tide,
And borne upon its rapid course, from peace and virtue
wide:—
Now whirling on some eddy's verge, now toss'd upon
the wave,
An idle, varying, restless thing, of every gust the slave.

I would not thou hadst lived to see my madness and
my shame,
To sorrow o'er my ruin'd hopes and early blighted
fame;
To see thy first-born thus resign'd to guilt's remorseful
stings,
Of whom thy pure and trusting heart had augur'd
holier things.

Oh, hear me! Thou, whose words of might the raging
waves controul,
And save me from that vortex dread, the Maelstrom of
the soul!
A fearful doom! yet such, alas! each child of Passion
finds,
Who, launching on life's ocean, spreads his feelings to
the winds.

THE WATERS OF OBLIVION.

BY JOHN MALCOLM, ESQ.

THE waters of oblivion's stream
  Effacing of this mortal day
The scenes that lived in memory's dream,
  From spirits pass'd away;
How blest, methinks, their healing balm
That dew'd the soul in endless calm!

For not alone did they efface
  The records memory loves to view,
But blotted sorrow's graven trace
  From her pale tablets too;
Wash'd out the woes of parted years,
That made the eye a fount of tears;

Erased the heartstains of the past—
  Regrets that haunt the brightest bowers,
Like oft-returning clouds, and cast
  A shade on summer hours;
Remorse that comes our sleep to blight,
Begirt with gloom and ghostly night.

But oh! that Lethe's blessed wave
  Ne'er but in Fancy's realm abode;
In the far world beyond the grave
  Its waters never flow'd,
To banish from that future sphere
One little record written here.

Retzsch, pinx.t *A.W. Warren sculp.t*

UNDINE.

UNDINE.

VERSIFICATION OF PART OF DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ'S ROMANCE, IN ILLUSTRATION OF A PAINTING BY M. RETZSCH, IN THE COLLECTION OF HIS SERENE HIGHNESS PRINCE ESTERHAZY.

BY MRS. BALMANNO.

In the bright dawning of a summer morn,
Ere yet the lark had left its dewy nest,
A noble knight, on milk-white courser borne,
To an enchanted wood his course addrest:
Bright was his eye, and his whole mien exprest
Acquaintance with the lance, the helm, and sword;
A soldier from the stirrup to the crest,
Yet fitted well for hall or festal board:
Sir Huldbrand was he styl'd—Ringstetten's youthful lord.

Amidst the leaves from morn till noon he rode,
When sounds unearthly murmur'd on his ear,
And phantom shapes, of wild and evil bode,
Amongst the haunted boughs began to peer;
Whereat the steed, oppress'd with sudden fear,
Across the forest with his rider flew;
And soon had made a deep abyss his bier,
But that a hermit old, all white of hue,
His palely-mantled form athwart the pathway threw.

Check'd in the moment of his fellest ire,
  The steed, as touch'd by an enchanter's wand,
  Grew still as stone, with eyes of living fire,
  And breath that roll'd like smoke along the land,
  Whilst his proud neck, like bow in archer's hand,
  Was by his tow'ring rider strongly bent,
  Who in his heart could scarce a fear withstand,
  When the old hermit's form seem'd strangely blent
With a wild mountain-stream that thro' the forest went.

Yet, ne'er the less the adventurous knight spurr'd on,
  Albeit the angry waves, with deafening roar,
  Would rise in nodding piles, and then anon
  Assail him with their foam for evermore;
  Till, at the last, of reason nigh forlore
  And wildly flying over bosk and brake,
  He reach'd, at close of day, a cottage door,
  O'erhung with many a rich and fragrant flake
Of hawthorn boughs that dipp'd into a silv'ry lake;

Where in a nook of blossoms he espied
  An aged sire, low seated on the ground,
  Mending his nets in the cool eventide,
  With whom he rest and shelter gladly found:
  But soon new wonders rose; for whilst the sound
  Of water dash'd against the ivied pane,
  There came a blue-eyed nymph, with hair unbound,
  And song as sweet as linnet's after rain,
Who playfully approach'd, and knelt before the twain.

Meanwhile, with courteous words, in accents mild,
The aged sire besought his noble guest
To pardon this his wilful foster-child,
Whom, whilst reproachfully he then addrest,
The' untutor'd girl, like dove that seeks its nest,
Close to the wond'ring stranger trembling clung;
And, while her golden locks droop'd o'er his breast,
With looks of innocence, and artless tongue,
Inquired if from the wood, or whence, the traveller sprung?

But ere her question gain'd the knight's reply,
Her sire with angry chidings interposed,
And, as a vision from the awakening eye,
So fled the maid who at his knee reposed;
Fast they pursued, but darkness round them closed,
And nought gave answer to their eager cries,
Save the loud winds, and waters that uproused
Their foamy crests against the ebon skies,
Beneath whose sable pall the enchanted wood did rise.

Amidst the crashing boughs the well-known stream
Roll'd like a mighty river, in whose wave
The knight, when plunged, beheld, as in a dream,
Upon an isle the form he sought to save,
And heard that voice of music softly crave,
That of the hermit old he would beware;
Whereat, with heart a thousand times more brave,
He stemm'd the flood, and, with a lover's care,
In safety o'er its tide the youthful maiden bare.

Weeping with joy, the aged father threw
His arms across the brook to clasp his child,
With whom as to the shore Sir Huldbrand drew,
At every step the waves appear'd less wild,
And through the boughs the hermit grimly smiled,
As in approval of the passing scene:
Whilst now, of every care and fear beguiled,
And joyful as if sorrow ne'er had been,
The knight to her old sire restored the young Undine.

THE ENVIOUS ROSES.

[The following lines were written on observing the *Forget-me-not* growing near a rose-tree in full bloom, of the kind called the Pronville Rose, the leaves of which are tinged with *blue*, and which may be seen in the highest perfection during the month of June, at Lee's nursery, Hammersmith, where there are above twelve hundred varieties of that delicate flower.]

A PRETTY blue-eyed laughing flower
Grew wildly near a myrtle bower,
Where many roses graced the spot,
Who envied the—Forget-me-not.

"Ah, simple flower!" the roses cried,
"You boast a power to us denied;
You speak the language of the heart,
Whilst fragrance only we impart."

At length the roses jealous grew,
And stole the wild flow'r's tinge of blue,
Exclaiming, "Ah, how blest our lot!
We're now like you—Forget-me-not."

KEMP, THE BANDIT.

A LEGEND OF CASTLE CAMPBELL.

BY DELTA.

Sir John de Campbell, a young and gallant knight of Argyleshire, had long sued for the hand of the fair Lady Madeline, daughter of the Duke of Rothsay, at that time resident at the Scottish court, at Dunfermline; but, owing to family differences, his suit had been unavailing, although the affections of the gentle lady were well known to be his. The power and influence of the Rothsay family, together with their alliance to royalty, rendered a daughter of that line an object of politic ambition among the young nobles; and, if the fair young creature remained single until twenty summers had shone in her blue eyes, it may be veritably set down to a determinate resolution of her own, and not to lack of suitors. In connexion with our little narrative, however, it need only be remarked, that among the rivals was Lord Duffus, a gallant of handsome person, but of loose manners and dissolute conduct. He was soon destined to find himself in the bad graces both of sire and child; his suit, amounting to importunity, received a flat negative; and the discarded wooer gave way to feelings of revenge and affronted pride.

At this remote and unsettled era of Scottish legislation, a freebooter, named Jasper Kemp, whose daring deeds and personal prowess rendered him the

terror of all the surrounding districts, occupied the Castle of Gloom, a magnificent fortalice, situated in a gorge at the foot of the Ochills, in the parish of Dollar, Clackmannanshire. Although in the immediate precincts of the royal court, many attempts for ejecting him had failed; the natural and artificial strength of his situation rendered his castle almost impregnable, especially when defended by spirits so bold and daring; while success, hardihood, and immunity from punishment, had combined to render the outlaw so fearlessly resolute, that he is said once, for a wager, to have burst with his band, in open daylight, into the palace of Dunfermline itself, and succeeded in carrying off the dinner from the king's table.

This person had collected about him men of determined courage and desperate fortunes—ruffians who set death at defiance, and who were ready for hire to put all to the last stake; indeed, so extensive were their rapines and so unfeeling the cruelties they exercised, that they were never known to be abroad without the neighbouring country quaking in terror and alarm. Strong, as we have said, in its natural site—the Castle of Gloom being surrounded, except at one approachable point, by picturesque mountains, towering to the clouds, —Kemp felt, after the royal troops had ineffectually invested it twice or thrice, that his principal risk of being at any time obliged to capitulate must arise from being cut off from his supply of water; but the energetic mind of the outlaw determined on overcoming even

this mighty deficiency; and he accomplished the gigantic task of cutting downwards through the solid rock to the bed of a rivulet, a descent of more than a hundred feet; the frightful chasm, almost closed with weeds and brambles, remaining to this day a monument of his enterprise and perseverance.

To this determined and resolute character Lord Duffus communicated his design of carrying away by force the fair Lady Madeline de Rothsay; and, by a large bribe, he succeeded in bringing him over to his designs. The plan was laid in secresy, and managed with Kemp's usual adroitness; for, soon afterwards, when the lady, escorted by two female attendants, was one summer evening riding in apparent security along the plain towards Inverkeithing, she was suddenly surrounded by an armed train, which burst from a neighbouring copse, bound her on her palfrey, separated her from her maidens, and hurried her furiously along the coast, in the direction first of Culross, then of Alloa. Kemp, immediately on getting her into safe possession, threw off his cloak of disguise, and rode by her side in splendid armour, mounted on a war-horse proportioned to his Herculean bulk; and, notwithstanding the ferocity of his exterior, he behaved towards his fair and fainting prisoner with a courtesy unwonted to his nature. On nearing the hamlet of Dollar, the party wound along a wooded path, picturesquely overhung with rocks, where, in an opening between the Ochills, the magnificent Castle of Gloom frowned before them

in the fairy dusk of twilight. At the accustomed signal the gates were thrown open; the train entered; the heavy portcullis fell behind them; and the heart of Madeline died within her, when she found that the Castle of Gloom was to be her prison, and that her captor was none other than Kemp, the dreaded freebooter.

The better to cloak his designs, and to obviate all suspicion of his partnership in this nefarious transaction, Lord Duffus remained at court—the boon companion of the dissolute and extravagant; while he appeared to enter with more than common feeling into the general sorrow that overhung it, on the news of Lady Madeline's forcible abstraction; and, such an adept was he in the arts of hypocrisy and cunning, and he played his part so well, by making protestations of service to the duke, that even the idea of his being the main spring of the enterprise seems not for a moment to have been entertained by his most vigilant enemies. So, when week after week of fruitless search had elapsed, when liberal rewards had been offered, and offered in vain, and, when the buzz of alarm began to subside, even hope itself becoming extinct, Lord Duffus found, or fancied, that he might now venture to act with greater boldness, and risk his projected visit to the Castle of Gloom itself.

It were vain to attempt a description of what must have been the feelings of Lady Madeline in her awful and forlorn situation: but a few weeks ago the pride

of her father's eye, the ornament of a royal court, "the observed of all observers;" and now, separated from her friends, shut up in a secluded castle, and the prisoner of a lawless ruffian, of whose ultimate designs against her nothing good could possibly be surmised, however present circumstances might concur to keep them concealed. She had no doubt of Kemp being her captor, and what was she to expect from such a man? Meanwhile, though he paid her only a short and respectful visit every day, inquiring into her comforts, and offering the fulfilment of every wish she might breathe consistent with her situation as a prisoner, her heart died within her when she thought of her forlorn and awful situation, and that the present calm could only be a prelude to the bursting of the terrible tempest-cloud. A dismal mystery overhung her, which was soon to be dispelled. Duffus she never suspected, and De Campbell how could she suspect?—"Ah!" thought she, "if De Campbell knew my situation, neither gates of brass, nor bolts of steel, would deter him from accomplishing, or at least attempting my rescue. But that is never to be, and I am destined to —no, I will not be dishonoured—to perish here!"

Stoicism is an article beyond the creed of human nature; the coldest bosom has embers which may be fortuitously kindled up, and there is no calculating on the power of female beauty over the heart of man. Kemp himself, the daring and desperate outlaw, whose cruelties and atrocities were proverbial, was touched

with the divine loveliness of his victim, whose tears and whose tenderness began at length to melt his rugged spirit. But with passion ambitious designs also entered his bosom; and these were fostered by the impression, that either Duffus was too much suspected at court to be able to visit his unfortunate prisoner; or that he had that nobleman sufficiently in his power to compel him to hush up the matter, whatever might be the result. Kemp therefore determined to play a bold game; and, screwing up his resolution to the point, he at once made an offer of his services to Lady Madeline, on particular conditions. It is almost unnecessary to add, that these conditions were instantly and indignantly refused; and, finding that he had committed himself, by proceeding too precipitately and too far, he had some difficulty in managing with Lord Duffus, who arrived at the Castle of Gloom that very evening, with the intention of visiting his victim, and communicating to her his plan of carrying her beyond seas—a vessel, hired for the express purpose, being at the time riding off the coast. The bandit was taken unawares, but, under some shrewd pretence or other, he prevailed upon him to defer his visit until the succeeding day, when, as he said, Lady Madeline had agreed voluntarily to afford him an opportunity of explanation.

Kemp now found that his fortune with regard to his beautiful captive must at once be put to the die. Through a sleepless night he revolved his dark schemes

in his mind, until he had fixed on one that seemed most likely to help him to their bloody issue.

A great quantity of game abounding at that time in the neighbourhood of the Castle of Gloom—there being much wood and thicket, as well as shelter and inequality of ground—Kemp summoned his guest, at daybreak, to the chase, and a gallant hunting train, with hound, and hawk, and bugle, issued from the gates into the morning sunlight. Kemp led the way up the defile, and they winded along the pathways from grove to glen, until a buck was started. The animating notes of pursuit were sounded; and, after a short but rapid run, the animal was taking to his accustomed ford, with the dogs close upon him, when Kemp, who was immediately behind Duffus, spurred furiously upon him, and, without uttering a syllable, put forth his whole gigantic force in the thrust of his spear. He transfixed him, and bore him from his saddle to the ground. It was but one shriek of agony, and then the coldness, the stiffness, the repose, of death.

'Twas now the month of September; the foliage withering on the forest-trees was silently preaching to man of the vicissitudes of time, and, by a premature decline of the season, the evening rains had already degenerated into snow-showers, when two or three of Kemp's trustiest followers, coming to the place where the body of the unfortunate wretch had been hid at morning in the thicket, spread out a mantle on the ground, in which they enveloped the corpse, and bore

it away on their shoulders, through the dusk of twilight, to the adjoining sequestered burial-ground. The sun had sunk behind the far western Grampians;—the night-hawk gave his faint aërial scream as he flitted over the forbidding orgies;—the evening became clear and starry;—and a north wind sweeping over the layer of snow hardened its surface into a polished iciness. They reached the lonely burial-ground, which they entered in silence. The grave had been already dug—the body was tumbled into it—the earth shovelled over;—and a quantity of leaves, collected for the purpose, were scattered around, to prevent any traces of recent digging being observable.

The ruffian Kemp, seemingly untouched by a feeling of remorse, had in person beheld this last consummation of his atrocious deed; and now, exulting in the security of success, he returned through the copse by a direct path to the postern door of the Castle, which he entered, followed by his bravoes, who sate down to their prepared and promised carousal.

The fears of Lady Madeline were, in the mean time, deepening into despair—the hopes that sustained her were gradually waning away, like the traces of sunset from the west—and, after brooding over the misery of the preceding evening, her heart sank within her, and she began to give up every thing for lost. Worn out by hope deferred, and by tears, and terror, and agitation of mind, she felt driven to utter desperation; and, rising from her knees, after imploring the pardon of

Heaven, she gazed forth on the stars, twinkling in the serenity of the blue sky, as it were for the last time, and hid in her bosom the dagger with which, should necessity urge, she had come to the terrible determination of putting a period to her sufferings.

The night was now far advanced—the wine-cup had circled freely—the sounds of wassail cheer waxed louder in the hall, while song and jest went round till the roofs rang, when a loud and hasty summons shook the gate, and a herald, with an armed band, demanded, in the king's name, the surrender of the person of Lord Duffus. Heated with wine, and exasperated with rage, Kemp appeared on the battlements, and told them that they had been sent on a false errand—that Lord Duffus was not in his keeping—and that if they would find him, they must seek him elsewhere. He then made some scoffing remarks on their embassy, wished them a pleasant ride back, and returned to his companions.

Some clue to the sudden disappearance of Lady Madeline de Rothsay having been given by one of the attendants of Lord Duffus, who had been privy to his secret meetings with the notorious Kemp, and had afterwards been dismissed from his service in a drunken frolic, the suspicions of her friends had been suddenly awakened; while the king, who had long in private favoured the suit of De Campbell, contrived to have that young knight sent on this mission to recover the lost fair one.

De Campbell having traced the journey of Lord Duffus to the neighbourhood of Castle Gloom, his suspicions were more forcibly awakened. Aware, however, of the daring and desperate character of the freebooter, and knowing that the tocsin of alarm had been now sounded in his ears, to put him upon his guard, he judged it best, the night having become dark and gloomy, to leave the rugged and dangerous by-paths, and proceed without delay in the direction of Clackmannan Tower, where he was assured of hospitable accommodation for the night. Here too, if requisite, he could readily augment his force, so that he might invest the place in the morning with better chance of success.

The party had not proceeded far over the rugged hill-paths among the trees, when, by the light of the torches, by which they were necessarily preceded, the track of recent footsteps in the snow attracted their attention, and a sudden thought struck De Campbell, that, by following the foot-prints, they might discover something of Duffus, who, he strongly suspected, must be lurking somewhere in the neighbourhood. They pursued the traces on and on, until they led first round the edge of an ancient quarry, then off by the skirts of a copse-wood, and then, leaving the common track, away to the left, down a dell, to the sequestered burial-ground. There, tying their horses to the yew-trees, they groped about with their lights, until, at the north-east corner, they came to the scattered leaves, and re-

marked the traces of recent digging. Suspicion, strong before, now became still stronger. Can it be, thought De Campbell, that the monsters have murdered the beautiful Madeline de Rothsay, and buried her fair body here in this lone and dreary spot? A cold sweat burst over his limbs, his helmet pressed with a heavier weight on his forehead, and his heart shrunk within his breast. Words may not describe his emotions, as the grave was re-opened, and the body discovered and disinhumed. The torchlight, playing on the cheek of De Campbell, showed it to be pale as the snow at his feet; for, as they were unwrapping the war-cloak, he every moment dreaded to see, from the attire, some dreadful token that the lady of his love slept within it. His terrors however were removed, but his amazement certainly increased, when he recognised on the instant the blood-bedabbled features of Duffus; and, in the bosoms of all, commiseration for his untimely and wretched fate almost stifled the memory of his failings and his crimes.

Having so far unriddled a most mysterious business, the next step was to track the foot-marks round the enclosures. These, after some little tediousness of search, were found to lead to an opening in the hedge of evergreens, evidently but very recently made, as was observable from some detached branches and berries, which lay on the ground unbesprinkled with the snow, and which must have been torn off subsequently to the shower. Through the thicket behind, the traces were

found to lead onwards to the postern gate of the castle, beside which De Campbell, having collected his men, held them in readiness for effecting a forcible entry.

With the greatest secrecy and silence, the party reached the postern gate of Castle Gloom, which, to their surprise, was unlocked and unguarded; either so careless of consequences were Kemp and his associates in the midst of their villany, or so secure did they feel as to deem themselves beyond the reach of surprise. Accompanied by only one trusty yeoman, De Campbell explored his way in darkness, sword in hand, along the winding passages, while his band kept possession of the postern, in order to assure his retreat, if necessary. For some time he wandered aimlessly in shade and bewilderment, until struck by the sounds of revelry and riot beneath him in the hall. These he neared, and at length was attracted towards the eastern angle of the building, in one of the lattices of which he had, from without, discerned a light. While standing to listen, the tones of a human voice were indistinctly heard, sometimes elevated, as in loud altercation, and at others, as if melting into the tender pathos of persuasion. He trode along as on swan's down, and reached the doorway unmolested.

"Yield to thy fate!" said some one, in whose address assumed mildness could not entirely conquer native ferocity—"yield with a good grace, fair maiden; and it will be well for thee. Thou shalt be mistress of all around thee. As for rescue, foster not a hope of that.

It is needless to indulge in vain imaginations. Make the best of thy present situation, and know thyself inevitably in my power. Nay, weep not; thou must be aware, that what thou refusest I can take; that thou art my prisoner, the bondswoman of Jasper Kemp; that thy fate must ever remain a mystery; that Lord Duffus is dead; and that of this castle and these demesnes I am sole master. Think not that the force of man, or the fear of man, can ever compel me to deliver up them or thee; for against the king and the might of his kingdom I could hold them with bloodshed and battle to my opponents for a year and a day.—Consider then well, fair lady. Yet would I compel thee not: give me a ray of hope—say that thou wilt be mine, be it to-morrow, or next day, or the day after that; and all I ask of thee now is, the delight of pressing that fair soft hand to my rude lips."

A faint female shriek ascended as the ruffian approached. "Advance not another step! or, behold, I plunge this dagger into my bosom!" cried a female voice, suffocating in the agony of indignation and terror. "Know that I am prepared for the worst; and if you do not desist from your purpose, and on the instant leave this chamber, into which you have brutally intruded on a defenceless woman, I hold unsheathed in my hand the instrument, which shall dye the rushes of its floor with my heart's blood!"

"He! he! Lady Madeline," sneered the bandit, "I

know thy pretty secret. Shall I send for De Campbell to comfort thee?"

The listener could no more: the door was impetuously burst open, and, armed cap-à-pie, De Campbell stood, spectre-like, before his panic-struck adversary. "Wretch!" he cried, "I needed not to be sent for; lo, Heaven hath wafted me hither to defend innocence and to punish guilt! Take, then, the reward due to your atrocities!"

Kemp quivered through all the fibres of his gigantic frame, and gnashed his teeth in rage, as, grasping round for his weapon, he felt himself unarmed; but, with the presence of mind for which he was ever remarkable, he touched a spring in the paneling, and instantly disappeared, the blow of De Campbell falling on the half-closed door, through which the freebooter had eluded him.

All was at once uproar and alarm. Bells rang, voices shouted, and the jangle of armour resounded above and below, while the party of De Campbell rushed pell-mell into the castle, and, barricading the entrances to the hall, effectually prevented the revellers from assisting their master in the defence of the place. Confused and terror-struck, Kemp soon found that matters had come to a desperate pass; and, ignorant of the extent of force brought against him, he judged it best to attempt escape with a few collected followers: a plan which he could not have effected, but from his intimate

knowledge of localities. De Campbell, on the other hand, equally ignorant as to the real state of matters, and well aware of the intrepidity of the opponent whom he had so fortuitously and unexpectedly surprised, judged it best, for the safety of his lovely and beloved charge, to make every preparation for departure by the earliest light of morning.

The surprise, the joy, the rapture, of the Lady Madeline, on being so providentially rescued from the jaws of destruction, at such a critical juncture, and by him in whom her whole happiness on earth was centred, cannot be expressed. Her blood-forsaken cheek now glowed with a crimson beyond the most delicate tints of the carnation, and her faded eye kindled with an eloquent lustre, whose silence spoke the depth of her gratitude and affection. She would have thrown herself at his feet—but at her feet he knelt, and raising her hand to his lips, he declared that even his life-blood had been cheerfully poured in attempting her deliverance; and that, while his cuirass wore her badge, his arm should ever be ready to wield a sword in her service.

The revelling and riotous banditti having been secured, and the castle left in the keeping of Ramage, De Campbell's lieutenant; scarcely had the sun, rising from the great German Ocean, purpled the eastern heavens above the Bass and May islands, when the horses, saddled and caparisoned, were led out before the gate leading into the court, and Lady Madeline de

Rothsay, escorted by her deliverer and his gallant train, set out towards Dunfermline. All were armed and on the look-out; for, until gaining the champaign, they were not without suspicion of an attack by Kemp and his infuriated gang. Well it was for them that they kept as much aloof as the paths admitted from the wooded overhanging rocks, and from the narrow defiles, where they were most liable to be stopped or overwhelmed: for, with a falcon eye, the bandit had tracked their route; and, on approaching the ford of the Devon, his well-known and far-feared trumpet-call was heard. It sounded before, and was answered from behind; and, as the troop of De Campbell paused to listen, the trampling of approaching horses was heard amid the adjoining copse woods.

The time called for instant decision. "On!—on!—let us onwards!" cried the young knight, spurring his charger to the gallop, and seizing the rein of Lady Madeline's palfrey. "Our only safety is in pushing onwards to Dunfermline, through the opposers in front. To halt is to be surrounded—delay is destruction; then onwards, onwards, my merry men! Balfour," said he, turning round to one of his trustiest followers, while bidding his fair ward be of good cheer, he handed to him the rein of Lady Madeline's palfrey—"Balfour, to thee I commend the safeguard of this lady; and see that thou act as becomes a Scottish soldier, to whom a precious charge is committed." Then, addressing his train, he added—"Let us keep around

her, my gallants, till we have wedged our way through yonder caitiffs; and while we face round and hold them at bay, do thou, Balfour, with an escort, hurry on thy journey, and Heaven grant that thou deliver up thy charge in safety!"

Just as he had finished these words, and the horses were put to a hand gallop, an armed troop appeared guarding the ford on the hither side of the Devon; and in the centre rode the redoubted Kemp himself, conspicuous by his gigantic size and the lofty plume of his helmet. Every thing was now at stake, and De Campbell shrank not from the encounter, as, putting his spear in rest, he bore full on in the teeth of his formidable antagonist. In the twinkling of an eyelash both parties had closed in deadly combat, men and horses were overthrown, blows rang on cuirass and casque, and the life-blood flowed from many a gallant heart. Balfour, with Lady Madeline, was at first necessitated to fall back into the rear, from the imminent danger of forcing a passage through a strait so completely blockaded; but, alive to the importance and honour of his trust, he watched his opportunity when the contest was hottest, and, seizing the reins of the alarmed palfrey, clove down the only bandit who endeavoured to bar his path, plunged into the water, and gained the opposite bank. He then threw aside his heavy armour, put spurs to his horse, and carried his fair and fainting charge triumphantly beyond the din of conflict and the reach of her pursuers.

Having calculated on a deep and easy revenge, Kemp became completely infuriated at the resistance he had so unexpectedly encountered; but when he perceived the escape of his beautiful captive—the tender being towards whom his own rude feelings seemed to have been so unaccountably attracted—his self-possession entirely forsook him, and he rushed headlong on De Campbell, to sacrifice him to his frenzy. As is customary in cases of over-excitement, he overshot the mark; and De Campbell, though much his inferior in mere brute strength, had by far the vantage-ground of him in science and coolness. For a while he contented himself in parrying the savage thrusts of his assailant, and, when the exhausting vigour of the monster gave him some chance of success, he rushed at him full tilt, and with a tremendous blow of his battle-axe smote him from his horse into the river. With a gurgling groan the ponderous corse sank in the still deep waters under the projecting hazel-bank, and the spot of the Devon, which was the scene of this sanguinary achievement, is called "Kemp's Pool" to this day.

It is almost unnecessary to add that, immediately on the death of their commander, the followers of the bandit were discomfited, and made but a feeble resistance. A considerable number were already wounded or slain, and the remainder, finding opposition unavailing and success without an aim, threw down their arms and betook themselves to flight. Meanwhile, faithful to his trust, Balfour had carried his lovely

charge in safety to Dunfermline, where she was received with ecstasy by her despairing friends; and when De Campbell arrived—oh may true love be ever so rewarded!—he was waited upon by the Duke of Rothsay, who, grateful beyond the reach of unmeaning family pride, or the power of words, for the recovery of his lovely and beloved child, quenched the remembrance of former differences, and generously gave his sanction to her union with her deliverer.

The king was himself present at the ceremony, which in a brief space followed at the Chapel Royal; and, on giving away Lady Madeline de Rothsay, he said to the bridegroom—"The life of this fair lady you have gallantly preserved; and my friend the duke has acted but with justice, in bidding you be blessed together. As her dowry, accept from me the Castle of Gloom and its domains, the usurped property of the sanguinary monster from whom you have freed my kingdom. Lady, that castle was the scene of your miseries. Sir knight, that castle was the scene of your gallantry. To both, be it the scene of the felicities, which, I pray Heaven to shower down bounteously on your heads! Let guilt and gloom abide in its halls no more; but, in remembrance of the beauty that adorns and the valour that won it, be it henceforth and for ever known by the appellation of Castle Campbell."

A LAMENT.

BY THE EDITOR.

I HAD a flower, a simple flower,
  In which my eye and heart delighted;
I took it from its woodland bower,
  Lest by rude blasts it should be blighted.

I nursed my flower, my favourite flower,
  With all a parent's warm affection;
I shelter'd it from storm and shower;
  It paid me for my fond protection.

My charming flower, my beauteous flower!
  Its face with heaven's own tints was beaming;
Round it a flood of fragrant power,
  Like balm of Araby, was streaming.

I left my flower, my dear-prized flower,
  To one who knew the love I bore it,
With charge to screen, if harm should lower—
  Blind trust! what can I but deplore it!

Alas, my flower!—my rifled flower!
  The treacherous spoiler cropt its blossom,
To wear it just for one short hour
  In triumph at his heartless bosom.

NIGHT.

BY H. C. DEAKIN, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "PORTRAITS OF THE DEAD."

Oh! beauteous is the golden light
  Of Morn, when first she springs
Over the mountain's rosy height
  On gay and gladsome wings.
Beautiful are the clouds that break
  Before her beamy tress;
Rippling like smiles, that all but speak
  Their inward happiness.

But lovelier far to me is Night,
  With all her solemn shades;
For then the stars are shining bright
  O'er bowers and dreamy glades.
Then nought is heard but running streams,
  Or brooks that murmur by,
Or leaves that look like fairy beams
  Stirr'd by some spirit's sigh.

Oh! then the bashful Moon gives forth
  Her pale and playful smiles,
Till, like a silver sea, the earth
  Seems resting from its toils.
O how the clouds their bosoms turn
  To that fair Queen of Night,

Who pours from her unsullied urn
  One mass of golden light!

They turn to her—they turn to her—
  Soothed into beauty, then
Each one a rival worshipper
  In her triumphant train.
Her diadem is gemm'd with stars,
  Her sceptre jewell'd too;
The crystal air its light unbars,
  And glory greets her view.

And look how courteously the sky
  Salutes her loveliness;
Unnumber'd planets burn on high,
  To lure her coy caress.
The winds harmoniously attune
  Their golden harps above:
Up! holy, bashful, gentle moon,
  With thy bright looks of love.

How modestly have closed the flowers,
  Their vases fill'd with dew!
And how the night-bird charms the hours,
  Charm'd by their beauty too!
And how the river's diamond plain
  Reflects the isles of bliss:
O well may earthly man be vain
  Of such a heaven as his!

And now doth Solitude unveil
  Her shadowy, solemn brow;
And Silence, with her lip so pale,
  Tell to the heart her vow:
And now doth Modesty unfold
  Her bosom to the breeze;
And Bashfulness herself grows bold,
  For nought her beauty sees;

Nought but the stars in heavenly camp,
  Whose lustre is most holy;
Nought but the glow-worm's tiny lamp,
  Or bird of melancholy.
Oh! all is chaste at midnight hour,
  Wooing the raptured vision;
Heaven sparkles like a magic bower—
  A beautiful Elysian.

Then give me Night with her white beams,
  Her lustre so etherial,
Her dreamy woods and murmuring streams,
  Her music so aërial;
For, oh! the heart will ever then
  Its deep thoughts be revealing,
And answer to the solemn strain,
  With every pulse of feeling.

THE YOUNG BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

BY THE REV. T. DALE.

FORGET me not—forget me not—
  When, dearest! thou art far away;
When happier fortunes gild thy lot,
  And heaven bestows a brighter day.
Thou wilt not, then, thy faith betray;
  Thou wilt not from remembrance blot
The parting vows we pledge to-day—
  Forget me not—forget me not!

Think who, in hours of grief and gloom,
  When friends and kindred false had proved,
Unchanging shared thy darker doom,
  And link'd her fate to thine unmoved,
Reckless of all, save that she loved:—
  Nought heeded I, in that dear cot,
Who blamed, or pitied, or reproved:—
  Forget me not—forget me not!

Thou goest, to raise a fallen name,
  To win the wealth we long have spared:
Dearest, wilt thou return the same?
  Bring me the heart none else hath shared,
And thou shalt find me well prepared
  To live, to die in that lone spot
Where all was mine I asked or cared—
  Forget me not—forget me not!

If while with tears of love for thee
  Nightly my wakeful eyes are wet;
If while my cheek—where'er I be—
  Is pale with ceaseless fond regret,
Thou wilt not *all* our love forget—
  Then shall I never be forgot,
Nor needs my heart to whisper yet,
  Forget me not—forget me not!

SONG.

BY F. H. BURNEY, ESQ.

THE ship that proudly leaves the shore,
  And dances through the foam,
Alas! may never visit more
  Its harbour's peaceful home.
The hands that gaily furl the sails,
  The feet that tread the deck,
All—with the gallant bark herself,
  May soon become a wreck.

And so too oft in life we start,
  Where every scene looks fair;
The future seems both gay and bright,
  Nor clouded o'er with care.
But from the dream of bliss we wake,
  To find how sad our doom;
That all our fairest hopes must fade
  In sorrow and in gloom.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM*.

BY DAVID LESTER RICHARDSON, ESQ.

THE victory was decisive, and the whole force had returned to Gwalioh, a distance of several miles from the scene of action. The night was cold and gloomy; but, being too feeble to move, and suffering intensely in mind and body, I remained upon the field, surrounded by the dead. My wounds were galled by the sharp midnight air, and I groaned aloud. I soon, however, felt ashamed of my idle lamentations, and, by smothering the voice of pain, I endeavoured to fortify myself against its power. During this silent struggle with my fate, I was startled by the sound of a footstep, and, gazing stedfastly towards the spot whence it proceeded, I could just discover the dim shadow of a man. At this moment the red moon emerged from behind a cloud, and displayed the form of one whom I had hated from my earliest youth. He was a cold and heartless misanthrope. He seemed not to recognise my features, though I had fought and received my wounds by his side.

"Who art thou?" cried he.

"A soldier!"

"And doubtless, fellow," he continued, "the trade of blood is suited to thy spirit!" This said, he drew his cloak around him, and glided past me like a phantom.

* This was the ground-work of the blank verse poem with the same title which appears in Mr. Richardson's volume of "Sonnets, and other Poems."

The moon again disappeared; the winds became still more piercing; the heavy dew wetted me to the skin; and, notwithstanding the chilness of the atmosphere, I was almost overpowered with the effluvia of the dead, some of whom had been long exposed beneath a burning sun. At last, worn out with toil and suffering, after collecting a quantity of clothing from the bodies of my silent comrades, the touch of whose cold clay thrilled me with horror, I wrapped myself up as warmly as I could, and soon fell insensibly into a bewildered dream.

I thought I was wandering about upon the field of battle, and congratulating myself that the pain of my wounds had considerably abated, when, at the skirt of a gloomy forest, I was surprised and shocked by the appearance of a being whose aspect was inexpressibly hideous and appalling. I soon found that it was the SPIRIT OF DEATH! I paused awhile in speechless terror, and at length heard him exclaim, in a voice whose tones fell upon my ear like the echoes of a charnel vault, "Miserable mortal! thy career of murder is over—thou hast provided me with many a victim, but it is now thy turn to be sacrificed—follow me." After struggling long and painfully through the close and thorny forest, I sank down exhausted with fatigue and emotion. The spirit's eye then fixed fearfully upon me, and in a moment I was lost to every sensation. I know not how long I remained in this silent trance; but I was at last roused by the din of clashing swords,

shrieks, and horrid cries, that seemed to proceed from an immense inclosure, whose walls of adamant reached higher and farther than the eye could follow. Beneath the portal of a glorious temple, which rose opposite to these interminable walls, I beheld a form of surpassing beauty, but whose glance was searching and severe. I mingled in the crowd which stood before him, and discovered the faces of many of my fellow-soldiers. The angel, for such he appeared, at length addressed us. We listened with fear and trembling, for his words were spells upon our souls. After unveiling the secrets of our hearts with terrible precision, and scrutinizing our motives of action in the world we had left, he smiled with divine benignity upon a youth who had died defending his father from a party of the enemy that had surrounded him, and upon another, who had wielded his sword in the cause of freedom. "These two alone," said he, "out of this vast assemblage, have righteously shed human blood, and been uninfluenced by selfish principles. The rest have made kingdoms ring with the cries of widows and of orphans, for no other purposes than gain and glory. I leave them to their fate." He then turned towards an immense golden gate, which opened as he approached, and discovered a flight of steps, at the summit of which we could just discern the lower part of a throne, but it dazzled our eyes like the sun at mid-day. He was accompanied by the champion of freedom and the defender of his father, and the gate instantly closed behind them.

The air then grew darker, and a thick cloud rose from the ground, and, as it gradually expanded, disclosed a shape of indescribable deformity, that regarded us for some time with a look of demoniacal exultation. He then commanded us to follow him, and led us through a variety of gloomy passages into the interior of the inclosure, whence proceeded the sounds of agony and strife, that aroused me from the trance of death. We here beheld an innumerable throng in dreadful warfare, and felt a strange, but irresistible impulse to join the combatants. "On," cried the fiend who had brought us hither, "on to the *Hell of Battle!*" At these words we were inspired with relentless rage, and rushed to the scene of action. I suddenly recognised the being who had cast a shade across my path in life, and excited my deadly hatred. I now struck fiercely at his heart. My aim did not fail; but what was my surprise, disappointment, and dismay, when I found that death here relinquished his power; and that we were condemned to feel its pangs without a prospect of release! My antagonist now turned on me—defence was vain. He stabbed me in the most vital parts, and, in unutterable agony—I awoke.

It was morning, and the sun's pale and level rays just gleamed upon the ghastly faces of my dead companions. I threw off their infected garments, and as I felt my wounds less painful, I was glad to hasten from a scene which had inspired such a dream of horror.

THE CHAIN BROKEN.

I woo thee not—I dare not seek
  What once thou couldst deny;
Yea, though the beauty on thy cheek
  Claim homage from mine eye,
Still is my force of purpose weak—
  I worship—but I fly!
What though thine image court me still,
  I warn it to depart;
I chain my thoughts—I bind my will—
  I trample on my heart.

And thou hast taught me coldness—thou!—
  From whom my soul before
Took light, to sanctify and show
  The haunts on Passion's shore.
The breath of change past o'er thy brow,
  I saw it bright no more;
Then let me go—my startled pride
  Is risen from her rest;
She stands to watch—she waits to guide—
  Her mail is on my breast.

I loved thee!—I ascribed to thee,
  The angel of my sphere,
A soul of silent constancy;
  Love's sigh—perhaps his tear;
A heart, that ceasing to be free,
  Would call its bondage dear.

I loved thee!—for thy sweetness still
  Spoke to me as I past:
My spirit answer'd to the thrill,
  And gazed even to the last.

Thou knew'st of this.—Alas! the hour
  When Beauty in her scorn
Walks forth to triumph in her pow'r,
  And mock at hopes new born;
The freshest garland on her bow'r
  Has poison in its thorn!—
Around her fatal presence creeps
  Thoughts made of sighs destroy'd;
Their murmur is of scared sleep—
  Their empire is a void.

Thy apathy—thy frozen grace—
  I see—I feel them yet—
Their slightest shade—their feeblest trace—
  None—none do I forget:
Each stamps a torture on the place
  Where once in peace we met.
And even now—now—when again
  The lure is round me thrown,
The memory of that parted pain
  Still turns my heart to stone.

Too late—too late!—If I could deem . . .
  But no—this could but prove

That thou who jestedst at my dream,
  Hast learnt unwilling love:
I see thee blinded by the beam,
  And powerless to move;
A victim on the shrine where once
  The fire pour'd praise to thee:
I tremble—falter—yet renounce
  All wish to set thee free!

LEONTINE.

CHILDHOOD.

BY HENRY BRANDRETH, JUN. ESQ.

SPRING-TIDE of life and May-morn of the mind,
  Sweet season, when each tear-drop that we shed,
Is but as dew in some young rose enshrined,
  The soul's bright sun beams forth, and lo, 't is fled!
  No darkling tempest gathers o'er our head,
No wintry torrent at our feet we find,
But wreaths of Nature's gayest flowers entwined,
  And one clear summer sky around us spread.

Oh, beauteous season! beauteous as thou 'rt brief,
  Oh for one day of childhood's careless joys!
Then would I smile, e'en yet amidst my grief,
  Quit each dull toil that riper life employs,
Mid youth's delightful haunts go seek relief,
  And laugh at Fame with all her empty noise.

J. Walker sculpt.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

BY THE OLD SAILOR.

"What do you say to get some of the worthy old blues, my messmate," —(Dick is a pensioner)—" to spin out a yarn or two about the shattered old hulks in Greenwich moorings?"

"Say no more, say no more!" exclaimed I; "it shall be done directly."

"And get 'em printed in one of your periodicals?" continued Dick.

"The very thing!—the very thing!"

Greenwich Hospital; a Series of Naval Sketches.

Ay, there it is!—the grand depository of human fragments—the snug harbour for *docked* remnants—Greenwich Hospital! Who is there that has stood on that fine terrace, when the calm of evening has shed its influence on the spirit, and Nature's pencil, intermingling light and shade, has graced the landscape with its various tints, without feeling delighted at the spectacle? No sound is heard to break the stillness of the hour, save where the sea-boy trills his plaintive ditty, studious to grace the turnings of his song; for it was his mother taught it him, and her he strives to imitate. To him the tide rolls on unheeded; he sees not the tall mast, the drooping sail; ah, no! his heart is in the cottage where he knew his first affection, when, with a smile of infantile delight, he drew his nourishment from that fond bosom lately bedewed with tears at parting. Who is there that has not exulted in the scene, when the proud ship has spread her canvas to the breeze, to carry forth the produce of our country to distant lands; or, when returning to her own home-shores, laden with the luxuries of foreign climes, the gallant tars have "hailed each well-known object with

delight?" Ay, there they stand! the veterans of the ocean, bidding defiance to the frowns of fate, although they are moored in *tiers*. They are critics too—*deep* critics; but they cannot fancy the steam-vessel, with a chimney for a mast, and a long line of smoke for a pendant. These are the men that Smollett pictured—the Jack Rattlins and the Tom Pipes of former years. Ay, those were *rattling* days, and *piping* times! There is no place upon earth except Greenwich in which we can now meet with them, or find the weather-roll or the lee-lurch to perfection. They are all thorough-bred; and a thorough-bred seaman is one of the drollest compounds in existence: a mixture of all that is ludicrous and grave—of undaunted courage and silly fear. I do not mean the every-day sailor, but the bold, daring, intrepid man-of-war's man; him who in the time of action primed his wit and his gun together, without a fear of either missing fire. He has a language peculiarly his own, and his figures of rhetoric are perfect reef-knots to the understanding of a landsman. If he speaks of his ship, his eloquence surpasses the orations of a Demosthenes, and he revels in the luxuriance of metaphor. The same powers of elocution, with precisely the same terms, are applied to his wife, and it is a matter of doubt which engrosses the greatest portion of his affection: to him they are both *lady-ships*. Hear him expatiate on his *little barky*, as he calls his wooden island, though she may be able to carry a hundred and fifty guns, and a crew of a thou-

sand men. "Oh! she is the fleetest of the fleet—sits on the water like a duck—stands under her canvas as stiff as a crutch—and turns to windward like a witch!" Of his wife he observes, "What a clean run from stem to stern! She carries her t-gallants through every breeze, and in turning hank for hank never misses stays." He will point to the bows of his ship, and swear she is as sharp as a wedge, never stops at a sea, but goes smack through all. He looks at his wife, admires her head-gear and bow-lines, compares her eyes to dolphin-strikers, boasts of her fancy and fashion-pieces, and declares that she darts along with all the grace of a bonnetta. When he parts with his wife to go on a cruise, no tear moistens his cheek: there is the honest pressure of the hand, the fervent kiss, and then he claps on the topsail-halliards, or walks round at the capstan to the lively sounds of music. But when he quits his ship, the being he has rigged with his own fingers, that has stood under him in many a dark and trying hour, whilst the wild waves have dashed over them with relentless fury, then—then—the scuppers of his heart are unplugged, and overflow with the soft droppings of sensibility. How often has he stood upon that deck and eyed the swelling sails, lest the breezes of heaven should visit their "face too roughly!" How many hours has he stood at that helm, and watched her coming up and falling off! and when the roaring billows have threatened to ingulph her in the bubbling foam of the dark waters, he has eased her to the sea

with all the tender anxiety that a mother feels for her darling child. With what pride has he beheld her top the mountain wave, and climb the rolling swell, while every groan of labour that she gave carried a taught strain upon his own heart-strings!

Place confidence in what he says, and he will use no deception; doubt his word, and he will indulge you with some of the purest rhodomontade that ingenious fancy can invent. He will swear that he had a messmate who knew the man in the moon, and on one occasion went hand-over-hand up a rainbow to pay him a visit. He himself was once powder-monkey in the Volcano bomb, and will tell you a story of his falling asleep in the mortar at the bombardment of Toulon, and his body being discharged from its mouth instead of a *carcass*. With all the precision of an engineer, he will describe his evolutions in the air when they fired him off, and the manner in which he was saved from being dashed to pieces in his fall.

All this he repeats without a smile upon his countenance—and he expects you to believe it: but you may soon balance the account; for, tell him what absurdity you will, he receives it with the utmost credulity, and is convinced of its truth. His courage is undoubted, for he will stand on the deck undismayed, amidst the blood and slaughter of battle; yet on shore he is seized with indescribable apprehensions at the sight of a coffin. The wailings of distress find a ready passport to his heart; but, to disguise the real motives

which prompt immediate aid, he swears that the object of his charity does not deserve a copper, yet gives a pound, with only this provision, that the individual relieved does not bother him about gratitude. You may know him from a thousand; for though in his dress conspicuously neat, and his standing and running rigging in exact order, yet they are arranged with a certain careless ease, as if he had but just come down from reefing topsails. The truck at the mast-head does not sit better than his tarpawling hat, neither does the shoe upon the pea of the anchor fit tighter than his long-quartered pumps. Grog is his ambrosia, his *neck-tar*, and he takes it cold, without sugar, that he may have the full smack of the rum.

And these are the characters at Greenwich Hospital, who, after fighting the battles of their country, are honoured with a palace. Oh, it was a proud display of national gratitude to such brave defenders! England has been compared to a huge marine animal, a sort of lobster, whose ports were its mouths, and whose navy formed its claws. What, then, is Greenwich but a receptacle for superannuated claws? I dearly love to get amongst them—nearly two thousand shattered emblems of Britain's triumphs. Then, to see them strolling about the park, luxuriating on its green mossy banks, or holding strange converse with the deer, they always remind me, in their blue dresses, of bachelor's buttons springing from the sward.

"You were with Nelson then?" said I to a pen-

sioner with whom I had entered into conversation. He was a short, thickset man, apparently between sixty and seventy years of age; and, as he hobbled along on his wooden leg, he strongly reminded me of a heavy-laden Indiaman, with a *heel* to port, rolling down before the wind from the Cape of Good Hope to Saint Helena. His countenance was one of mild benevolence; and yet there was a daring in his look that told at once a tale of unsubdued and noble intrepidity; whilst the deep bronze upon his skin was finely contrasted with the silky white locks which hung straggling on his brow.

"You were with Nelson?" said I.

"I was, your honour," he replied; "and those were the proudest days of my life. I was with him when he bore up out of the line off Cape St. Vincent, and saved old Jarvis from disgrace. I was in his own ship too—the Victory—fighting on the same quarter-deck."

This was spoken with such an air of triumph that the old man's features were lighted up with animation; it called to his remembrance scenes in which he had shared the glory of the day and saved his country. His eye sparkled with delight, as if he again saw the British ensign floating in the breeze, as the proud signal for conquest, or was labouring at the oar, with his darling chief, like a tutelar deity of old, guiding the boat through the yielding element, and leading on to some daring and desperate enterprise. At this moment I felt somewhat of a mischievous inclination to try the

veteran's temper, and therefore remarked: "Nelson was a brave man, no doubt, but then he was tyrannical and cruel."

The hoary tar stopped, and looked me full in the face: a storm was gathering in his heart, or rather, like a vessel taken aback in a sudden squall, he stood perplexed which way to scud. But it was only for a moment; and, as his features relaxed their sternness, he replied: "No matter, your honour!—no matter! You have been kind to me and mine, and I'm no dog to bite the hand that helped me in adversity."

This seemed to be uttered with the mingling emotions of defiance and melancholy; and, to urge him further, I continued:—"But, my friend, what can you say of the treatment poor Caraccioli experienced? You remember that, I suppose?"

"I do, indeed!" he replied. "Poor old man! how earnestly he pleaded for the few short days which nature at the utmost could have allowed him! But, sir," added he, grasping my arm, "do you know what it is to have a fiend at the helm, who, when Humanity cries 'Port!' will clap it hard a-starboard in spite of you?—one who, in loveliness and fascination, is like an angel of light, but whose heart resembles an infernal machine, ready to explode whenever passion touches the secret spring of vengeance?"

I had merely put the question to him by way of joke, little expecting the result; but I had to listen to a tale of horror.

"You give a pretty picture, truly, old friend," said I. "And, pray, who may this fiend be?"

"A woman, your honour; one full of smiles and sweetness, but she could gaze with indifference on a deed of blood, and exult over the victim her perfidy betrayed. It is a long story, but I must tell it you, that you may not think Nelson was cruel or unjust. His generous heart was deceived, and brought a stain upon the British flag, which he afterwards washed out with his blood. Obedience is the test of a seaman's duty—to reverence his king, and to fight for his country. This I have done, and therefore speak without fear, though I know nothing of parliaments and politics. Well, your honour, it was at the time when there was a mutiny among the people at Naples, and prince Caraccioli joined one of the parties against the court; but afterwards a sort of amnesty, or *damnification* I think they call it, was passed, by way of pardon to the rebels, many of whom surrendered, but they were all made prisoners, and numbers of them were executed.

"Well, one day I was standing at the gangway, getting the barge's sails ready, when a shore-boat came alongside, full of people who were making a terrible noise. At last they brought a venerable old man up the side; he was dressed as a peasant, and his arms were pinioned so tight behind that he seemed to be suffering considerable pain. As soon as they had all reached the deck, the rabble gathered round him, some

cursing, others buffeting, and one wretch, unmindful of his gray hairs, spat upon him. This was too much to see and not to speak about; the man was their prisoner, and they had him secure—the very nature of his situation should have been sufficient protection; so I gave the unmannerly fellow a tap with this little fist"—holding up a hand like a sledge-hammer—" and sent him flying into the boat again without the aid of a rope. 'Well done, Jack!' exclaimed a young midshipman, who is now a post-captain; 'Well done, my boy! I owe you a glass of grog for that; it was the best summerset I ever saw in my life.'—'Thank you for your *glass* o' grog, sir,' said I; 'you see I've made a *tumbler* already.' And indeed, your honour, he spun head over heels, head over heels, astonishingly clever. I was brought up to the quarter-deck for it, to be sure, because they said I had used the *why-hit-armis;* but I soon convinced them I had only used my fist, and the young officer who saw the transaction stood my friend, and so I got off.

"Well, there stood the old man as firm as the rock of Giberaltar, not a single feature betraying the anguish he must have felt. His face was turned away from the quarter-deck, and his head was uncovered in the presence of his enemies. The Neapolitans still kept up an incessant din, which brought the first lieutenant to the gangway; he advanced behind the prisoner, and, pushing aside the abusive rabble, swore at them pretty fiercely for their inhumanity, although, at the same

time seizing the old man roughly, he brought him in his front. 'What traitor have we here?' exclaimed the lieutenant; but checking himself on viewing the mild countenance of the prisoner, he gazed more intently upon him. 'Eh, no—it surely cannot be—and yet it is'—his hat was instantly removed, with every token of respect, as he continued—'it is the prince!'

"The old man, with calm dignity, bowed his hoary head to the salute, and at this moment Nelson himself, who had been disturbed by the shouting of the captors, came from his cabin to the deck. He advanced quickly to the scene, and called out in his hasty way when vexed, 'Am I to be eternally annoyed by the confusion these fellows create! What is the matter here?' But when his eye had caught the time-and-toil-worn features of the prisoner, he sprang forward, and with his own hands commenced unbinding the cords. 'Monsters!' said he, 'is it thus that age should be treated?—Cowards! do you fear a weak and unarmed old man?—Honoured prince, I grieve to see you degraded and injured by such baseness, and now,' he added, as the last turn released his arms, 'dear Caraccioli, you are free!' I thought a tear rolled down Nelson's cheek as he cast loose the lashing, which having finished, he took the prince's hand, and they both walked aft together.

"They say the devil knows precisely the *nick* of time when the most mischief is to be done, and so it

happened now, for a certain lady followed Nelson to the deck, and approached him with her usual bewitching smile. But oh! your honour, how was that smile changed to the black scowl of a demon when she pierced the disguise of the peasant and recognised the prince, who, on some particular occasion at court, had thwarted her views and treated her with indignity. It had never been forgiven, and now—he was in her power. Forcibly she grasped Nelson by the arm, and led him to the cabin.

"'His doom is sealed,' said one of the lieutenants, conversing in an under-tone with a brother officer; 'no power on earth can save him.' 'On earth!' rejoined the other, 'no, nor in the air, nor in the ocean, for I suspect he will meet his death in the one, and find his grave in the other.' 'Yet surely,' said the surgeon, who came up, 'Nelson will remember his former friendship for the prince, who once served under him. Every sympathetic feeling which is dear to a noble mind must operate to avert his death.' 'All the virtues in your medicine-chest, doctor,' rejoined the first, 'would not preserve him many hours from destruction, unless you could pour an opiate on the deadly malignity of' —— here he put his finger upon his lip and walked away.

"Well, your honour, the old man was given up to his bitter foes, who went through the mockery of a court-martial, for they condemned him first and tried him afterwards. In vain he implored for mercy; in

vain he pleaded the proclamation, and pointed to his hoary head; in vain he solicited the mediation of Nelson, for a revengeful fury had possession of his better purposes, and dammed the rising tide of generosity in the hero's soul; in vain he implored the pardon and intercession of ———; but here I follow the example of my officer, and lay my finger on my lip.

"A few hours more, and the brave old man, the veteran prince, in his eightieth year, hung suspended from the fore-yard-arm of a ship he had once commanded. Never shall I forget the burst of indignation with which the signal-gun was heard by our crew, and a simultaneous execration was uttered fore and aft.

"Nelson walked the deck with unusual quickness, nay he almost ran, and every limb seemed violently agitated. He heard the half-suppressed murmurs of the men, and a conviction of dishonour seemed to be awakening in his mind. But, oh sir! where was pity, where was feminine delicacy and feeling? The lady approached him in the most seducing manner, and attracted his attention: he stopped short, looked at her for a moment with stern severity, and again walked on. 'What ails you, Bronté?' said she; 'you appear to be ill!' and the witchery of her commanding look subdued the sternness of his features—he gazed upon her and was tranquil. 'See!' said she, pointing out at the port to where the body of Caraccioli was still writhing in convulsive agony; 'see! his mortal struggles will

soon be over. Poor prince! I grieve we could not save him. But come, Bronté, man the barge, and let us go and take a parting look at our old friend.' I shuddered, your honour, and actually looked down at her feet to see if I could make out any thing like a cloven hoof. 'The devil!' exclaimed a voice in a half-whisper behind me that made me start, for I thought the speaker had certainly made the discovery, but it was only one of the officers giving vent to his pious indignation.

"Well, the barge was manned, and away we pulled, with Nelson and the lady, round the ship where the unfortunate prince was hanging. He had no cap upon his head, nor was his face covered, but his white hair streamed in the breeze above the livid contortions which the last death-pang had left upon his features. The Neapolitans were shouting, and insulting his memory; but they were rank cowards, for the truly brave will never wreak their vengeance on a dead enemy.

"Nelson and the lady conversed in whispers, but it was plain to be seen his spirit was agonized, and his fair but frail companion was employing every art to soothe him. She affected to weep, but there was a glistening pleasure in her eyes, as she looked at the corpse, which had well nigh made the boat's crew set all duty at defiance. Nelson—and no man was better acquainted with the characteristics of a sailor—saw this, and ordered to be rowed on board. She upbraided

him for what she called his weakness, but his soul was stirred beyond the power of her influence to control his actions.

"A few days afterwards, a pleasure party was made up amongst the nobility for an excursion on the water, and the barge, with Nelson and his mistress, took the lead. It was a beautiful sight to see the gilded galleys, with their silken canopies and pennons flashing in the sun and reflecting their glittering beauties, on the smooth surface of the clear blue waters, whilst the measured sweep of the oars kept time with the sweet sounds of music. Not a cloud veiled the sky, not a breath curled the transparent crest of the gentle billow; all was gaiety and mirth.

"After pulling for some miles to the entrance of the bay, we were returning towards the shore, when a dark object, resembling a bale of goods, appeared floating ahead of the barge. The bow men were directed to lay-in their oars and see what it was. They obeyed, and stood ready with their boat-hooks, which, the moment they were near enough, were used in grappling the supposed prize. But in an instant they were loosened again, and 'A dead body! a dead body!' was uttered in a suppressed tone by both. The boat held on her way, and, as the corpse passed astern, the face turned upwards, and showed the well-remembered countenance of poor Caraccioli. Yes! as the lieutenant had said, he met his death in the air, and the ocean had been his grave; but that grave had

given up its dead, and the lady seldom smiled afterwards.

"Nelson hailed one of the cutters that were in attendance, and directed that the body should be taken on board, and receive the funeral ceremonies suitable to the rank which the unfortunate prince had held whilst living. The music ceased its joyous sounds for notes of melancholy wailing, and the voice of mirth was changed to lamentation and sadness.

"Years passed away, and Nelson fell in the hour of victory; but the lady! ah! her end was terrible. The murdered prince was ever present to her mind; and as she lay upon her deathbed, like a stranded wreck that would never more spread canvas to the breeze, her groans, her shrieks, were still on Caraccioli. 'I see him!' she would cry, 'there, there!—look at his white locks, and his straining eyeballs! England—England is ungrateful, or this would have been prevented. But I follow—I follow'—and then she would shriek with dismay, and hide herself from sight. But she is gone, your honour, to give in her dead reckoning to the Judge of all. She died in a foreign land, without one real friend to close her eyes; and she was buried in a stranger's grave, without one mourner to weep upon the turf which covered her remains."

GARDEN THOUGHTS,

WRITTEN ON OCCASION OF A LADIES' BAZAAR, IN AID OF THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY, BEING HELD IN THE GARDEN-GROUNDS OF A BENEVOLENT FAMILY RESIDENT ON THE BANKS OF THE YORKSHIRE OUSE.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

In a garden—man was placed,
  Meet abode for innocence;
With his Maker's image graced:
  Sin crept in, and drove him thence,
Through the world, a wretch undone,
Seeking rest, and finding none.

In a garden,—on that night
  When our Saviour was betray'd,
With what world-redeeming might,
  In his agony, He pray'd!
Till He drank the vengeance up,
And with mercy fill'd the cup.

In a garden,—on the cross,
  When the spear his heart had riven,
And for earth's primeval loss
  Heaven's own ransom had been given,
Jesus rested from his woes,
Jesus from the dead arose.

Here, not Eden's bowers are found,
  Nor the lone Gethsemane,

Nor the calm sepulchral ground
  At the foot of Calvary:
But this scene may well recall
Sweet remembrances of all.

Emblem of the church below!
  Where the Spirit and the Word
Fall like dew, like breezes blow;
  And the Lord God's voice is heard,
Walking in the cool of day,
When the world is far away:

Emblem of the church above,
  Where, amidst their native clime,
In the garden of his love,
  Rescued from the storms of time,
Saints, as trees of life, shall stand,
Planted by the Lord's right hand:

Round the fair enclosure here,
  Flames no cherub's threatening sword;
Ye who enter! feel no fear:
  Roof'd by heaven, with verdure floor'd,
Breathing balm from blossoms gay,
This be Paradise to-day!

Yet one moment meditate
  On that dreary banishment,

When from Eden's closing gate,
  Hand in hand, our parents went;
Spikenard-groves no more to dress,
But a thorny wilderness.

Then remember Him, who laid
  Uncreated splendour by;
Lower than the angels made,
  Fallen man to glorify,
And from death beyond the grave,
An apostate world to save.

Think of Him: your souls He sought,
  Wandering never to return.
Hath He found you?—At the thought
  All your hearts within you burn.
Then your love like His extend;
Be, like Him, the sinner's friend.

O'er the city Jesus wept,
  Doom'd to perish:—won't *you* weep
O'er a world, by Satan kept,
  Dreaming in delirious sleep,
Till the twinkle of an eye
Wakes them in eternity?

Ye, who smile with rosy youth,
  Glow in manhood, fade through years,

Send the life, the light, the truth,
  To dead hearts, blind eyes, deaf ears;
And your very pleasures make
Charities, for Jesus' sake.

So shall gospel-glory run
  Round the globe, through every clime,
Brighter than the circling sun;
  Hastening that millennial time,
When the earth shall be restored,
As the garden of the Lord.

Ye, who own this quiet place,
  Here, like Enoch, walk with God;
And, till summon'd hence, through grace,
  Tread the path your Saviour trod;
Then to paradise on high,
With the wings of angels fly.

THE WIDOWER'S DREAM.

I SAW thee in the dreams of night,
  Loved spirit, near me stand;
Thy form was fresh, thy eyes were bright,
  As when on earthly land;
Yet in thy aspect I descried
The sternness of unwonted pride,
  The air of high command;
I veil'd my face—I could not brook
On that indignant brow to look.

Oh! then with deep remorse I thought
  On all my wrongs to thee;
How oft my wandering feet had sought
  The haunts of frolic glee;
And how, amidst the giddy train,
My smiles had hail'd their mirthful strain,
  False to *thy* memory;
Thy vows, which bless'd my early lot,
Thy love, thy life, thy loss forgot.

I raised my eyes—thy frown had fled;
  The same soft, touching grace
That once on earth its radiance shed,
  Again illumed thy face:
Thy hazel eyes, so meek before,
Look'd still more gentle than of yore,
  And shone with purer rays;
They smiled the sweetness of the dove;
They spoke forgiveness, pity, love.

I woke in tears: the moon's pale light
  Pour'd round its holy beam:—
Oh! could that vision of the night
  Be but a fleeting dream?
No, no! it surely came to call
My erring steps from Folly's thrall,
  And teach my heart to deem
That life's best joys must worthless be,
If banishing one thought of thee.

M. A.

FANNY LEE.

BY W. G. THOMPSON, ESQ.

THERE is many a lovely vale in England, but perhaps none more lovely than the sweetly sequestered spot which bears the name of Heaton Dean; there is none, at least, so sacred or so dear to me. I well remember, even at this distant hour, the inexpressible joy with which I have trodden that fragrant scene, when the sweets of summer were strewn around with nature's amplest profusion, in the company of one who has long since ceased to be an inhabitant of this earth; one to whom I have listened till the delight of hearing had absorbed all inclination to reply, and every feeling was wrapt up in the music of a voice which is now mingling with the melody of the spheres, and which, to me, was only excelled by the warblings of that brilliant race which seemed ever the most animated and the most musical in her presence. Even when the naked grove emitted no sound but the bleak and melancholy moanings of the dying year; when the rapid rivulet rushed impetuously to bury itself in the bosom of the upheaving ocean, or was indurated by the chilling breath of hoary winter; the severe grandeur of its ridgy outlines, of its steep and inaccessible banks of snow, had a charm which, when shared with her, neither the radiance of summer nor the sweet and cheering voice of spring has since imparted. When she —— But why is this? I meant merely to relate her favourite

legend, and find myself entering into particulars which can never interest any heart but the baffled and disappointed one that beats in my bosom. I believe that there are spots hallowed to every memory; that there are walks, and trees, and stones, and jutting rocks, associated with the mind by tenderest affinity; the scenes of a thousand spirit-stirring things; where youthful hearts have poured the overflowings of affection; where the tears of kindred sorrow have dropped and mingled; where friendships have been formed, which it was the business of after-life to cement; where wrongs have been perpetrated and reproaches interchanged, which ended in heart-breakings, misery, and despair. It is with feelings generated by such a belief, that I have glanced for one moment at Heaton Dean.——But to the legend.

Little Fanny Lee was an orphan, and entered at an early age into the service of honest Mable, the miller of the Dean. The miller and his wife were kind creatures, and as they had no children of their own, the orphan Fanny became unto them as a daughter. The equable tenor of an humble occupation, like that of which I speak, affords but few facilities for description, being merely the reciprocal succession of labour and repose, never interrupting the quiet interchange of good-nature, gentleness, and peace; in the language of the poet,

> "Pursuing thus the ever-running year
> With profitable labour to the grave."

Years rolled on—the ripening buds of spring burst forth to flower and beauty; the brilliant summer deepened into the gorgeous hues of autumn; till the seared tints faded and the twirling leaves fell, and winter came, like the shade of buried pleasures, and gemmed the trees with icicles, and strewed the fields with snow. Fanny Lee, no longer little Fanny, had also sprung from bud to beauty, and the charms of womanhood were dawning in as sweet a form as ever sought and received shelter in a rustic valley: her autumn was far in the distance, and the winter of gray age had no place in the aërial perspective. She knew the debt of gratitude which she owed to her honest protectors, and she was faithful in its assiduous discharge: perhaps there never was a happier family. Fanny had her moments of inquietude, and these consisted in wild and vague imaginings respecting the authors of her being; who and what they were, and whence they came, and how they had departed. On these themes she would sit and commune with her own heart through many an anxious hour, till her flushed cheek and glistening eye sufficiently declared the fruitlessness of her reveries. Her kind mistress would say at such times, "Why shouldst thou be unhappy, Fanny, in the absence of information which, if known, might not be productive of satisfaction to thee? Be content, my dear child, that thou art here, and good and kind, and in the paths of happiness. Whoever were thy parents here, thy heavenly Father, Fanny, has been kind to thee." And

Fanny would clasp her hands, and with upturned and streaming eyes acknowledge that it was so.

Of the various inherent energies of the human mind, none is stronger than love. It cannot be constrained by mastery. When once it is lighted up in the heart of a young and generous creature, its sway is as the sway of death—irresistible and destroying. Fanny Lee loved! It were tedious to detail the means which led to this very natural occurrence—to follow the lovers in their evening walks,

"When but the silent stars stood witness of their joy"—

to relate the eloquent appeal, the murmuring fond reply, and all the ecstasies of young and extravagant passion. There was a little moss-grown seat, overarched by high and leafy trees, close to the margin of a naturally-formed reservoir, which, from the amplitude of the stream, usually wore the appearance of a sweetly-sheltered lake. Here would the lovers sit for hours, and entertain the fondest anticipations of future bliss, and here, on this seat, and underneath these trees, in the presence of approving Heaven, was the small silver coin broken between them, the several parts of which were never to come in contact more, whilst love or life remained in either heart.

Henry Thornhill was the pride of Heaton Dean. Tall in stature, and beautiful in proportion, he was as manly in heart and feeling as he was in action and appearance. He was the approved lover of Fanny Lee —her affianced husband—the future father of her chil-

dren—the guardian of her fortunes—and, above all, the one sole idol of her own pure, and gentle, and affectionate heart. Loud have been the exclamations against the evils of this world, the worthlessness of its pleasures, and the depravity and the wickedness of its passions. In nine cases out of ten these are mere miserable affectations, the result of disappointed intrigue or satiated indulgence. This world has many a bright and beautiful scene, and there are hours in the life of a man which are well worth the living for. Say, ye who have stood in the situation of Henry Thornhill, with the panoply of hope on your hearts, and the flowery path of life before you, in which you go hand in hand and step by step with a young, intelligent, and confiding creature—in her beauty radiant as the morning—in her affection warm as the mid-day sun—what can be conceived of delight to equal the visions of such a time? But I must return to my story.

A rich and glorious harvest had just been swept, as it were, from the generous soil by the laborious hand of the husbandman; the air rang with mirth, and gaiety was in the faces and gratitude in the hearts of all. In this season of universal joy our lovers drank deeply of rural delight, and with the approbation of the kind miller they were immediately to ratify the hymeneal contract. Young Henry departed to the neighbouring town to purchase the wedding-ring, cheered by the cordial benedictions of amiable friends, and animated by the blushing smiles of his betrothed.

The autumn nights of England are beautiful. The moon held soft and undivided sway throughout the clear and glorious expanse of her sweet and silent dominion. The air was filled with the balm of fragrant shrubs and odour-breathing flowers, and the stillness of night was broken only by the gentle murmur of the rivulet. Fanny Lee came forth to meet her lover on his return, to see his small but sacred purchase, to hear a few syllables of ardent affection, to return the pressure of a fond embrace, and seek the dreams of innocence and joy which still await the happy heart of contentment, even on the lowly pillow of a cottage-couch. The hallowed beauty of the evening communicated a balm to her feelings inexpressibly delicious. She had no power of expressing the sensations which thronged on her pure and grateful heart. Her situation was like that of one who wanders under the influence and amid the fairy scenery of a wild dream of enchantment. She had crossed the burn and passed the stile, but still the manly figure of Henry rose not on her sight. She went on, for there was nothing in that lovely scene to blanch the cheek of innocence: she reached the bridge, but still he was not there. She paused, she listened, but no step disturbed the stirless leaves; no snatch of rustic melody broke on the balmy air. She sat down with something like a feeling of disappointment—she would wait one moment, for she *knew* he would come. Perhaps there is nothing more trying than the breathless suspense of such a moment.

The air seems thick, and laden with low and dream-like murmurs of every sound but that you wish to hear. The very beatings of your own anxious heart arise in tumult on the pained ear, and bury sounds remote. Still, still he came not. With the sense and the modesty which characterized all her actions, and possibly with a feeling of regret, she returned—returned to commune with her agitated heart, till "nature's sweet restorer" should wrap her in deep repose.

On the ensuing day it was known that Henry Thornhill had never reached his home. One, two, three long days elapsed, and yet no tidings of the fugitive. The feelings of the forlorn Fanny must be imagined—to attempt a description of them would be a presumption of which I shall not be guilty. It was now the serious duty of Mable to repair to the town, and ascertain, if possible, what had become of the lost lover. By a mere accident did Mable learn the fate of young Thornhill. At the time of which I am writing, England was in the triumphant prosecution of a devastating war—the service wanted men, and Thornhill had been impressed. The athletic form of the peasant had attracted the attention of the lieutenant; he entered into conversation with him; part of the gang appeared; the officer insulted his victim, who indignantly struck him to the earth; he was seized, and, after a desperate resistance, overpowered, manacled, and borne away. Complaint was fruitless, for redress was unknown. Henry Thornhill departed with a bleed-

ing heart for new scenes—to face his country's foes on a dangerous element, and without the hope of return.

The distressing tidings were communicated to Fanny Lee; and, oh! the havoc they made in the heart of that young, and sanguine, and confiding creature! When the first burst of her exquisite agony had subsided, a deep and solemn melancholy overpowered her for many days. She spoke to no one; she seemed not to recognise any object, however well known before.

The last leaves of autumn were dropping from the trees, and the bleak wintry winds began to howl through the woods of Heaton, when a poor, weak maniac was observed wandering over the scenes of former gladness —it was Fanny Lee! The light and bounding step of youth was changed to the cold and cheerless shuffle of idiot imbecility; the vivid hue of health was banished by the sepulchral colour of despair; the eye that beamed the lustre of love and gratitude was quenched in the dim and glassy glare of madness. The seat above the little lake was her favourite resort: there would she sit, and weep, and gaze for whole hours on the piece of broken silver suspended from her neck by a blue riband, singing at times, in melancholy tones, of seamen on the far and tempest-troubled ocean—and many a broken ditty which has long since been forgotten. One has been preserved—a rude and simple strain. How she came by it was never known. The country people said she made it all herself, as she

wandered in the cold moonlight. She sang it, in her solemn and impressive moments, on the accustomed seat where the silver piece was broken. Of the air I have no record—I believe it was entirely her own. The words were nearly as follows:

He comes from afar,
  Where the billows are sounding
He comes from afar,
  Where the wild waves are bounding:
He comes to his trysting
  Beneath the green tree:—
But, alas, for the maiden
  He never shall see!
    Never, oh, never!—
    Blighted for ever!
Alas, for the maid whom he never shall see!

Deep, deep in the wild glen
  A grave is preparing;
And, hark! to her lone home
  The maid they are bearing.
Full sweet will her sleep be
  From sorrow and pain;
But ne'er shall she meet with
  Her lover again!
    Never, oh, never!—
    Blighted for ever!
Ne'er shall she meet with her lover again!

O whisper, ye trees! when
  His lost one he 's seeking;
Bear to him the words of
  A heart that is breaking!
Say how well she loved him
  In sorrow and pain,

When madness came over
Her heart and her brain.
Buried for ever!
Never, oh, never
Shall the maid of his bosom behold him again!

Winter was now raging with all his fury, and it was the peculiar care of old Mable to make Fanny Lee abide amid the warmth and the comforts of his fireside. One day the poor heart-broken creature, always gentle, had demeaned herself with unusual affection and resignation. She had moaned over many of her rude rhymes, when she suddenly lifted up her head, and said—"Mistress, think you, will Harry come back again? *I will*—" she added, with a deep sigh—"It was my hope to be the mistress of this bonnie mill when kind old Mable's head was laid: but, oh, the changes!" said she, bursting into tears; "now will old Mable see me lying low, and he a strong old man still. But I will come again, mistress; and when the waters thunder down the Dean, and Mable works all night, I 'll sing some of my bonniest verses, and he will wipe his eyes, as he does now, and say, '*Poor Fanny Lee!*'" A flood of tears prevented her proceeding, and her auditors were too much affected to reply. Towards evening she became quite collected, and said she would walk to the seat among the trees before it grew darker. She went out accordingly—but in a few minutes she was lost—no one had seen her—no one could find her. A heavy fall of snow came on, accompanied by intense frost, which continued for several days. Deep was

the interest created by the disappearance of Fanny. Had she wandered to the town?—she would have been seen. Had she destroyed herself?—oh, no! she was too good for that. Had she perished in the snow? —some one surely would have found her. On the breaking up of the frost, she was discovered by two little girls lying in the lake below the mill, into which she had probably fallen in returning from her favourite seat. And so they laid her in her early grave, amid the tears and regret of the few who had known her in the short season of her joy, and the heavy hours of her adversity. A white stone, with her name and age, still marks the spot where her once beautiful form has mingled with the dust of congregated generations, on which the rustic chronicler has engraven the touching words—

"THERE IS REST IN THE GRAVE."

What became of Henry Thornhill I never could learn; but it was said that, when honest old Mable lay on his death-bed, the mournful voice of Fanny was heard every night, in low melodious chant, until the good old man was gathered to the house of his fathers.

The Dean is as romantic, and the mill as picturesque, as ever—the trees still wave in verdant grandeur above the little seat—but in summer the lake is almost dry. I sometimes think—a foolish fancy, perhaps—that the rivulet has wept itself away in very sorrow for its instrumentality in the death of poor Fanny Lee.

THE ABSENT SHIP.

Fair ship, I saw thee bounding o'er the deep,
  Thy white wings glancing in the morning ray,
And many a sparkling eye in vain did weep
  For the bold hearts that steer'd thee on thy way:
Long days of grief have linger'd into years:
Return! return! and charm away their tears.

I listen'd, till the music and the song
Died on the waters as she swept along;
I watch'd her stately beauty, till it grew
A fading shadow on the distant blue;
Less, and still less—the waters are alone!
Queen of the ocean! whither art thou gone?

The wintry storm hath sigh'd itself to sleep,
Yet still thou lingerest on the faithless deep:
Have calmer seas, and skies of deeper blue,
Charm'd thee to bid thine island home adieu?
Long has yon dark-eyed maiden wept in vain:
Return! return! and bid her smile again.

Long may'st thou weep, but never shalt thou see
Thy fair-hair'd mariner return to thee,
Clasp thy young beauty in a long embrace,
And read his pardon in thy happy face:
Thy gentle prayers, fair mourner, could not save!
Thy sailor sleeps within the stormy wave.

J. R. O.

R.T. Bone del.t J. Romney sculp.

IMPROVISATRICE.

Publd by R. Ackermann London.

THE IMPROVISATRICE.

IN DELTA.

[illegible] cottage door she [illegible]
[illegible] with her deep black eyes,
[illegible] of grief [illegible] a pang,
[illegible] her young [illegible] as her skies;
The [illegible] round her head,
[illegible] by her side, sweet [illegible]

A [illegible] to spirit, by the touch
Of [illegible] framed, she needed not the rules
Of [illegible]
[illegible]
The [illegible]
[illegible] upon her tongue.

[illegible] of quiet [illegible]
And shepherds piping in the pastoral dale;
As with a throbbing heart, beneath the leaves
Of the green elms, the loves breathed [illegible]
And she, his idol, from his amorous arms,
[illegible] her [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible] and his passion deep [illegible]
[illegible] inspiration, frenzy, and despair;
[illegible] through [illegible] years, amid the mould
Of [illegible] cells, his Leonora fair
Rose in [illegible] beauty on his tranced sight,
Like eve's [illegible] star 'mid winter's gathering night.

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THE IMPROVISATRICE.

BY DELTA.

BESIDE her cottage door she sate and sang,
  That gentle creature with her deep black eyes,
As if her heart of grief ne'er own'd a pang,
  And her young breast was sunny as her skies;
The ripe rich grapes hung clustering round her head,
And rosiers, by her side, sweet perfume shed.

A poetess in spirit, by the touch
  Of Nature framed, she needed not the rules
Of pedants, sophists, dogmatists, and such;
  Art's trickery, or the doctrines of the schools:
The glow was at her soul, and so she sung,
Life in her words, and heart upon her tongue.

Her theme was love—of quiet summer eves,
  And shepherds piping in the pastoral dale;
As with a throbbing heart, beneath the leaves
  Of the green elms, the lover breathed his tale,
And she, his idol, from his amorous arms,
Half-pain'd, half-pleas'd, withdrew her conquering
    charms.

Of Tasso and his passion deep she told,
  His inspiration, frenzy, and despair;
And how, through lonesome years, amid the mould
  Of dungeon cells, his Leonora fair
Rose in her beauty on his tranced sight,
Like eve's one star 'mid winter's gathering night.

And then to mild Petrarcha changed the theme,
  And to Vaucluse's woodland greenery bright,—
Laura his daylight idol, and the dream
  Of his mild spirit through each watch of night;
Time purifying still his ardours high,
Till Passion's self became Philosophy.

Anon she sang of battle, and the breath
  Of Slaughter tainting Heaven's salubrious gale—
Households laid prostrate by the leveller Death,
  And orphans desolate, and widows pale—
Anguish imploring Rapine, deaf to hear—
Life-withering Famine, and sepulchral Fear!

The wars of fierce and fiery Tamerlane
  She sang; and how it soothed his savage rage
To pluck, in daily hate, the humbling chain,
  Which knit proud Bajazet to his iron cage,
Until, beneath Scorn's unrelenting yoke,
His hopes forsook him, and his heart was broke.

Then Peter's praise she hymn'd, who o'er the rude
  And darken'd Russ shed civilizing light,
Triumphant in the van of battle stood,
  And vanquish'd Charles at red Pultowa's fight.—
Symphonious with her voice, the rich guitar
Calm'd into peace, or kindled into war.

Anon the varied charms of Nature's face
  Would lend a syren witchery to her song,
As she the lovely lineaments would trace
  Of amaranthine isles, to which belong
Perennial endless summer, and man's life,
Unpoison'd by Ambition, knows not strife.

Straight to the wintry waste of polar seas
  The' enchantress bore with her the soul astray,
Where scowl'd the iceberg, and the sleety breeze
  Drifted from howling cubs the bear away,
And fur-clad natives, housed in caverns drear,
Slept through the night which darken'd half the year.

The Passions at her bidding throng'd around—
  Hope, with her bright blue eyes and golden hair;
Teeth-gnashing Hate; Remorse that bit the ground;
  Yellow-brow'd Jealousy, and fierce Despair;—
The Spirits met and mix'd; and, from the strife,
She drew that pictured chaos, human life.

Gaze on that face—'tis fair and feminine;
  Yet, in the mirror of those pensive eyes,
Whose lustre rather seems to speak than shine,
  A fathomless abyss of passion lies:
Earth is to her a spectral vision bright,
Flashing with sunshine, or begrimed with night.

'Tis past!—and art thou but a brilliant dream
On which I gaze—a something, by the power
Of Genius conjured from the shapes that teem
In the mind's eye, through Inspiration's hour?—
Even as I gaze, the warm illusions fade
Into a silent scene, an empty shade.

Bare canvas, and the solitary gloom
Of a dim studio—there the Painter stands,
Bidding each nice and tender touch illume
The scene, till beauty on the sight expands;
And lo! the marvel which creative Art
Gifts in its high perfection to the heart!

Yes! such was the illusion, and so bright
The poetess of Nature, which the power
Of genius conjured to the Painter's sight,
In Contemplation's meditative hour,—
The syren shape in Memory's love enshrined,
Which Bone to beauty drew, and Romney lined.

THE IVY.

BY MRS. MARIANNE BAILLIE.

I'VE seen the rose-bud blushing
Beneath her leafy screen,
Like Beauty's cheek, when flushing
At Passion's ardent mien.

I've seen the lily trembling
  In every passing gale,
Forsaken love resembling,
  As timid and as pale.

And other flowers are blowing
  Within my lady's bower,
Their hues so richly glowing,
  Like rainbow after shower.

Their charms I scarce would gather,
  I leave them in their pride;
One leaf I covet rather
  Than all the world beside.

One leaf—nor bay, nor laurel,
  The crown of glorious deed;
For fame let others quarrel,
  I seek a dearer meed.

Give me the ivy wreathing
  Around my lady's brow,
Of true affection breathing
  The emblem of her vow.

Both maids and flowers are carried
  By fickle gales away;
But, oh! the ivy's *married*,
  And where she clings will stay.

THE PRETTY PAGE.

BY MRS. EMMERSON.

CUPID I did once engage
As my vassal, my sweet page—
  Obedient both to love and beauty.
First, the little rogue was shy,
Speaking most obsequiously—
  But he soon forgot his duty.

If I chanced to sigh or smile,
Cunning Cupid, all the while,
  Thought I meant for him the favour;
But I taught the boy to know,
He, the saucy page, might go,
  Or must alter his behaviour.

This alarm'd the pretty elf:
Soon young Cupid proved himself
  Worthy of my sovereign pleasure.
Now the tender-hearted boy
Is my boast, my pride, my joy—
  Love and beauty's dearest treasure.

Yet, perchance, young Cupid may—
I confess I fear that day—
  Prove to me, or soon, or later,
Spite of love, and spite of beauty,
He hath all "forgot his duty,"
  And, at best, is but a traitor!

THE ANTIQUARY AND HIS FETCH.

A LEGEND OF THE STRAND.

BY RICHARD THOMSON, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "TALES OF AN ANTIQUARY," &c. &c.

"Speak to me what thou art.—
Thy evil spirit, Brutus."

SHAKSPEARE.

SEVERAL years before that period when "Anne and piety" endeavoured to amend the morals of London, by erecting within it fifty new churches, that part of the Strand nearly opposite to Somerset-House was a broad piece of unoccupied ground, in the centre of which stood its famous and very capital May-pole. Towering to the height of a hundred and thirty feet over the low shops and antique dwellings in its vicinity, it looked like "the mast of some great ammiral;" or, to a romantic fancy, seemed to be the staff of Brutus Greenshield, or Gerard the Giant, or any other of the ancient and invincible heroes of Londinum, planted in barren magnificence before the gates of his beloved metropolis. For the greater part of the year it appeared little more than a plain shaft of cedar, blackened by exposure to the smoke and weather, which it had endured ever since 1661, when it was erected to commemorate the Restoration: but, "when the sweet spring-time did fall," its gilded vane and other ornaments were carefully cleaned; and on May-day eve it was decorated with flags and flower-garlands, silver

plate and green boughs, being one of the principal scenes of festivity in the ensuing holiday.

Without making the reader acquainted with all the residents in this part of London at the time when our story commences—namely, in the afternoon of Monday the eighth of September, in the year of grace 1701—we must introduce him to one rather strange character, Master Nicolaus Mouldwarp, who lodged opposite the May-pole, on the north side, with a noted druggist of the time, whose sign was a rhinoceros, in allusion to the medical properties of that animal's horn, though it was most generally referred to as "The Hog in Armour." Master Mouldwarp was a very famous collector of curiosities, or those wonderful stray fragments of antiquity which perpetually puzzle us to imagine how they could possibly have escaped the tooth of Time, since the old *Edax Rerum* is continually devouring morsels which are far less delicate and *recherché*. In person, our antiquary was a very tall, thin, melancholy, and yet fierce-looking, old gentleman, with a coarse sandy wig; sunken gray eyes, continually lowering with discontent; a perpetual sneer curling between his hooked nose and upper lip; very hollow cheeks, and a visage of the colour and texture of old stained parchment. From this last feature, connected with his being a most zealous supporter of the Prince of Orange, whom he followed to England, and his boasted descent from several of the most ancient Dutch families, he was not unfrequently called Myn-

heer Illskin. Indeed his property had been amassed in Holland, for, as *Dogberry* says, he was "a rich fellow enough;" though it was often suspected that he had acquired it with more good fortune than honesty, since the real heir to it, to whom Mouldwarp was left guardian, though he had never seen him, was said to have died in that receptacle for idiocy, the Dull-house of Amsterdam. At any rate, he was one morning missing, and, as his fits of lunacy were sometimes rather powerful, there was good hope for Master Mouldwarp that he would never return; and so, converting his property into dollars and guilders, under pretence of searching for him, he brought it away to England, and arrived here about the close of the seventeenth century. The predominating feature of our antiquary's mind was an unbounded selfishness; and he often rejoiced in being a bachelor, who could indulge his humours without having to provide for either "kith or kin;" so that it will be readily imagined his disposition was not much better than his looks. He was infected, past cure, with the endemic disease of antiquaries and all collectors—jealousy; and some of his contemporaries declared that he had fretted his skin yellow by repining over the increase of his fraternity, and the treasures which they were continually snatching from him, though he always contrived to hint that they were counterfeits. His vexation, thus awkwardly concealed, he also made yet more evident, by striving to mask it under a seemingly philanthropic inquiry

after his contemporaries, which usually contained some distant allusion to their decease, and the probable dispersion of their museums; though occasionally his temper would suddenly break out, when he was informed of any very extraordinary rarity passing into the possession of another.

Of all Master Mouldwarp's associates and rivals, he viewed none with more envy than the famous Sir Hans Sloane, and his *protegé* and *ci-devant* valet, Don Saltero, whom, in reward of his services, he had set up as a *curioso* and coffee-house keeper, with a small gratuity, and the odds and ends of his own collection. And truly he possessed some astonishing rarities, which caused Master Mouldwarp to look still more like discoloured parchment with vexation, and more melancholy with despair; though there were still some rather wonderful matters to be found in the cabinet at "The Hog in Armour:" so that it was a sort of neck-and-neck race between the two virtuosi. For, if Don Saltero justly prided himself upon having a genuine piece of the skin of Queen Catherine of Arragon, Master Mouldwarp could show a tall glass of spirits enclosing a tail—of a monkey, as some said and swore—but in reality taken from the very last of those Kentishmen whom Thomas à Becket gifted with such an appendage, as a penance for their having wantonly docked his horse. This was a noble acquisition; and so was our antiquary's genuine mooncalf, also preserved in an antique bottle. But then Don Saltero had

a whole child petrified! and the trunk of a large tree, shaped by nature so wonderfully like a swine, that many considered it to be actually "a lignified hog!" Then he had the body of a starved cat, supposed to be upwards of two centuries old, having belonged to the abbots of Westminster; being taken, during a repair, from between two walls in the Abbey;—and he had Queen Elizabeth's work-basket, and her strawberry-dish, and Pontius Pilate's wife's sister's chambermaid's hat! and, in short, so many other rarities, that altogether Master Mouldwarp was little less than weary of his life, and quite disgusted with the disappointments and vanities of the world.

As the reader has seen that he had rather a peculiar taste for supernatural curiosities, he will not be surprised to learn that our antiquary was now principally desirous of obtaining a jewel of that kind which would certainly go near to immortalise his museum, and make it famous through the civilised world. This was that mysterious book, belonging to the noted Dr. Simon Forman, wherein was the following remarkable memorandum: "This I made the devil write with his own hand in Lambeth Fields, 1596, in June or July, as I now remember." After the death of Forman, about 1624, Master Mouldwarp traced his manuscripts to Elias Ashmole, and from him to the university of Oxford; though, after all his inquiries, he never could find if the wondrous volume were with them. He was nevertheless perfectly convinced of its existence, and

hope—flattering hope, which so often proves a will-o'-the-wisp to collectors—induced him to believe that it might one day be his own; but, until he should arrive at this consummation, he viewed his museum as fair, but imperfect; as we may conceive Allah ad Deen looked upon his genie-palace when he was told that it wanted a roc's egg suspended in the dome; or Perie-Zadeh saw her beautiful villa deficient in the golden water, singing-tree, and talking-bird.

It was with this feeling that he set out on the afternoon of that day when our story commences, to spend the remainder of it at Don Saltero's coffee-house; which, as every one knows, originally stood, and still does stand, about the middle of Cheyne-walk, near Battersea-bridge, overlooking the broad stream of the silver Thames. To visit this very celebrated museum was the general recreation and employment of the antiquaries and citizens of a former day; though, to such as Master Mouldwarp, it was at least equally a plague and a delight, since the whole building was literally crammed with curiosities which they could have no hope of rivalling. An alligator stuffed was stretched along the ceiling of the passage, and ancient armour and firelocks guarded the walls; as of old your fiery dragons and armed giants kept watch over the treasures of enchanted castles. The front apartment in the first story was, however, the grand scene of attraction, it being covered in every part, excepting the floor, with that miscellaneous kind of varieties

which give unlearned visiters the greatest satisfaction: since they embrace all sorts of subjects, undisturbed by any scientific arrangement, and are more calculated to excite wonder than to convey instruction.

Having ascended the stairs, we must just point out to the reader that Master Salter, or Don Saltero, as he calls himself, the host, is that tall, sharp-faced, foreign-looking man, who is gliding about the room in a full-dress suit of dirty light blue, and tarnished silver lace; with a silk hat under one arm, a napkin beneath the other, a white apron before him, and a pair of snuffers suspended at his girdle, which was at this time the ordinary badge of waiters and men of his profession. The afternoon glided tranquilly away: Master Mouldwarp inspected the curiosities for perhaps the twentieth time, drank his coffee, deposited his fee, and then was about to set forward to London, as the evening appeared darker than usual, and in 1701 the road was not considered very safe after dusk. "Well, Don Saltero! well!" began Master Mouldwarp, in retiring from the coffee-room, and for the last time glancing discontentedly round him, "anything new with the virtuosi? any more antiquaries and collectors, eh, don? though, Heaven knows, there's enough of us, if the one half were to devour the other."

"Your worship hath said right wisely," answered Saltero in a grave tone, and bowing very profoundly; "there be already more mouths than food, as it hath been my fate to note in the western Indies, whither I

went with the most erudite Sir Hans Sloane. Touching news, I trow your honour knoweth how Master Cankerworm hath gotten a very curious sword, dug up in the foundation of the new cathedral of St. Paul, and thought to have belonged to the British king Lever Mawr, or Lucius."

"The plague take that fellow Cankerworm!" ejaculated Master Mouldwarp, "he's always snatching the bread out of my mouth; for, do you know, Don Saltero, that I gave a handsome fee to the clerk of the works at that same cathedral, only to have the first sight of any thing which might be dug up in my poor way? for I never wish to supplant other people. However, Don Saltero, I don't believe old Cankerworm's sword can be genuine. I think it's a flam, Don Saltero; and we're not sure that King Lever Mawr ever existed, Don Saltero; Bishop Nicolson thinks he never did, and I think so too, Don Saltero."

"And your worship will indubitably have heard," replied the unmoveable host, not noticing his visiter's vexation; "your worship will have heard, that Master Polypus hath had a new stroke of the apoplexy."

"Poor Polypus! poor Polypus!" rejoined Mouldwarp, with a kind of complacent melancholy; "he'll mend again, I trust; though, to be sure, I doubt it. And pray, Don Saltero, if any thing should happen to him—which God defend!—but there may, you know, —what do you think will become of his museum? will it come into the market, eh, Don Saltero?"

"By no means improbable, your honour," answered the coffee-house keeper.

"Why, then, if it should, don," replied Mouldwarp, "I'll have out of it that piece of Noah's ark, from the Mountains of the Moon, in Armenia, if I go to the workhouse for it; for I can do as I like; I've neither kith nor kin to provide for, you know. Old Polypus snatched it away from me at Dr. Frowzy's sale, and I take it to be one of the greatest curiosities in the world, except that piece of the devil's handwriting, which I could never yet find out."

"But which," said Don Saltero, "I am now to give your honour joy at having procured."

"How! what! you rascal!" exclaimed Master Mouldwarp passionately; then adding, in his usual discontented tone, "But I see, don, it's a joke. Well, well! I can take a joke with any body; but we antiquaries are a thin-skinned generation touching our hobbies, you know."

"Heaven forbid that I should jest with your honour!" returned Don Saltero; "but your worship assuredly said yesterday, in my poor house here, that you had the devil's handwriting."

"Why, thou villanous old travelling tonsor," rejoined Mouldwarp, "I've not seen the inside of your den of monsters for this month before; and will you persuade me that I was here yesterday?"

"In the society of several other honourable and in-

genious gentlemen," answered the don, in a calm unaltered voice, "curious to see so great a rarity."

"Then let them go where it is to be had," said Mouldwarp, turning away; "for, I believe in my conscience, that the writer has had back his manuscript. I tell you, once more, Don Saltero, that I've searched every where for the devil's handwriting, and never yet could find it."

"Then I'll show it to you," said a voice behind them, exactly resembling Mouldwarp's; "ay, and the pen with which it was written, and the ink dried upon its point! I had them from my father."

As they started round at this speech, there appeared on the other side of Don Saltero a figure, in every respect resembling Mouldwarp, with yellow hair, a sallow and sinister-looking visage, and clothed in that particular Dutch habit which it was the antiquary's pride and custom to retain."

"Worthy Master Mouldwarp," exclaimed the alarmed Don Saltero, "speak again, that I may know which is your honour in flesh and blood; for I deem that one of you is the other's ghostly fetch, come to give notice of his death."

"Why, here I am, you old fool!" returned he of the Hog in Armour, in something of a passion, to cover his fear; "it is all a *fetch* indeed, I well believe; but I'll be better acquainted with this person before I leave the house. And so pray, sir, what may you be?"

"Half a man," was the brief reply.

"Indeed! and what brings you here?" continued Mouldwarp.

"To look for my other half, which ran away from me two years ago. But, to pass from this matter, which some of my good friends say has turned my brain, let's talk like virtuosi, who are madmen of another sort. I'll assure you, sir, that it's very true which I said touching the devil's handwriting; and as I'm most anxious that you should see it, as we walk through Chelsea together, you shall step into my house and look at it."

"I thank you, sir," answered the antiquary, hesitating and looking up at the sky; "but I must hasten home; the evening looks lowering, and part of the road to London is not very safe to travel late upon."

"Ay," returned his counterfeit, also looking upwards, "there will indeed be a storm to-night, and that of no common sort: but you'll be in no greater danger then than you are now; I'll see you safe myself, and I well believe you have no fear from me," added he sarcastically.

"Oh no!—by no means," said Mouldwarp, swallowing some odd doubts which were beginning to arise in his mind; "and if it stand with your liking we'll set out at once." To this the stranger agreed, and the antiquary and his fetch departed from Don Saltero's coffee-house.

The skies had grown dark, both with the approach-

ing storm and the shades of evening, when the strangers stopped at a dilapidated and seemingly empty house in the oldest part of Chelsea. The shutters of the windows had been originally closed, but they were now dropping piecemeal from their places, and discovered the discoloured and broken glass and the decaying frames beneath them; whilst within the building nothing was to be seen but an almost impenetrable darkness. However, Master Mouldwarp's companion pushed open the broken and creaking door, groped his way to a gloomy staircase, and calling upon the antiquary to follow him, seized his hand and led him on to an upper apartment, which he unlocked, and which seemed something to resemble the habitation of a human being. The furniture was old and stately; there were hung against the dark and broken windows some fragments of ancient stained glass; a few stuffed animals and other curiosities lay scattered about the apartment; and the walls were hung with several fine specimens of armour and swords, which were preserved in the most beautiful order, especially the latter. Having lighted a lamp, the owner of these treasures produced two tall Flemish glasses, and an ancient leathern bottle in a case of camel's hair, such as the Turks use in their journeys to Mecca, which had probably come originally from some Egyptian caravan. Out of this he poured a curious sort of thin sparkling wine, seemingly of great age; and, inviting his guest to sit down and taste it, assured him that it was probable no other person in

Europe could produce so wondrous a beverage. They partook of it together, and Master Mouldwarp found it to be a kind of cordial of most exquisite flavour, though of a fiery quality, and declined drinking any more of it; upon which his host said in an ironical tone, "Well, as you will; but the first cup 's enough, and another would make you neither better nor worse. However, this wine 's all too rare to give to such as don't know its value. But I pray you, honest friend, what do you think you 've been drinking of?"

"Why," replied Mouldwarp, feeling very dissatisfied upon the subject, "perhaps some Greek or Egyptian wine of the last century. You surely have not given me poison, villain?"

"What, I!" said the stranger, "and took a glass of it myself! no, no, worthy sir, I trust that you 'll live long and grow better. But to see, now, how good things may be thrown away! The wine which we have drunk together is full fourteen hundred years old, being a bottle of that very elixir which St. Macarius saw the devil carrying through the desert to tempt the hermits withal, towards the end of the fourth century, you know."

"Why, you rascal!" exclaimed Mouldwarp, "I 'll have you taken up and burned for a wizard! A proper story, truly, to decoy me into an old house, fit only for thieves or cut-throats, and to tell me a lying legend, after giving me poison for wine!"

"If the legend lies," answered the stranger calmly, "'tis no sin of mine, for you may read it for yourself in the *Legenda Aurea* of the learned Jacobus de Voragine; and, as for poisoning, you're the very man of all the world to be mended by that elixir, having, as you say, neither kith nor kin: for if any two persons drink of the same bottle, their fates are united for ever afterwards; all that happens to one falls upon the other, and they die at the same time, and in the same manner. I've been taken for you already, you know, and now you'll be taken for me. I told you I was looking for my other half. But it's a pity that we're not of the same way of thinking, for you're a Williamite and I'm a Jacobite. However, that will be all one now, for I shall be taken for a whig, and you will be suspected for a tory."

"You shall be clapped up for a rebel, or a madman, and that before I'm an hour older," said Mouldwarp, preparing to depart.

"What!" replied his host, "without seeing the devil's handwriting?"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the antiquary, "I've seen enough of his works already; so let me go, fellow, and be quit of you."

"I will detain you but little longer," said the stranger. "But, tell me, did you ever hear of Andrew Greysteil, the sword-maker, who stabbed his son for discovering his secret of tempering his blades?"

"Yes," answered Mouldwarp, impatiently, "I think I heard of one Andreas Stahl at Amsterdam, of whom such a story was told: and what of him?"

"Why," said his host, taking up a beautiful rapier encrusted with ancient stains of blood, "this is the weapon which he did it withal. Say, then, was not that murder a crime written with the very hand of the fiend? and was not this direful blade the pen with which he traced it, dipped in his own fatal stream?"

"Man of evil and folly!" cried Mouldwarp, let me begone; I 'll listen to you no longer."

"Only a few moments more," rejoined the stranger, "whilst I come to your own matters, and then depart where you list, until fate bring us together again. Greysteil fled from his country, and became that Andreas Stahl whom you knew at Amsterdam, where he realised a fortune, and made you guardian to his remaining son, Walter, who——"

"Who was an idiot, a lunatic," interrupted Mouldwarp, "and died in the Dull-house there. He, too, was said to have done murder, or——"

"Say rather homicide," hastily returned his host, "and how deeply he repented it, his long confinement, unsettled reason, and miserable wanderings, might best prove. It was nevertheless accidental; for, shooting one day with a cross-bow at a mark, his arrow glanced from the target, struck one of his fellows, and left him a lunatic for life! There lies the shaft," continued he,

pointing to it, "the pen with which the fiend wrote a second time in the annals of our house; for I am Walter Greysteil, and you—are my treacherous guardian!"

When Mouldwarp recovered from the first shock of this announcement, he exclaimed with a hesitating voice, "If—if—it be as you say—I—I—really am rejoiced to find you, Master Greysteil,—that is to say, if you are he,—and—and—"

"And now begone in truth!" exclaimed his ward, interrupting him with a voice of strong contempt, "begone, thou grovelling worm, begone! Keep the miserable dollars which thou hast raked together from the mad orphan; I want them not, and thou wilt not long enjoy them. They will dishonour thee to return them, and damn thee to retain them, and thou wilt always possess in them the stamp and signature of the demon. But begone, begone! pollute my dwelling no longer! and remember, that for the future our fates are indissolubly united!" He then fell into the wild paroxysm of a maniac, and Mouldwarp hastened from the house, scarcely knowing whither he went.

It was a dark and stormy night, when the antiquary, troubled in mind, fatigued in body, and drenched with rain, arrived in London, and continued to walk hastily onward without observing the course which he took. At last his strength began to fail, and he looked round him for a coach or a shelter; but not a coach was to be seen, and, moreover, he found that he had

mistaken his way, and now stood opposite to that famous old tavern in the Haymarket called the Blue Posts, from two painted and carved pillars which stood beside the door. It was at this period celebrated as a house for political meetings, and especially for the supposed *metallic* influence which Monsieur Poussine, the French ambassador to James II., was said to exert over its visiters, on behalf of the exiled king, together with his occasional entertainments, at which it was considered an indisputable sign of Jacobitism to be present. Without remembering these circumstances, —for if he had he would as soon as have entered the den of a dragon,—Master Mouldwarp was attracted thither by the blazing fire and the cheerful sounds which used to distinguish the ancient taverns of London until a late hour of the night. Without listening to the waiter's address, he followed him into a large room, where a party of well-dressed persons were seated round a table smoking, drinking, and singing. The antiquary, supposing this to be no more than one of the ordinary clubs of the time, to which all strangers were indiscriminately admitted, seated himself without hesitation, and called for brandy; upon which one of the guests near him, pushing a bottle to him, said, "There, sir, there are the goods, and so help yourself. That article, sir, is the right thing; real French, I'll promise you, and fit only for such *honest men*," a name generally assumed by the Jacobites, "as we are. There's good French wine, too, upon the table; but we're no

great friends to Hollands, oranges, or punch: eh, sir, d'ye take me?"

Whilst Mouldwarp was refreshing himself the host entered, and looking round said, "Gentlemen, if you're all honest men here, and love a good tune well played, perhaps you would like to hear a Scotch piper, who has brought some of the rarest music from France that you ever listened to: but he plays only to such as are very honest, I'll assure you."

"Send him up, landlord," answered the person who had spoken to Mouldwarp, glancing round the table with an intelligent look; "we're better than those who are worse, at any rate."

The suppressed sound of the pipes was now heard in the passage playing a lament, which caused the guests to look rather seriously upon each other, though the tune was shortly changed to that lively air entitled "Up and waur them a', Willie!" the inspiring sounds of which, joined to the good French wine and brandy, set hands and feet beating time to it. The performer then entered, playing a Highland march; and, though habited in the ordinary dress of a person of his profession, his general air and manners seemed to hint that he was really of much higher rank than he appeared to assume. This might also be supposed from his speaking in French very rapidly to one of the party, of which the words "Saturday, September the 6th," were whispered round the table with much consternation. He continued, however, to support his character,

and to play several other tunes with equal effect, such as "The welcome ower the main;" "Lang awa', but welcome here;" "Auld Stuarts back again," &c. until at length he laid down the pipes, took up a rather capacious glass of brandy, and said, "Weel, gentles, here 's to a' honest men, baith here and ower the water:

"'To one who abroad is, but should be at home,
Let the cups be all fill'd, and the tankards all foam;
Here's a sigh for all such as have no stanch defender,
Here's a health to the KING, and confound the Pretender!'"

"Well done, friend Piper," said the president; "I move that you give us another stave."

"I 'm no sure that I can," returned the musician; "I could ne'er bide at a buik lang aneugh to learn a haill sang, for ye see I've aye been a wanderer; but I 'se gie ye a ballad of all sorts;" and he then began a kind of medley, commencing with that lament which he had already played upon his pipes.

"'Oh hone a rie! oh hone a rie!
The flower of Albyn lies fu' low;
That banish'd rose, sae fair to see,
Hath closed for aye its leaves of snow!'"

Then, after a short melancholy pause, he added in a blither tone,

"'But there's a bonnie white rose-bud
Yet left upon the bough, Willie,
And clans and chiefs of noble blood
Will stand to guard it now, Willie.'

"Weel, gentles, ye 'll no forget—

'The sun it rises bright in France,
And fair sets he;
And there 's a lad in yonder land
Wha should in Britain be.'

"And sae I 'll give ye guid nicht, with

'Another cup before we part;
Another toast to warm the heart;
Another shout sae loud and bra',
To ane that 's sad and far awa.'

'Oh, the rose, the white, white rose!
Oh, my bonnie, white, white, rose!
There 's not a flower on earth that blows
That e'er I loved like my white, white rose.'"

The performer then took up his pipes and left the house, and our antiquary had the satisfaction of discovering that he had passed the evening with a party of the most notorious Jacobites in London, which made him hasten from the tavern as if he had been followed by fire, sword, or pestilence. As he passed silently and secretly from the door, however, he heard a voice say, "Good night to you, Master Mouldwarp; I give you joy upon having become a tory so soon: you 'll find your visit here has been no secret." He knew that these words could proceed from no other person than Walter Greysteil, and he turned round with the charitable intention of giving him to the watch, when he was nowhere to be seen, nor was any other person within sight: so that, vexed and weary, he once more set out for his own dwelling, where he arrived soon after midnight.

Most of the May-pole decorations, mentioned in the beginning of this narrative, had been of course either faded or removed by the time to which we are referring; but, the morning after Master Mouldwarp's excursion, the inhabitants of the spot were extremely surprised by finding that the gilt iron crowns, which decked the middle of it, had been wreathed about with white roses in the preceding night, by some unknown hand, and for some unknown purpose. A very few hours, however, cleared up the latter mystery, since it was speedily whispered by the merchants and politicians, that, for certain, the exiled James II. had died of a lethargy at St. Germain's, on Saturday the 6th; that Louis XIV. had proclaimed the Prince of Wales, James the Third of England; that the French resident would doubtless be forthwith ordered out of this kingdom, and war be declared with all possible expedition. But the secret decoration of the Strand May-pole was not so easily explained, as it had been effected under all the disadvantages of night, parading watchmen, three great lanterns erected upon the shaft itself, and a height of sixty-seven feet, where the flowers were suspended.

Although suspicion and superstition furnished abundance of evidence upon this occasion, yet there was none sufficiently accurate and satisfactory for the Honourable James Vernon, then secretary of state, to proceed upon. Those of King James's party attributed the whole work to a miracle, and confidently swore that

seven angels were seen placing the garlands, amidst the inspiring strains of the most melodious music; whilst the supporters of William, resolving not to be outdone, affirmed that they were hung up in a storm by an equal number of devils. "Persons of honour and credit," however, who never could be found, were the only witnesses of either of these wonderful visions. The various insinuations and reports against such as were suspected of being Jacobites were but little less unreasonable; since one was condemned as a concealed papist, simply because he had not shown himself so zealous a protestant as to get heartily drunk on the fourth and fifth of November, the birthday and landing of the Prince of Orange, and the discovery of the "horrid popish Jacobite plot," as the old almanacks have it. Another was thought to be secretly truckling to the king of France, because an old French limner, who was justly considered as a most dangerous spy, since nobody understood him and he understood nobody, lodged in one of his attics. A third was to be sure no friend to England, being neither more nor less than a wily Scots tobacconist, called James Stuart; and a fourth was positively a wolf in sheep's clothing, who could have no hope, since he had actually been wigmaker to King James, who absolutely went away in an article of his manufacture; and it was even said that he had sent another to St. Germain's! Such, with almost a thousand variations of "a new tout on an old horn," were some of the reports concerning those who

lived in the immediate vicinity of the Strand May-pole; and similar tales were to be heard in nearly every part of London. It was certainly true that the exiled James Francis Edward Stuart had numbers of secret friends in England, and that the nation was in a very disturbed state; since a war with France was inevitably approaching, and William III. was lying dangerously ill in Holland, though the fact was studiously concealed, and scarcely known until after his recovery.

It was not long before a shrewd suspicion fell upon Master Mouldwarp, and he was rather earnestly invited to attend the secretary of state, to give some account of his proceedings that evening; when there were sundry exclamations of wonder from all his acquaintance, that a person whom they had always esteemed as a stanch supporter of William III. should at last turn out to be a concealed Jacobite and a Jesuit in disguise. The principal point against him was his having been seen at the Stuart club at the Blue Posts, when a famous leader of James's party arrived there in disguise with the news of his death, and the proclamation of the prince by Louis. To this, Argus Blink, the watchman, who *slept* opposite the May-pole, added, that some time between midnight and morning he saw a figure like the antiquary walking near it, and at length retire towards the Hog in Armour. In his own defence, Master Mouldwarp related part of the narrative of his wonderful resemblance; but though the dilapidated house in Chelsea was searched, the

rooms were all deserted, and Walter Greysteil was never found again in London.

Nothing having been proved against him, the antiquary was at length set at liberty, though he was still closely watched, and generally regarded as a suspected person; in addition to which, the wild humours and zealous Jacobitism of his lunatic representative were frequently involving him in new difficulties, though he could never lay hold of the actual author. At length, his landlord, wearied with sheltering so suspicious a person, dismissed him from the Hog in Armour; on which he sold his museum, and again quitted England to search after Walter Greysteil, and endeavour, by restoring him his fortune, to regain his own quiet of mind. Some traditions say that they are still alive, and still looking for each other, without being able to meet, though nearly one hundred and thirty years have passed away since these events happened. But, whilst some may esteem that to be a fiction, invented only to excite wonder, and unworthy of being added to this story, my own notion is, that it is true; and I think there is rather a wholesome lesson to be derived from the supposition; namely, that when men have lost a good conscience they may wander over the world till doomsday, ere they recover their quiet of mind. If to this it be added, that evil men are tormentors to each other, and that crime is the handwriting of the arch-fiend upon our lives, the reader will have all the morality which I can extract from this narrative.

[illegible] del. [illegible] sculp.

DEATH OF THE DOVE

[illegible]

THE DEATH OF THE DOVE.

BY THE REV. HOBART CAUNTER, B. D.

ALOFT on buoyant wing the ring-dove flew,
  To breathe the purer fragrance of the skies;
From her soft plumes she shakes the glitt'ring dew
  As on her heav'nward way her course she plies.

Before her, rising from the eastern main,
  The sun bursts forth to glad this slumb'ring earth,
The chill night mists, which shroud the darken'd plain,
  Melt into light at morn's auspicious birth.

Bright glows the azure canopy above,
  Whilst joy is echoed from ten thousand throats,
All nature joins in one sweet song of love,
  Which through the air in liquid numbers floats.

The bird, unfetter'd now, pursues her flight
  Beyond the sphere of man's tyrannic sway,
Basks in the glories of unclouded light,
  And quaffs new raptures from the fount of day.

Ah! little deem'd she of destruction nigh—
  Her light heart flutter'd, free from ev'ry fear;
But peril mark'd her, as she soar'd on high,
  And sternly stopt her innocent career.

The spoiler track'd her, as she traced her way
  Below the gliding clouds, on lightsome wing;
And, like a tiger darting on his prey,
  At "one fell swoop" struck down the tender thing.

Beneath his savage might the gentle dove,
  Her plumes besprent with gore, now flutt'ring lies,
No more in fearless flight to soar above,
  And coo her notes of welcome to the skies.

Her closing eye proclaims the lapse of life—
  In rapid sobs escapes the fleeting breath;
What shall avail, in that unequal strife,
  To save his victim from the grasp of death!

Thus innocence, to savage pow'r a prey,
  Yields to its deadly yoke her tender form,
Like a meek snow-drop, when the god of day
  Hides his bright head beneath the boreal storm.

How danger, like the coiling adder, lurks
  And follows in our track where'er we go!
Around us her insidious mischief works,
  And fills a lovely world with bale and wo.

Victim of tyranny! thou never more
  Shalt hover o'er thy young to guard their rest;
In vain thy mate on searching wing shall soar
  To meet the tender partner of his nest.

The gentle Laura mark'd her fav'rite's fate,
  And rush'd to save her from the talon'd foe:
She rush'd to save—but 'twas, alas! too late—
  The ruthless hawk had dealt the fatal blow.

Still o'er the dove the gory savage flew,
  Reluctant to resign his bleeding prey,
And scarcely all the weeping girl could do
  Avail'd to scare the hungry hawk away.

She placed upon her breast the dying bird,
  As if its warmth could ebbing life renew.
Still beat its little heart, though faintly stirr'd,
  Whilst less and less the weak pulsation grew.

It died upon her bosom, and the tear
  Fell, fast and sparkling, o'er her fav'rite, dead:
But as she mark'd the falcon hov'ring near,
  The flush of wrath her glowing cheeks o'erspread.

He flew around, in mockery of her sighs—
  He heeded not the child's indignant tears.
Sweet girl! 'tis vain—nay, dry those streaming eyes,
  And learn a moral for thy future years.

It is, alas! the certain fate of all,
  To quit earth's scenes and mingle with its dust!
As thy poor dove has fall'n, so thou must fall,
  As all the seed of Adam surely must.

Kingdoms must perish, empires must decay,
  Princes and slaves alike resign their breath;
Whilst ev'ry grade of life confirms his sway,
  All nature owns the sov'reign rule of death.

This glorious world too shall at length expire,
  When rampant Ruin o'er the wreck will smile,
And whilst its mighty frame is wrapt in fire,
  Death shall excite the blazing fun'ral pile.

But, though omnipotent o'er all in time,
  Still in eternity his pow'r shall cease;
There life 's perennial, and the cloudless clime
  Glows with the sunshine of eternal peace.

REMINISCENCES.

BY T. J. GREEN.

> My spirit shall revisit thee, dear cot!
> Thy jasmine, and thy window-peeping rose,
> And myrtles fearless of the mild sea-air,
> And I shall sigh fond wishes, sweet abode!
>
> COLERIDGE.

In life's meridian stage,—what time are past
Youth's sweet vicissitudes, its hopes and fears,
Its day-dreams all too rapturous to last,
Its buoyant spirit, that dispels and cheers
Affliction's twilight; and the vale of years,
Far-stretching from the present to the hour,
The verdant hour of infancy, appears
Like one fair landscape, deck'd with many a flower,
Where sunshine now prevails, now darkling tempests
  lower—

If but our steps retrace the cherish'd scene—
The home of happy childhood, where the mind
Put forth its earliest flowers, still fresh and green;
Record of innocent joys, by time refined
From their alloy, and as it were entwined
With the heart's tendrils, by the mystic chain
Of sweet associations, undefined—
How swells the bosom with a mingled train
Of wild emotions, fraught with pleasure and with pain!

Whence comes this tumult?—Like the flash of day
Bursts forth the past to view!—Our spirits burn
In one bright flame of joy, then melt away
In tender melancholy, as we turn
To life's cold, dull realities, and mourn
That those gay hopes and feelings youth had fed,—
Its sweet illusions,—can no more return;
Or, it may be, a pang, that they who bred,
Who lov'd, who cherish'd us, are mingled with the dead.

Now are we far along the stream of life;
These joys are ours no more: we 've learnt to view
Things in a clearer mirror, as though rife
With much of good, yet much of evil too;
Our wanderings of fancy are but few:
What marvel then that we so fondly prize
The spot where erst our young affections grew;
Where visions, now forbidden, bless'd our eyes—
Endear'd by sweet regret, hallow'd by sacred ties!

There is a language in the very trees,
In each loved haunt to which the mind will cling
With more than pristine fondness; in the breeze,
The bubbling stream, a voice of welcoming,
Upon the o'erwrought feelings' tender string
Waking alternate tones of grief and joy;
And backward as we turn, while from its spring
Starts the warm tear, these truths our mind employ:
Where, in this chequer'd scene, is good without alloy?

Doth he, who basks in youth's bright day-dreams, dare
To hope no twilight will succeed to this?
Doth he aspire for aye in peace to share
The home he loves, within whose circle is
The beau ideal of his earthly bliss?
Alas! to real ills he must conform;
Far darker, sterner destiny is his;
And happiest he who boldly breasts the storm,
Whom no refinements clog, no sickly tastes deform.

Then let him launch his bark upon the tide,
With Hope its pennon fluttering in the gale;
Freighted with charities, secure 't will ride,
Love at the helm, Joy swelling every sail;
Nor shall the Scylla of Remorse prevail,
Nor Passion's wild Charybdis heeded roar:
For, firm amid the dangers that assail,
He steers, with ardent eye, for that far shore,
Where, anchor'd in repose, his toils will be no more.

BIRTH-NIGHT BALL AT RIOBAMBA.

BY JOHN EDWARDS, ESQ.

THE balmy zephyrs of a perpetual spring swept over the rich valley of Riobamba. Embosomed amidst the loftiest mountains of the new world, at an elevation equal to that of the Carpathians, it enjoyed the most delicious of climates, producing almost spontaneously the choicest fruits of southern, and the cerealia of central, Europe. Like the happy valley of Rasselas, it appeared sequestered from the cares, the follies, and the crimes, of the world. Like that valley, too, it was extremely difficult of access. Riobamba is surrounded on all sides by the mighty summits of the Andes. Chimborazo, which raises its crest, crowned with eternal snows, far above the highest mountains of the new world, frowns like a giant on all the inferior elevations. In the majesty of desolation it has defied the hurricanes of forty centuries, and the earthquakes which have so frequently ravaged the plains beneath. Like an aged prude, in the midst of contending fires, and with a volcanic energy in its heart, its icy and inaccessible pinnacle has braved, and will for ever brave, the approaches of man. Here also is the celebrated volcano of Cotapaxi, the most beautiful in its form, but the most destructive in its eruptions, which take place at periods so regular that their recurrence almost admits of calculation. The cone of dazzling whiteness, which rises from the dark bosom of magnificent forests, like a pyramid

of alabaster raised upon a pedestal of ebony, attains the elevation of nearly nineteen thousand feet, and reflects, in prismatic hues, the rays of a vertical sun through an atmosphere of inconceivable clearness. For many years the mountain had remained tranquil. The raging fires which burned beneath gave no sign of their existence: a treacherous calm ensnared the unwary. The prurient vegetation of a tropical zone concealed the ravages of former eruptions. Parasitical plants and flowers grew up in the interstices of the lava. Every thing on the surface breathed peace and serenity; and the inhabitants of the valley, while their fields waved with corn, and their trees bent under the weight of fruit, indulged in the dream of perpetual security.

The lord of Riobamba, the Marquis de los Esmeraldos, was descended from Pizarro, the conqueror and ravager of Peru, and maternally from Garcilasso de la Vega, himself the descendant as well as the historian of the Incas. He united in his own person every hereditary claim which could command respect from the Spanish Peruvian Creoles, or from the native Indians. Thus distinguished by his birth, the marquis was proud, and his pride was the source alike of his defects and of his virtues. The narrow policy of the court of Spain excluded every Creole, however illustrious his descent or eminent his talents, from any share in the government of the colonies. It was the lot of the descendants of those guilty men, who erected an altar to the supremacy of the mother country, of which a holo-

caust of Indian victims was the base, to suffer an awful retribution. Never perhaps was there a more striking exemplification of that fearful menace in the third commandment, "The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation."

The talents of the marquis were great, but, untrained and undisciplined, they exhibited only the wrecks of a noble mind. Thus his energy of character, which, directed to suitable objects, would have rendered him an ornament to his country, being repelled, and finding no legitimate object within its sphere, recoiled upon a temper morbidly sensitive, and the bitter fruits were a peevish demeanour, a frowning aspect, and a despotic tone. Yet, amidst much apparent and real harshness, there were redeeming, nay, noble traits in his character. If the pride of birth, and the consciousness of individual superiority, clouded his intercourse with the nobility of Peru, he was liberal and hospitable to his inferiors; by them he was revered as an awful father, and blessed as a bounteous benefactor. Like his Spanish ancestors, he was temperate in the pleasures of the table: trained in the superstitions of popery, his religious opinions were intolerant. Imprisoned in Peru by the narrow jealousy of the viceroy, and excluded from the society of intelligent foreigners, he had no proper standard with which to compare himself and his countrymen; hence his prejudices on

many points extended to bigotry. He was warm in his friendship, implacable in his animosity.

The marchioness, like her husband, was of noble birth; and, like him too, sufficiently aware of the distinction. Standing on that narrow isthmus which divides the parting summer of matronly beauty from the beginning autumn of an almost imperceptible decline, she was still eminently attractive. Like all Spanish Creole ladies, her education had been limited to superficial accomplishments: thus her dancing was the perfect eloquence of motion. When she touched the guitar, admiration led the judgment captive; when she moved, a majestic grace hovered on her steps; when she spoke, the magnificence and power of the Spanish language was perceived in all its grandeur and in all its tenderness; when she looked, the expression of her dark swimming eyes penetrated the soul. Like Circe, she was an enchantress; but, like Circe too, she was familiar with evil spirits. Vainly would the inquirer seek for any record of her fidelity as a wife, of her prudence as a manager, of her affection as a parent.

All hail to the gentle heiress of the house of Esmeraldos! Symmetrical as the deer, dark-eyed as the gazelle, graceful as the antelope, fair as a statue of alabaster, her voice was the sweetness of perfect melody, her movements the fascination of grace. At the period of our history she was seventeen. Educated in a convent, she had been carefully instructed in all the ac-

complishments becoming her high rank, which were enhanced by modesty and discretion. Fortunately her mind had been diligently cultivated. The Padre Isidore, for many years the confessor of her father's household, a venerable Spaniard, bred in camps and courts, who had quitted one path of duty only to be eminently useful in another, had imbued her ductile spirit with the elements of general history and of polite literature. He did more. Although a devout catholic, his mind was untainted by bigotry. He taught her that performance is better than profession, and that one act of rigid self-denial in the cause of virtue is of greater efficacy than a pilgrimage to every shrine in America, or than reclothing the miraculous image of the Virgin with a petticoat of brocade.

The mansion of the marquis stood on the declivity of Cotapaxi. Like all residences in Peru, and indeed every other part of Spanish America, it was low. The prevalence of earthquakes taught this lesson to the first invaders. Although the building did not exceed one story in height, it was spacious and most splendidly adorned. Silver was the metal applied to almost all those purposes to which brass, steel, and iron are devoted in Europe; yet it was a cumbrous splendour. Taste is an exotic plant in Spanish America: it flourishes in the soil of freedom; it sickens and dies under the withering blast of tyranny. No language can convey an adequate idea of the grandeur and beauty of the prospects from the terraces of the garden.

Flowers which in our variable climate are with difficulty reared in hot-houses grew there spontaneously; birds of the most brilliant plumage embellished the groves; venerable trees appeared to hide their leafy tops in the clouds. Claude and Salvator would each have found the favourite objects of his art in this paradise of Peru. Nothing was wanting but—security.

It was the birthday of Donna Helena. The pride and the affection of the marquis prompted the most sumptuous preparations for the anniversary. The nobility of Peru honoured the celebration by their presence. Many a richly caparisoned mule, carrying an aged noble, was seen descending the intricate and dangerous paths which led to the valley. Many a cavalier exhibited the manly elegance of his form and his skill in managing a fiery steed; while many a lovely donna shrouded the graces of her person in a litter.

And now the brilliant circle is assembled, and the fair Helena is the magnet of universal attraction: to her every eye is directed. The aged guests of her noble father receive from the lovely mistress of the banquet those respectful and affectionate attentions which, proffered by the youthful female beauty, steal irresistibly upon the withered heart. Where is the old man who can be insensible to the smile which dimples the roseate cheek of juvenile innocence? Where is the frozen spirit which will not relax into kindly warmth when soothed in its real sorrows, or beguiled from its imaginary cares, by the unobtrusive and gentle atten-

tions of a sympathizing and charming young woman? If such beings may elsewhere be found, assuredly they did not profane the saloon of the marquis. Amidst the distinguished visiters of her own age and sex, Helena shines, like the beneficent moon, with a mild splendour. Veiling her real superiority by that diffidence which, as a silvery cloud on the disk of a summer's sun, softens the glare of brilliant talents, her kindness disarms rivalry, and for a time the serpent envy sleeps in its coils. Wherever she moves a crowd of elegant youths surround her, competitors for her smile. They address her in the honeyed accents of courtly adulation: she listens to them with a graceful courtesy, but her heart is uninterested;—a guest is absent.

At length, emerging from a wood of pines, a stately cavalier descends to the valley. A noble steed of the Andalusian race bears him. The richness of his garb denotes his rank, its correct adaptation the refined taste of the wearer; but when the man is approached more nearly, you forget these trappings. His majestic mien, his sparkling eye, his raven locks, the union of dignity and sweetness in his whole deportment, mark the favourite of nature. You perceive at once that it is the Conde de Truxillo.

A blush mantles on the cheek of Helena; it is the glow of affectionate recognition. No declaration had been yet made by the conde of his attachment; but glances had been exchanged, sighs had been breathed,

gentle pressures of the hand had thrilled to the heart. She could not be mistaken in these indications: they are the accidents of love.

And now the banquet is over. Earth, air, and seas, every quarter of the habitable globe, the productions of every climate, have been laid under contribution to furnish its materials. The confectioners of Quito have exhausted their art; sparkling wines, in golden cups enchased with emeralds, have exhilarated the spirits, but, from the constitutional temperance of the Spanish nation, have not obscured the faculties of the guests. A welcome summons to the saloon is heard, and promptly obeyed. Magnificent chandeliers of crystal reflect the light of a thousand wax-tapers. Ottomans of massive silver, covered with tissued satin, invite the repose of the weary. On every side youth and beauty embellish the scene. The symmetrical forms of the Creolean ladies are exhibited in contours of irresistible grace. The heaving bosom of the purest whiteness is scarcely restrained by a diamond stomacher. The dark, full eye shoots gleams of liquid fire. The ankle, turned in nature's finest mould, peeps from the concealment of the brocaded vest. Proportions of exquisite beauty are projected into voluptuous attitudes. Dancing in England is an accomplishment only; in Spain, and what were her colonies, it is a passion.

After performing a national dance, which riveted the admiration of the company, the conde and Donna Helena were standing by an open window. "Fair

Helena," said the conde, "I cannot express half what I feel on this occasion. To tell you that I sympathize in the joy which pervades Peru on the anniversary of the natal day of its brightest ornament, is merely to say that I have, in common with my species, a capacity to discern distinguished merit, and eyes to discover incomparable beauty. But my heart reads me another lesson: it says, that however precious the casket, it is only a foil to the jewel within; that a charming person and bewitching manners are the least of your endowments; that the nobleness of your spirit, the kindness of your disposition, the solidity of your judgment, are attractions which will survive the ravages of time, and will render you dearer, if possible, to the man who may have the supreme felicity of calling you his, in age than in youth. Helena, dearest Helena, I love you! Long, ardently, devotedly, exclusively, have I loved you. My happiness depends upon your decision. What to me are wealth and honours, if I cannot share them with one whose native superiority would give distinction to the highest rank, but cannot receive any from it? I presume to flatter myself that neither my person nor pretensions will be unacceptable to your parents; but, dearest Helena, it is your heart I seek: possessed of that, I bid defiance to Fortune—without it the world is but a wilderness, and life a burden."

Whilst the conde thus spoke, a charming confusion overspread the countenance of Helena, and the trembling of her hand, which the conde had retained in his,

told that he had not addressed himself to an unmoved and obdurate listener. But before she could reply, a hollow subterranean sound struck terror into her heart. At first it resembled the rumbling of distant thunder; and, as it increased in loudness, it seemed as if a park of artillery had been fired beneath her feet. The cries of domestic animals, the flight of birds dashing themselves against the walls, the horror of universal nature, foreboded one of those terrible convulsions which have so often and so fearfully ravaged the new world. The sky, which all day had retained that clear and exquisite blueness which characterizes the atmosphere of the tropics, suddenly assumed a dun hue, and the moon, then at the full, appeared eclipsed.

Where now, amidst that gay throng, is the voice of revelry? where is the interchange of those unmeaning trifles which make up the currency of conversation? where the disposition to offer and to receive well-turned compliments? Alas! consternation has succeeded to joy; imminent danger has banished frivolity; all countenances are blanched, all hearts are frozen, with apprehension; every knee is bent before the awful Being who weighs the mountains in a balance, and who seemed about to overturn them in his displeasure. A violent shock succeeded; the walls of the mansion are partially riven; enormous fragments of rocks are precipitated from the calcined cliffs of Cotapaxi. A furious wind scatters the pines of the forest. All eyes are turned to the mountain. A thick column of smoke

tinged with fire is seen to arise from that prodigious chasm which the foot of man has never approached. Scarcely can the vast aperture give vent to the circling wreaths. The convulsive throes of the mountain are heard in sounds which vibrate to a distance of more than a hundred miles, and in comparison with which explosion the artillery of a thousand armies is only a tinkling cymbal. Cotapaxi trembles to its base. The porphyritic wall which encloses the abyss of fire in its bosom appears unequal to resist the raging element. Streams of lava partially descend the sides of the mountain. A light so intense as to dazzle vision suddenly irradiates the crater. The immense volume of flame, which perhaps has its source in the centre of the globe, has overcome all obstacles, and rises to an elevation above the crater equal to that of Snowdon. Distant provinces are illuminated by that disastrous splendour. The icy peaks of Chimborazo and Antisana are burnished by the reflection. They appear like diamond pyramids. The sides of the cone of Cotapaxi are covered with the accumulated snows of above thirty years. The intense heat begins to vitrify the rocks. At length the naked summit of Cotapaxi is revealed, and those who beheld the enormous chimney, glowing like iron in a furnace, will not readily lose the recollection of a scene, in which all that was most sublime was mixed with all that was most terrible.

During this tremendous visitation Helena had fainted, and the conde had carried her in his arms into the gar-

den. She revives; but it is only to present calamity and anticipated destruction. The mansion of the marquis is deserted. The noble and the peasant, the rich and the poor, the young and the old, are assembled on the terraces. The earth rocks beneath their feet. Incessant showers of ashes threaten to overwhelm them. Sulphureous vapours nearly stifle respiration. A new terror is added. The sound of rushing waters is heard from on high. Cotapaxi appears dissolving in cataracts. Trees, rocks, are like stubble in a hurricane. From cliff to cliff a torrent descends. It reaches the *hacienda* of the marquis. Ruin is in its van. The obliteration of all traces of human industry and human skill follows in its course.

The marquis, with the aid of the conde, endeavours to rescue Helena from a watery grave. The marchioness clings, in a state of distraction, to her husband. The messengers of destiny arrive. The mighty stream overleaps all bounds. The wretched parents are swept from their miserable child. A feeble gurgling cry proclaims their last struggle. In a few moments not an individual is to be seen. The fragments of the mansion are borne like floats of cork upon the flood. Men, animals, trees, houses, are seen no more. The grim repose of death has settled on that spot which but a few hours before resounded with the voice of joy. Riobamba is an immense lake.

But where are Helena and the conde? Are they included in the general havoc? No. At the moment

when their destruction appeared inevitable, an immense tree floated by the solitary pair. With every nerve braced to the most vigorous exertion, the conde sprang upon the trunk, supporting his fair burden. They were at first wafted with the speed of an arrow, until by degrees the violence of the stream abated, and they reached a rock which afforded them security.

What a spectacle for the heiress of Esmeraldos!—her parents consigned to the grave—her possessions destroyed—her friends no more—a raging flood beneath—an atmosphere of fire above! In this extremity was she forsaken? Her heavenly Father was her protector, the conde her consoler. She was rendered dearer to his generous spirit by the calamity which had swept away her fortune, and he supplied in his sole person the void which the loss of kindred had made. He married her, and their union was blest.

TO LEISURE.

BY BERNARD BARTON, ESQ.

LEISURE! there are to whom thy wealth
  Seems but a source of sorrow;
Oh! teach thy wistful bard, by stealth,
  Thy gifts—*their* grief to borrow.

For thee I've panted; thee I've prized
  Beyond their estimation:
For thee I've gladly sacrificed
  Sleep, health, and recreation.

"The feast of reason, flow of soul,"
  To win thee I have barter'd;
For thee have given up many a stroll
  Through Nature's haunts uncharter'd.

While some who own thee seem the while
  As if they sought to shun thee,
Early and late I've woo'd thy smile,
  And yet have never won thee.

The sunny heath, the shady grove,
  The ramble o'er and through them,
Are joys a poet's heart must love;
  But thou must guide him *to* them.

What is a *book* when lacking thee?
  A fountain seal'd, or hidden;
Even *the lyre* without thy key
  Is but a toy forbidden.

For love of thee, and not itself,
  Life seems a thing to covet;
For thee, alone, I pine for pelf,
  For thee could stoop to love it;

Since wealth not only can supply
  What worldlings make a trade of,—
Commanding thee, its dross can buy
  The stuff that life is made of.

THE BETROTHED.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

—— THEY were lovers;
And May's bright morn, and genial month of love,
Was destined by the young and happy pair
To seal their nuptial vows. Short sight, alas!
Hath human wisdom!—Ere that season came,
A chilling blight pass'd o'er the maid, and Death
Rode, triumphing, the winter's hollow blast!
Soon as the first spring-buds put forth their bloom,
And the young linnet 'mid the bushes sang;
When Nature, casting off her russet garb,
Put the green robe of her gay bridal on;
In the fair marble brow, and hectic cheek,
And the unearthly lustre of her eye,
Death's faithful herald spoke; but veil'd his dart,
Like him of old *, who hid his warrior-sword
Beneath a festal garland. To the maid
No ghastly shape he wore; for, clad in smiles,
Amid the song of birds, the breath of flowers,
And borne on zephyr's soft and balmy wing,
The awful conqueror came!—She saw him not,
Nor shrank at his approach!—No heavy weight
Press'd on her heart, that, pure as mountain-snow
Ere the sun's rays have kiss'd it, knew no guile.

* Harmodius.

Alas! on *him*, the LOVER!—not on her,
Fell the destroyer's stroke! how would he sit,
The live-long day, counting each flutt'ring pulse,
And watching, with hope's keen and eager gaze,
Till hope itself expired, her fading form!—
As day by day, and hour by hour, a part
Of earth's frail dross, like silver tried by fire,
And seven times purified, was cast away;—
For, purged by suff'ring, mortal flesh assumes
A more angelic nature! As of yore,
The guests were in the bridal garb array'd
Against the bridegroom came, so wears the form,
Before its final change from earth to heaven,
A shadowy type of immortality!—
Oft would the lover press to his sad heart
Her thin transparent hand;—then turn aside
To check the starting tear, lest it should wake
A chord of sorrow in that gentle breast.
Thus time roll'd on;—and summer's glowing noon
Gave place to yellow autumn;—yet it brought
No healthful change to *her;* but gradual still
Life's current ebb'd away!—One balmy eve,
When autumn's parting clouds borrow'd the hues
Of summer's golden sunset, from the world
Her gentle spirit pass'd, melting away
Like rainbow tints from heaven!——

THE LIFE OF A HERO.

BY MRS. BOWDICH.

"I OUGHT to have christened that boy Alexander, instead of Philip, for he is a regular hero," said a half-pay officer to his wife, as he watched the gambols of their youngest son.

"He will break his neck with his heroism," replied the lady.

"No, no," returned the husband; "he was born to be a great man, I am convinced."

This dialogue was carried on in the jessamine porch of a low, gothic-looking cottage, in the village of H. Its thatched roof and white chimneys; the luxuriant roses and clematis, which covered the green lattice-work over the walls; the ample garden, containing some noble trees; all bespoke an humble, yet peaceful degree of affluence. A navigable river wound its serpentine course in front, and beyond that was a large meadow, where traces of a battle fought between the Danes and the Saxons still existed. It was in this meadow that Philip was at play with his companions, and outstripping them in every boyish exercise. They tried to chase the horses which were grazing near them, but while the rest were engaged in vain pursuit, Philip jumped on the back of one going at full speed, and, twisting his hand in the mane, darted away like an Arab. Frequently, when his playfellows were hunting him as a stag, and he seemed hemmed in on all

sides, had he suddenly plunged into the river, and, diving under the passing barges, risen again upon the opposite bank, to deride his pursuers, who had not dared to follow him. At this time he was twelve years of age, tall, and well-proportioned: his muscles, strengthened by constant exercise, enabled him to excel in riding, running, swimming, jumping, &c.: his steady, blue eye, occasionally shadowed by the curly locks of his chesnut hair, made him an excellent marksman; and the stroke of his broad fist was the terror of many an older and bigger boy than himself. He was dearly loved for his courage and good nature by the whole neighbourhood; and he might be compared to a Newfoundland dog, possessing all the power for destruction, and a disposition that prompted only deeds of fun and mercy. One thing above all others seemed to rouse his anger, and that was oppression in every shape; and he was the champion of the distressed. No surly farmer put the poor, solitary beast of a cottager into the pound, but Philip released it before morning. Complaint was useless: for so surely as it was made, so surely did the farmer find one of his own in the same situation. His education had been confined to the instructions of the clergyman of the parish: it had not been extensive, but it had been solid. His father, with the discipline of an old soldier, had early taught him and all his household to obey; and his mother, although she frequently trembled for his life, and mourned over his torn and dripping clothes, dared not check him, and loved him

too well to utter more than a gentle remonstrance when she feared for his safety.

Philip's first real sorrow was that of parting with his brother; and eagerly did he ask to accompany him. "You are not old enough," replied his father. "I have, from length of service, obtained a commission for John, and cannot hope to do the same for you: to purchase one you know is out of the question."

"I will serve as a volunteer," exclaimed Philip.

"And who is to support you as such, my son?" was the answer.

Philip said no more, but from that day became more thoughtful. His questions concerning the battle fought in his favourite meadow, the broken helmets and weapons dug up in it, all served but to heighten his desire for action; and he spent many hours of the next two years of his life in contriving to emancipate himself from his narrow sphere. At this time his father received a letter from an old friend, who wrote, "I find you have made a soldier of your eldest son: what say you to making a sailor of your youngest? Send him to me, and I will get him out as a midshipman." Philip had no great desire to be a sailor, but to enter his career was every thing; and the pang of parting with all he held dear was no sooner abated, than his whole soul expanded with the hope of realizing his father's predictions of becoming a hero. He arrived at his friend's house in London; his outfit was got ready: but great was his consternation at finding that the buttons on

his jacket were those of the East India Company, instead of the Royal Navy. He, however, bore his disappointment *like a hero,* and thus wrote to his father: "If I cannot render myself famous by fighting the French, a life at sea must always demand courage and attention, and I trust I shall not be unworthy of your hopes, even in this situation." To the East Indies Philip went and returned; and the report made of his excellent conduct induced the Company to re-appoint him immediately. Barely had he time to fly to H——, to close the eyes of his gentle mother; but to have been present on this sad occasion was a source of consolation, and he said to his father, as he jumped into the coach which was to take him to town—"All is for the best, my dear sir. Had I been either in the army or navy, the melancholy happiness of receiving my mother's dying blessing might have been denied me, from the impossibility of quitting my post. Another eighteen months, and I shall again see you and my sister." His second voyage afforded him more opportunity of displaying his courage; for the fleet was attacked by a French squadron; and as each Indiaman at that time carried guns, to Philip's great delight his vessel was called into the hottest part of the action, and his ready bravery and presence of mind distinguished him above all his companions. Beloved by the sailors, they obeyed his orders with alacrity; and, intrusted by his captain with a post of importance, he had an opportunity of displaying that energy, which in

a trading vessel was seldom called forth. Foremost in the action, he was the first, when all was over, to fly down to the trembling female passengers, and assure them of their safety. His conduct was a step to rapid advancement; his father's eyes sparkled with triumph as he said to the clergyman—"I told you the boy was a hero;" and Philip sailed the next time as third officer. He continued in this station for a few years; but between every voyage paid a visit to his family. During one of these short sojourns at home, he chose to fall in love with a pretty, lively friend of his sister's. The dancing black eyes of the animated Bertha, to use his own terms, "soon answered his blue signals;" and seeing only success in the future, the light-hearted couple swore fidelity, till Philip's gains should enable them to confirm their vows at the altar.

Again he sailed, and again entered the Downs. He wrote to his father, that the moment his vessel was cleared he should be with him. His next letter bore a very different date, for it was written within the walls of Newgate. One morning, at break of day, before he had left his hammock, he was seized by officers of justice, who, seeing him so strong and powerful, heavily ironed him, and told him he was a prisoner on the charge of murder. The conduct of these men, however brutal at first, was soon altered by his calm and gentle submission to their orders. "It is useless," he said, "to assert my innocence to you, but I hope you

will allow me to secure those things which will afford me some comfort in the dreary abode to which you are about to lead me." They readily complied; and after putting his seal on all his property, and packing up his Bible, money, and clothes, he quietly followed them to the carriage which conveyed them to London.

In going out to India, an inferior officer of the ship, named Caylis, had repeatedly behaved with great insolence to all around him, especially to Philip, whose superiority had excited his envy. One day, when provoked almost beyond bearing, Philip observed to him—"For your public conduct there are plenty of punishments provided by the rules of the service; but for your conduct to me, as an individual, if you persist, I shall take the punishment into my own hands: therefore beware." He walked away; but the coward followed, and, hitting him a violent blow, tried to escape to the fore part of the vessel. Philip however was too quick for him, and, turning round, laid him sprawling on the deck. The whole transaction having been witnessed by the captain, he now interfered, and ordered the offender to be severely punished. He was awed into obedience; the circumstance passed over and was forgotten by all but the wretch Caylis, who vowed eternal revenge against Philip. In the course of the voyage home, a man was ordered into the shrouds for some misdemeanor; he dared to come down before his time expired, and during Philip's watch, who sternly ordered him back again. The culprit obeyed, and a few mi-

nutes after was heard to fall into the water, whence, although every effort was made to save him, he never rose again. On this did the malignant Caylis found his charge against Philip, and declare, that he had pushed the man overboard for disobeying orders. As villains may always be found in every large community, bribes induced some of the sailors to bear out the assertion. Philip had no time to assemble his own witnesses, was examined, and committed. It was then that he wrote to his father an account of the whole transaction, and begged him to communicate it to his friends. For a moment the poor old man was overcome. "My boy, my hero, to die such a death!" he exclaimed, as he hid his face in his hands. "Impossible!" he resumed, as he started up to prepare for his journey. The news soon spread, and the whole county was set in commotion: men of the highest rank and wealth offered immense sums for his bail; no bail could be allowed for murder, and he stood his trial. Two hearts, above all others, longed to be with him in this hour of affliction—those of Bertha and his sister. Their fathers, however, forbade their presence, by saying, "A prison is no place for females, and if Philip were condemned, you could do no more." No prisoner ever went to the bar more numerously escorted; his father, with his erect and military air, seemed proudly to defy the accusers of his son. His venerable instructor followed, with his silver hair and benignant countenance; the respectable father of his

betrothed, and a numerous assemblage of men of rank and consequence, attended him to court. Never did a prisoner appear as a capital offender, who in his own person excited such interest. His manly figure, his fine elevated forehead, which seemed to be the seat of candour and intelligence, the serene expression of his handsome features, betokened perfect innocence, and when he pronounced the words "Not Guilty" with a clear and steady voice, a murmur of assent ran through the crowd. His captain, and the greater part of the crew, most of whom had volunteered their testimony, the hesitation of some of the suborned witnesses, all confirmed the favourable impression, and after thorough investigation, the jury pronounced him innocent without quitting their box. "Acquitted, most honourably acquitted," were the words of the judge. A shout of joy and applause filled the whole court. His father, whose proud bearing was but the mask of intense feeling, was carried insensible into the air, where, however, he soon revived; the old clergyman silently and fervently returned thanks to a higher tribunal, and Philip had neither words nor hands enough to return the salutations and congratulations which were showered upon him by friends and strangers. A dinner was given on the same day to celebrate the event, but which Philip left his friends to enjoy by themselves. Bertha and his sister had not been separated since the departure of their parents: communications were regularly made to them, but, notwithstand-

ing their conviction that Philip would be acquitted, this awful day had been passed by them in speechless suspense. Every moment brought on the crisis—the period was past—his fate was decided—Oh! when should they know?—With violent efforts they assumed a patience which they felt not—hour after hour passed, and at length Mary ventured to whisper "How soon may we expect——" "Hark!" said Bertha. A faint noise was heard—it gradually increased—a chaise and four horses whirled up to the cottage-gate, and they were encircled in the arms of their beloved Philip.

This event gave him a feeling of disgust to his profession which he could not conquer, and, aided by the idea of its not being sufficiently lucrative to allow of his marriage in a reasonable time, he determined upon leaving the service. His brother was in India, attached to the — dragoons, with the rank of major, and as they were raising recruits for this regiment, he entered it as cornet. The time of departure arrived, and, at his father's request, he, in his farewell visit, appeared in his dragoon uniform. The good man thought he might be a hero after all, when he saw him in the respected paraphernalia of his own profession, and Bertha, although she would not confess it, thought him handsomer than ever. The campaign in India was to fill his purse, and, with the hope of this being their last separation, she parted from him with more resignation than usual. Philip in due time announced his safe arrival, and, early called into action, from that period

no letters were received from him. Age was fast creeping upon his excellent father; his constitution was evidently much broken; yet he still continued, with the aid of spectacles, to examine the daily papers for news of his children. The gazette soon announced the promotion of the elder to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and of the younger to that of lieutenant; frequently were they both spoken of in the most gratifying terms, and at length the bravery of the dauntless Philip, who was described as recovering the colours of his regiment from the enemy, almost by a miracle, shot a ray of joy into his heart which was too strong for the enfeebled frame that enclosed it. The anecdote was told in the most glowing terms, the commanding-officer's praises were repeated, and as Mary concluded the paragraph which her father's emotion had prevented him from finishing, he sunk back into his chair, with clasped hands and eyes raised to Heaven.

"Thank God!" he fervently exclaimed, "my boy *is* a hero!—I foretold it: and now, bless you all, my—" The last words faltered on his lips; a deep-drawn sigh escaped from his bosom—and it was his last.

The news of his death reached Philip at a time when he had no leisure for the indulgence of his private feelings. The siege of Seringapatam was begun; every energy was called into the combat; the — dragoons acted as dismounted cavalry: but as Philip stood, with his men, up to his knees in an intrenchment filled with water, and the tropical sun flamed over his head, he

darted a thought of regret back to his home, and uttered a short prayer for the survivors. The city fell, and became the spoil of the conquerors. Already did Philip think his wishes were accomplished; honour and fortune awaited him; and Bertha was to crown his happiness. But the chastening hand of Providence had ordered it otherwise. His exposure to the sun; his violent exertions; the smoke, heat, and dust of the siege; brought on an inflammation in his eyes, which at length ended in blindness. Still he hoped that the calamity was only temporary. The skill of English practitioners he thought would restore him. He asked leave of absence, and it was granted. He received his share of the spoils, and returned home with a wounded brother officer, taking with him his favourite charger. They travelled through a wild country to reach the sea-coast, and frequently suffered from hunger. The inhabitants fled before them; and often had Philip given up his own meal to supply the appetite of his valued steed. On one of these occasions the rice he abandoned to it was poisoned, and the poor animal died in a few hours. Philip could scarcely feel grateful for his own escape, when he first heard the intelligence; but, continuing his route on another horse, he arrived at the port without further disaster, and finally landed in England. He staid in London for some time, trying the best operators and advisers: they at length told him that there was not the slightest hope; and sadly did he return to H——, without the power of

beholding the dear forms which he had often contemplated with delight. He had thought that Mary or Bertha might have met him in town, to afford him consolation under his heavy trial: but Mary was married, and a mother; and Bertha's parents had forbidden her to see her lover. The agents in India intrusted with the division of the prize-money had taken advantage of his blindness, and given him glass for precious stones; he was obliged to retire upon half-pay; and a comparatively trifling pension was granted for his loss of sight. He was no longer, then, a match for their daughter, and they peremptorily ordered her to give him up.

"No!" exclaimed the heart-broken girl, "I may not marry him in disobedience to your commands; but he is the same Philip whom you once sanctioned as my affianced husband, and I never will give him up."

Time rolled on. Philip was established, with a servant, in lodgings near his sister; and his stolen interviews with Bertha at her house, and the society of her children, were his sole comforts. Bertha's father died, and left thousands among his wife and sons; but to Bertha he bequeathed a paltry pittance, and the reversion of her mother's jointure, in case she married with her consent. Resigned as he was to his fate, his health suffered from his struggles and the inaction of his life. The people, as he passed leaning on the arm of a servant, would shake their heads, and mourn over the alteration, thinking it a blessing that "his father had

not lived to see what his hero was come to." Could they have searched into his heart, they would have found him a greater hero than ever. His entire resignation to the will of God, his endeavours to extract happiness from every trifling occurrence, his cheerful conversation, were proofs of a strength that availed much more than bodily exertion. At length, after the lapse of years, Bertha's grandmother died, and left her a small property; she wrung a consent from her mother; and she became the wife of Philip. Then, indeed, did a ray of happiness beam, for a few years, over his benighted existence. Her society, her devotion to his wishes, made him declare that he had nothing on earth to desire; and when he felt that he must prepare for heaven, he proved that he was still a hero. Feeling that he must die, he uttered his last wishes with the most perfect calmness and composure; and, laying his head upon the arm of his wife, he resigned his magnanimous soul to its Creator.

Such was the career of the man "born to be a hero;" and so were his father's predictions fulfilled.—And let us learn, from this slight sketch, that there is more true heroism in cheerfully submitting to the privations imposed on us by an unerring Power, than in mounting the breach of a fortress upon the dead bodies of our fellow-creatures.

WHERE IS GOD?

WHERE is He?—Ask his emblem,
  The glorious, glorious sun,
Who glads the round world with his beams
  Ere his day's long course is run.
Where is He?—Ask the stars that keep
  Their nightly watch on high.
Where is He?—Ask the pearly dews,
  The tear-drops of the sky.

Where is He?—Ask the secret founts
  That feed the boundless deep;
The dire simoom, or the soft night-breeze
  That lulls the earth to sleep.
Where is He?—Ask the storm of fire
  That bursts from Etna's womb,
And ask the glowing lava-flood
  That makes the land a tomb.

Where is He?—Ask the Maelstrom's whirl,
  Shiv'ring tall pines like glass;
Ask the giant oak, the graceful flow'r,
  Or the simplest blade of grass.
Where is He?—Ask Behemoth,
  Who drinketh rivers dry;
The ocean-king, Leviathan,
  Or the scarce-seen atom fly.

Where is He?—Ask the awful calm
  On mountain-tops that rests;
And the bounding, thund'ring avalanche,
  Rent from their rugged crests.
Ask the wide-wasting hurricane,
  Careering in its might;
The thunder-crash, the lightning-blaze,
  Earth all convulsed with fright.

Where is He?—Ask the crystal isles
  On arctic seas that sail,
Or ask, from lands of balm and spice,
  The perfume-breathing gale,
Where in the universe is found
  That presence-favour'd spot—
All—all—proclaim his dwelling-place—
  But say—WHERE IS HE NOT?

F. S.

MEDITATIONS OF A BEREAVED LOVER ON THE SEA-SHORE.

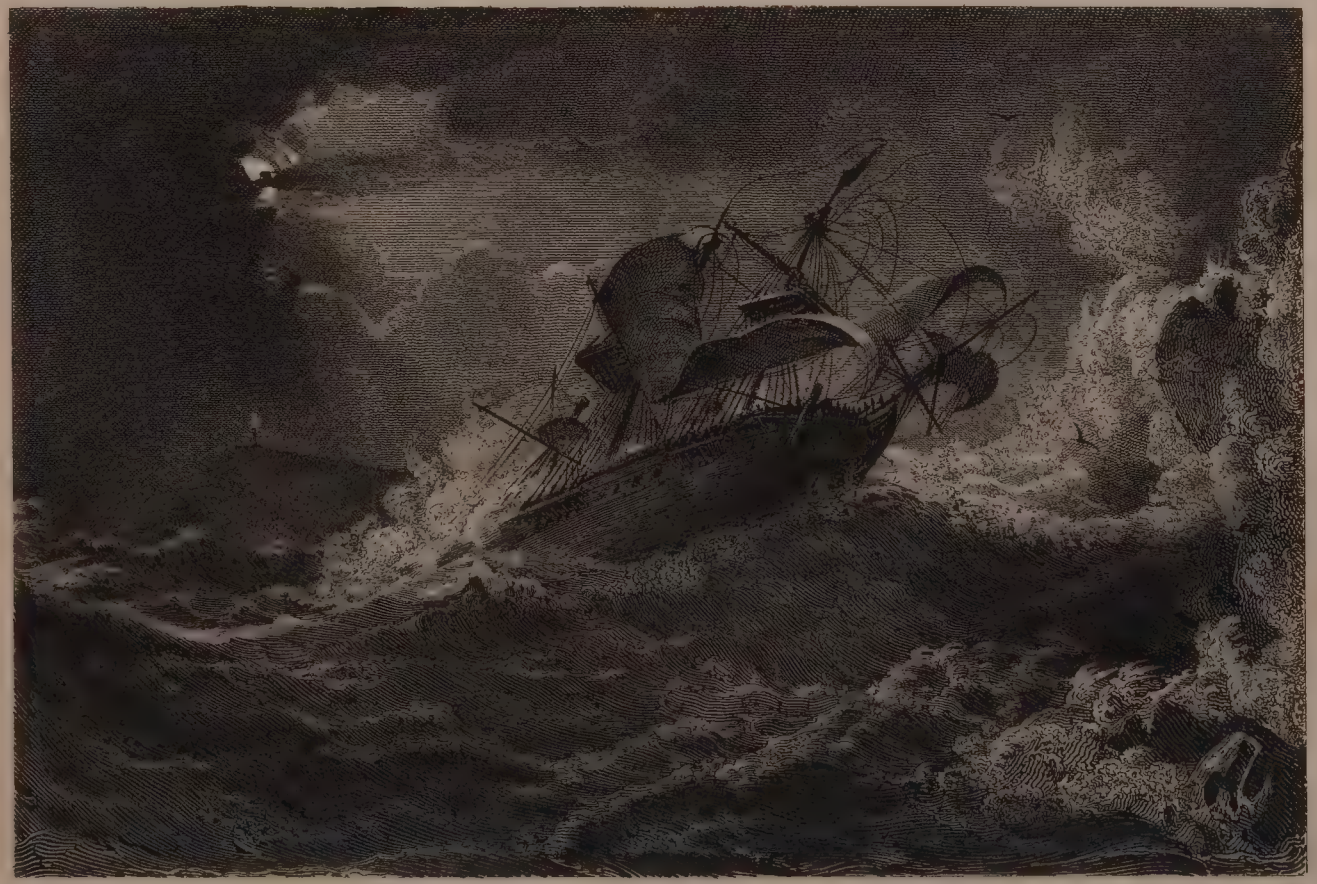
BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE.

'TIS the sweet hour of Eve, when all
  Is bright above, and calm below;
When, save the wretched, none recall
  That earth is but the home of wo.
Some look upon the waving grove,
  Some gaze upon the dark blue sea,
Some on the glistening eye of love,—
  I look for thee.

'Tis twilight, and the plaintive bird
  Wild warbles through the darkening wood;
And there her sweetest notes are heard
  By those who love calm solitude:
While others list the jovial cry
  That, echoing o'er the tranquil sea,
Bespeaks the home-bound vessel nigh,
  I list for thee.

Or if upon the passing crowd
  I gaze, what bitter thoughts have birth!
Yet not from laughter long and loud—
  I know the heartlessness of mirth;
But there is one whose open brow
  Reveals a spirit calm and free;
Ah! why should mine be troubled now?
  I think of thee.

I too can gaze on earth and sea,
  Hear the bird's note, the maiden's voice;
But none can whisper peace to me,
  None bid my wither'd heart rejoice.
O when shall calmer thoughts have birth?
  It hath not been—it cannot be—
Till thou once more return to earth,
  Or *I* to thee.



G. P. Fumagalli pinx.t

S. W. Smart sculp.t

THE SHIPWRECK.

Pub.d by R. Ackermann & Co. London

ON SEEING A SHIP

WHICH HAD BEEN INDUCED [illegible] BY FALSE LIGHTS, DASHED TO PIECES ON THE [illegible] OF SCILLY, AT MIDNIGHT, IN [illegible]

BY NATHANIEL [illegible]

AUTHOR OF "[illegible]"

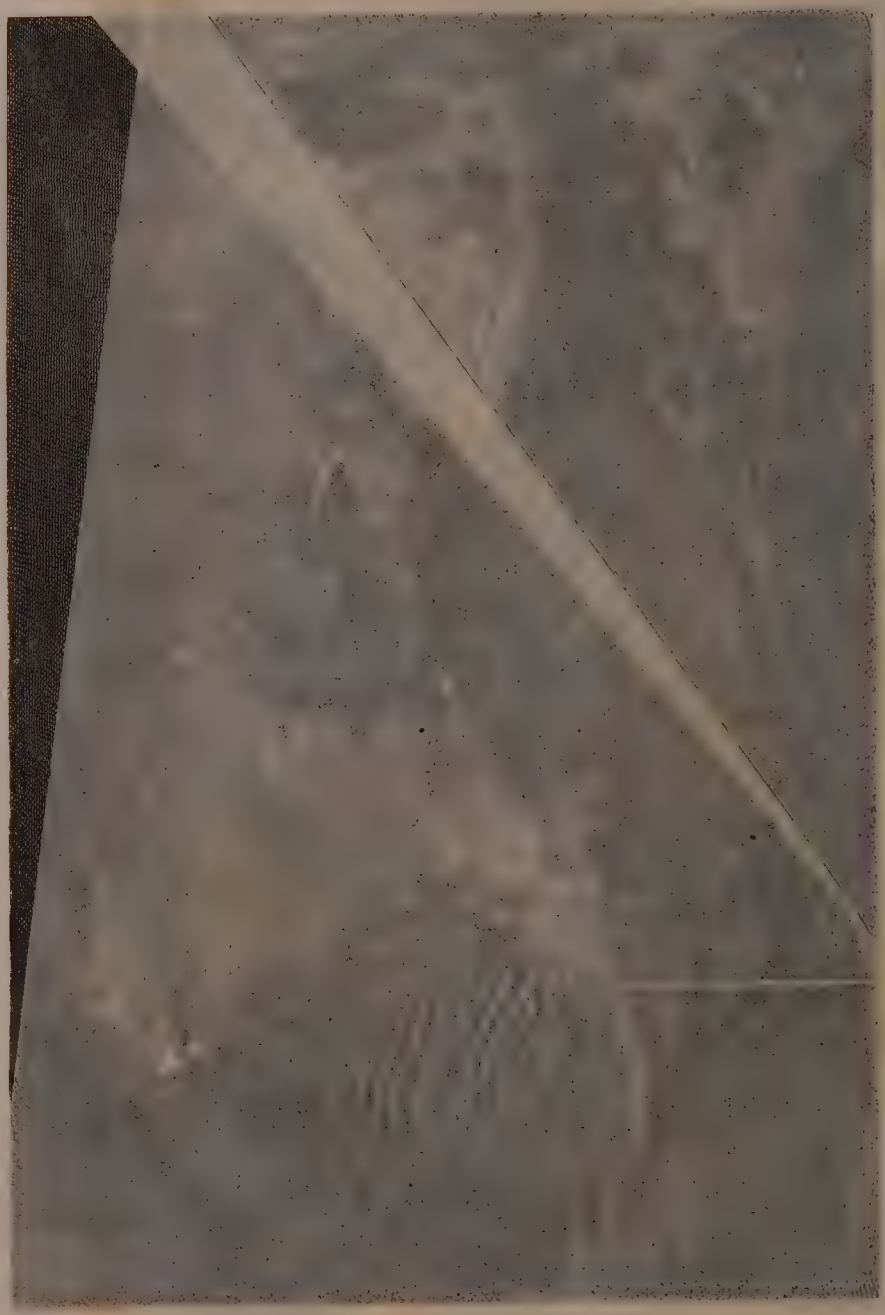
Fierce the winter [illegible] blew,
[illegible]
[illegible] frigate flew;
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible] dimly gleam
[illegible]
[illegible]

"Bear away!" the helmsman cries;
"Rocks and dangers lie ahead."—
[illegible] the [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible] night the heaven o'er[illegible]
Brighter shine those trait'rous [illegible]
Louder roar the three[illegible] blasts;
Death with haste the ship inspires.

Fierce the seamen drew their breath;
[illegible] was that gallant crew;
[illegible] whisper'd death,
And each man his fate foreknew.



ON SEEING A SHIP,

WHICH HAD BEEN INDUCED TO ALTER HER COURSE BY FALSE LIGHTS, DASHED TO PIECES ON THE ROCKS OF SCILLY, AT MIDNIGHT, IN DECEMBER, 1813.

BY NATHANIEL OGLE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "MARIAMNE."

FIERCE the winter tempest blew,
  The moon in clouds was shrouded;
Through the surge a frigate flew;
  Her deck with men was crowded.

For their harbour right they stood;
  When three watch-lights dimly gleam,
Glancing rays along the flood,
  Broad upon the larboard beam.

"Bear away!" the helmsman cries;
  "Rocks and dangers lie ahead."—
With the storm the frigate flies,
  By Destruction's demon led.

Deeper night the heaven o'ercasts;
  Brighter shine those trait'rous fires
Louder roar the threat'ning blasts;
  Death with haste the ship inspires.

Scarce the seamen drew their breath;
  Silent was that gallant crew;
As if spirits whisper'd death,
  And each man his fate foreknew.

Opening clouds unveil the skies;
  Crags and shoals begird her round,
Raving surfs recoiling rise,
  Then rush up the broken ground.

Lighted by the pale moon-ray,
  Balanced on a mountain-wave;
Wreathed with foam and winged spray,
  High she trembled o'er her grave.

Screams are mingled with the wind;
  Granite reefs one crash resound;
No track of death the eye can trace—
  Nought but foam and billows round!

THE POET.

BY FREDERIC SHOBERL, JUNIOR.

BEHOLD the poet, where, enchain'd by thought,
  He sits in solitude—the frenzied eye
  Upturn'd to evening's crimson-mantled sky;
The panting breast with inspiration fraught.
Oh! who can guess the visions that are brought
  To glowing Fancy's sight!—the while, on high,
  He scans the painted clouds slow gliding by,
As they were curtains under which he sought
The seraph messengers of heavenly powers!
  Thus Genius soars aloft to catch a flow
Of minstrelsy divine—like lark that towers
  Through cloud or sunshine, rain, or feathery snow—
To learn the notes that gush from angel-bowers,
  And kindle in dull hearts a sacred glow.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

A PORTUGUESE SKETCH.

BY MRS. MARIANNE BAILLIE.

"WHAT an Eden do many parts of Portugal offer to the eye of a lover of nature! Her peasantry are worthy of their balmy land. The men hardy, frank, and hospitable; the women tender, affectionate, and chaste—lovelier in their wild dark beauty than the fairest daughters of the North. Contented under privation, and gay amid toil, these simple people almost realize the visions of the patriarchal age."

These sentiments, the result of rather a recent acquaintance with the scenes and natives of that romantic country, were imparted to me by my friend and fellow-traveller, H***, as, from a high-hung bower in one of the most beautiful quintas in Cintra, we watched the progress of a group of peasants in the road far beneath, as they wound up a rocky ascent, and, emerging from one of the fairest valleys that ever blest the eye of man, entered the welcome shade of the cork-tree wood by which our quinta was surrounded. Here a fountain gushed forth from its rocky source, and the party stopped to refresh their string of weary mules, and to shelter themselves from the fervour of the sun, while they dispatched their frugal repast of coarse bread, made of Indian corn, a few olives, and grapes.

As soon as they beheld us, a cheerful "Viva!" escaped them all; the involuntary demonstration of a good-will and a good-nature too genuine to be repressed.

"What luck have you had at market?" cried H***, falling at once into their own frank manner, which evidently pleased his hearers, although a sly and evanescent dimple, curling the cheek of one or two of the women, spoke their quick sense of the ludicrous way in which he murdered the language.

"Pretty good—not bad, thanks to Nossa Senhora!" answered a hale old sire, with silver beard, floating in waves which descended nearly to his girdle, and an eye that still flashed merrily beneath the deep shadow of his sombrero hat. "Here, Carmo!—Maria do Carmo!" continued he, gently touching with the end of his pastoral staff the shoulder of a young girl, who, placed upon her albarda (pack-saddle), between two osier panniers, with her pretty head nodding from side to side, and eyes closed, appeared to rouse herself with effort from an agreeable slumber; "you have still left a few unsold queijadas and requeijoês; offer them to the quality."

"Coitadinha!" (i. e. poor little dear thing!) exclaimed a fine athletic youth, whose chesnut locks fell in long spiral ringlets on each side of his handsome and spirited countenance; "she is tired; and no wonder; the heat of the sun, and the tinkling of the burinho's bells, have put her to sleep."

"No, José, 't was thy everlasting ditties," quoth she of the pack-saddle, darting upon the young man a "side-long look of love," while no "matron-glance, that would such looks reprove," escaped the good-natured mother

of the group, who, seated, as well as the young Pomona, upon a wearied mule, was lulling an infant to sleep to the ancient provincial ballad of "Spagnolinha del alma minha," whose eternal *refrain* of "Ay, ay, ay, ay," seemed to have an equally soporific effect both upon herself and the bantling.

"The road has been long and rough, senhores, and the sun is still high," said the youth; "but Maria will show you her requeijoês in an instant."

"To be sure," said Carmo, with her sweet sleepy eyes still sheathed amid their long jetty fringes, and sighing with weariness, while she dismounted, and unpacking from a cloth, white as snow, a parcel of small cream cheeses, made by her own fair hands, she gracefully offered them to our acceptance. In descending from her burinho, a light elastic foot and ankle, set off by a thin open stocking (the peculiar handiwork of the female peasantry of Cintra) and a yellow silk slipper, worthy of Cinderilla herself, were displayed.

"After this," cried H***, in a whisper, "I shall never be able to endure the Betty Blackberries of England, who, whatever may be their cherry-cheeked charms, have generally a foot like an ox!"

"Hush, recreant!" said I, while we expressed our thanks for the delicious "messes" which this neat-handed Phyllis was pressing upon us, seconded by her admirer, José. I never saw a finer couple: they were indeed glorious specimens of the human race. We could not refuse their gifts; but when we attempted to

offer them money in return (which, by the way, was bad taste in us), they rejected it with precipitation, and we evidently saw that the idea of remuneration was painful to them all.

"Is José your brother?" inquired H***.

"No, meu senhor," replied José, answering for the fair object, whose every look and gesture he seemed to watch, as if to anticipate her slightest wish; "no; Carmo is to be my wife—much good for me!"

"She is charming—God bless you both together!" exclaimed I; upon which the young pair exchanged a smiling glance, and then José broke forth with true national animation into an expression of warm gratitude. "Muito obrigado, senhores," (we saw he felt personally obliged), "muito obrigado! Viva, viva!" The group now prepared to depart. The musical ringing of the animals' bridle-bells was once more heard, and mingled agreeably with the joyous bark of the numerous dogs which followed their heels, the shrill laugh of the children, and the sweet soft farewells of the females, who, while they were still in sight, continued to wave their hands, and to repeat their kind adieus in signs with the fingers; a language universally understood and practised by all ranks of the Portuguese.

"These people are happy notwithstanding their rulers, and good in spite of their priesthood," said H***. "I question if you would find their equals in heart and head (to say nothing of person and manner)

in any part of England, among people of the same class, although we hear so much there of the 'march of intellect,' and the 'blessings of education,' and are told wonders of the power of '*the saints*' in converting sinners!"

"*True* religion, my dear H***," replied I, "has little to do with either popish or calvinistical saints; and as to your preference of the Portuguese to our own peasantry, I suspect it rests chiefly upon the picturesque and romantic bent of your imagination, and your decided passion for black eyes and slender ankles! You have, at present, seen only the fairest specimens of the country, the climate (this was in spring), and the people. When you encounter the filth and discomfort of the towns, the bigotry and ferocity of their inhabitants, and also of the gente da borda d'agua (people of the coast), the burning fervor of summer, with its concomitant plague of insects, and the miserable want of verdure and of shade which a large portion of the country exhibits, perhaps you will be less in love with this land of the sun, and disposed to look with greater complacence upon the scenes and people of poor old England!"

H*** shook his head; but some time after this conversation he made a certain excursion across the country, from Lisbon to Caldas, at the wretched inn of which latter town he was joined by Mr. M***, an Englishman and mutual friend, who, upon the first evening of his arrival, related the following adventure,

which had the effect of cooling the enthusiasm of H***, and of bringing him over to my less romantic opinions.

The gentleman in question had, the year before, obtained leave of absence from his official duties at ——, and was travelling in the interior provinces. Upon his arrival at Caldas, which is about five-and-thirty miles from Villa Franca, and where there are mineral baths of much efficacy in rheumatic complaints, he was accosted by an English acquaintance, who appeared in great emotion—"What can we do, M***?" said he. "In this noisy, wretched hotel there is an unfortunate countrywoman, a young girl of respectable family, who is absolutely dying, without a friend to support and comfort her, except her maid, who is a poor silly creature, and quite at her wits' end with the want of accommodation, and of common humanity, which the Portuguese wretches about her mistress are daily exhibiting!"

Upon further inquiry, M*** learned that Miss Morton, the object of his friend's solicitude, had been brought from Lisbon to try the effect of the waters, and left there by her brother; a strange, thoughtless young man, who, with that selfish indifference to consequences which is often mildly called heedlessness, had gone himself in pursuit of novelty, no one knew whither.

There was not at this time a single female of the higher classes, whether native or foreigner, who evinced the least interest in her fate, for she had not leisure

or opportunity to make acquaintances; and the Portuguese are distinguished (generally speaking, without reference to amiable exceptions) by their aversion to an *estrangeiro* (stranger), the *bête noire* of their prejudiced imaginations.

M***, with his usual ready philanthropy, determined to offer Miss Morton every assistance in his power. He was introduced to her, and was deeply shocked at the melancholy and forsaken condition, to which he found a youthful and apparently a very amiable woman thus reduced. She was reclining, propped by cushions, upon a straw mattress, spread upon the coarse floor of an upper chamber, emaciated, worn, and almost incapable of moving, but dressed, in the true spirit of our countrywomen, with all that purity and delicacy which distinguishes them from the females of the continent. Her cheek, almost as colourless as the pillow upon which it reposed, was shaded by a profusion of pale brown hair, neatly arranged; and the softness and beauty of her deep-blue eyes, darkened by the thick-coming shadows of death, made a powerful impression upon the feelings of her compassionate and somewhat imaginative visitant. Her complaint was an abscess on the liver; and even at the moment when M*** first saw her, he was persuaded that recovery was out of the question. However, he thought it his duty to summon whatever medical advice the town afforded, and accordingly three native physicians (as they were pleased to call themselves) met together to

hold a consultation upon her case. Each of these worthies maintained an opposite opinion as to the mode of treatment proper to be adopted: one was for copious bleeding; the second declared it would kill the patient; the third would have bled her, but the moon was not in the proper quarter, and it was also an *unlucky* day of the week. In one thing, however, they, after long deliberation, came to a universal agreement—that death was inevitable, and life not likely to be protracted beyond a day, or perhaps two. Under these circumstances, M*** found himself called upon to hint to the sufferer, that it would be requisite for her to confide to his honour and solicitude any directions she might wish to have conveyed to her friends.

Little circumlocution was necessary. Miss Morton perfectly comprehended her situation, and indeed declared that she *felt* herself dying: her calmness and presence of mind were astonishing, her resignation perfect. That strength which, if sincerely implored, is promised by Heaven to enable us to bear with fortitude even the extremity of ill, seemed to be visibly accorded at the moment when it was most needed. She caused herself to be raised and supported on her miserable pallet, was supplied by M*** with writing-materials, and wrote a short letter herself to her agent in Lisbon, in which it was afterwards discovered that she had given directions for the interment of her body in the burying-ground of that place. She regulated her few

pecuniary concerns; and, asking for a casket which contained some valuable personal ornaments, confided it to the care of M***, requesting that he would convey it into the hands of her brother, after having reserved a certain gem for a youthful female friend, whose name she specified.

Having finished these directions, she appeared to be very desirous of the consolations of religion; but there was no protestant but M*** in Caldas, and upon his tenderness she relied to supply the place of priest, as well as of brother, friend, and nurse; and all these affecting cares devolved upon a man to whom, a few short days since, she was an entire stranger. What a singular fate both for M*** and herself! The maid-servant behaved well, but she was by no means above the common run of persons of her class, and was incapable of affording her mistress any comfort as a companion.

Miss Morton lingered a few days after the final arrangement of her affairs; and in the intervals of comparative ease, allowed by her cruel disorder, communicated several interesting circumstances relative to her own concerns and feelings: in particular, she dwelt upon the *agony* she had endured on the journey from Villa Franca to Caldas. From Lisbon to the former place she had been conveyed by water, and did not suffer so much: but on the morning of her disembarkation she believed the abscess within her had burst, and the illness increased every mile she advanced along the

horrible roads, in the inconvenient, rough, open vehicle in which every person is obliged to travel in this strange, half-barbarous country. Exposed to the full glare of a sun, whose fierce beams became almost insupportable at the early hour of eight or nine in the morning, and from which, as there were no curtains or blinds to the carriage, she could only partially shield her face and hands, which became blistered in consequence of the exposure; suffocated with dust, and parched with thirst; it is easy to conceive that her trial was a fiery one in every sense of the word! As night drew on, the *sege* stopped at one of those buildings which she took for an inn, a sort of "loja de bebidas" (a drinking-shop), in a town which she fancied must be Caldas. Here she hoped that the termination of her sufferings had arrived, and her fainting spirits revived at the idea of rest and quietude. But, alas! her harassing journey was not yet over,—the place was not Caldas. "Never," said she, "shall I forget my disappointment! it arose to agony!" The driver called for the favourite dram of the natives, a glass of "agoardente d'erva doce" (brandy of aniseed); and moved to some compassion by the sight of her illness, procured her the refreshment of lemonade, hastily made from the fresh fruit gathered in the little quinta belonging to the house, by a good-natured *Maritornes*, whose heart was in the right place, and who supported her in her strong arms, into which she nearly fell exhausted, as the driver suddenly checked the vehicle before the door of her habi-

tation. After a short respite, poor Miss Morton re-entered the carriage, and at last reached, more dead than alive, the place of her destination; that Caldas, to which she had looked forward with such intensity of desire, as can only be conceived by those invalids who have passed through the sufferings incident to Portuguese travelling. The wretched inn at this place was ill calculated to ensure the repose she had anticipated. Every species of discomfort assailed her; and here, finding her strength failing rapidly, and her complaint gaining ground from hour to hour, she felt as if forsaken by all mankind, and abandoned to sorrow, pain, and death. It was then that she first heard of the arrival of our friend M***, to whom (in his official capacity) she had been furnished with letters, upon leaving England, but had not had an opportunity of delivering them, in consequence of his temporary absence from Lisbon. Her situation as an orphan—for her parents and near relations were dead, and she had come out to this country under the care only of the brother to whom allusion has already been made—gave her an additional claim upon the attention and sympathy of the kind-hearted M***; and this interest would probably have been increased, had he then known, what he was afterwards told, when Miss Morton was in her grave, that she was a girl of considerable talent, and had been very much loved and admired in society, for the playful brilliancy of her wit and the sweetness of her disposition.

Those who know what the customs, manners, and climate of Portugal are, will sincerely compassionate the trials which now overwhelmed this delicate and sensitive English girl. The floor of her apartment was so rudely constructed, that through the wide crevices of the flooring the noise and the odours of the kitchen continually ascended, and every thing that passed there might be seen as well as heard. The heat was intolerable, and the persecutions of the eternal moschettos and other yet more disgusting insects were unremitting. Added to this, a group of coarse itinerant musicians, who were accustomed to distress the ears of the guests in the hotel, by their loud nasal bawling, heightened by the wiry clang of a vile guitar, chose to fix their station beneath her windows by day, while at night, the howling and yelling of the innumerable dogs of the town, quarrelling over their impure meal, disturbed her fevered sleep.

A man died in the chamber next to her own, and the clamorous ceremonies attendant upon the event contributed to increase her sufferings, both mental and physical. All the rabble of the place were perpetually ascending and descending the stairs, being permitted by their religion to visit the corpse, and to form a constant crowd in the room where it lay: to this succeeded the stifling odour of burnt rosemary, used on these occasions. Then came the *cantuxao* (a funeral dirge), sung by the monks, when they arrived to convey the body to its last resting-place. From the remote end

of the street their voices were painfully impressive; but when they came nearer, and at last slowly ascended the stairs, bearing lighted tapers and the coffin, nothing can be conceived more horrible than the strain; its effect upon the already sinking spirits of the English invalid may be easily imagined. The ceremony, however, came to an end, and the house would have been comparatively quiet, had it not been for the guitar-players, &c. to whom M*** gave a considerable douceur to induce them to remain at a distance until poor Miss Morton, whose hours were numbered, should be released by death. But what a moment did these ruffians, with gross, unfeeling pertinacity, choose for returning to the spot!—actually the closing hour of her existence, when she was struggling in the pangs of dissolution. All appeal to the constituted authorities of Caldas would, as M*** was aware, have been vain; and any forcible method of ejectment, had he possessed the means, would have been answered by the knife or the stiletto, of which no notice would probably have been taken by the police—or at all events no punishment beyond a few days' imprisonment would have been inflicted upon the murderers. Persuasion, therefore, was the only hope. M*** rushed out of the hotel to entreat their silence, having left, for this purpose, the bedside of the sufferer, where he was engaged in reading the protestant service for the dying. At the door he encountered two fresh tormentors, who were upon the point of forcing an entrance to the sick

chamber. These were a reverend pair of Romish priests, one of whom belonged to the Irish convent, and was consequently well aware that their intrusion would be highly disagreeable and distressing to the protestant lady.

"We are given to understand," said the Portuguese friar, "that there is a person dying in this house without the consolations of religion, and we are therefore come to administer them."

"It is indeed true," replied M***, "that the lady to whom you allude is in the state you mention; but if you will believe me, I can solemnly assure you that she is by no means without those religious consolations which her resignation and piety most justly merit: her frame of mind is so enviable, that I can only say, I would willingly be in her place at this moment."

"But she has none of the supports of the church," interrupted the Irish brother.

"You, sir, are, I perceive, an Irishman, and must therefore be aware of the customs of the protestant church," rejoined M***: "you can hardly be ignorant that it does not permit its members to receive those prayers and ceremonies which *you* seem so desirous of administering. Do not mistake me: I wish to offer no insult to the excellence of your motives in attempting to see my countrywoman; but after this explanation you can have no right, no excuse, to continue your importunities."

This, however, was by no means admitted by the

priests. The Irishman seemed rather ashamed, and left his Portuguese coadjutor to battle the affair with our resolute friend, who, although aware of the danger he was incurring, in a despotic and bigoted country, by opposing the will of its priesthood, still continued firmly to refuse entrance to the persevering friar. At length the latter went away, and M*** returned to his affecting and melancholy task. He read the English service appointed by the established church. "Is there nothing more, is there not any thing that would still farther console and support my spirits?" inquired the dying object of his solicitude; and fortunately, as the proprietor of the inn was an Englishman, M*** found in his possession a torn fragment of a book, containing two prayers for a person at the point of death, which were so singularly beautiful and consolatory, that they at once produced the desired effect upon the feelings of Miss Morton. "A thousand, thousand thanks!" said she, "for all your great kindness to me. Those prayers have been blest!—they are a cordial." She then became very faint; M*** placed his hand upon her forehead, and she made a slight sign, pointing to her head: he assisted the servant to raise it higher upon the pillow, and she appeared relieved: a moment more, and——she was gone! And now that all was over, arrived the leaden coffin, for which M***, with an aching heart, and pressed by the peculiar circumstances of the case, had been obliged to write an order to Lisbon, even before life had departed from

the body. How thankful was he that it had not come sooner; what anxious precautions had he not previously taken, lest its arrival should have caused any bustle or noise in the hotel, that might have reached the ears of the unfortunate girl!

The next misery he experienced sprung from the bigotry of the people by whom he was surrounded. There were several native and one Spanish family of high rank in the hotel, and they all sent to desire that the corpse might be turned out of the house while the warmth of life yet lingered, and ere the breath could be fairly pronounced to have departed. "We will all leave the hotel," was the message, "if the body of a heretic is allowed to remain under the roof;" and it was generally observed in the street that "there was a heretic just gone to h—ll, and *who cared?*"

M*** now began to perceive that if he did not get away from Caldas, the body might be torn to pieces, and his own life, perhaps, sacrificed; he accordingly lost no time in removing, hired two *seges* (a crazy sort of cabriolet common in the country), and, placing the coffin, wrapped in matting, upon the wheels of one (having taken off the body of the carriage), he proceeded in the other, accompanied by the female servant of the deceased, upon their melancholy return to Lisbon. They at length reached that place: but what a journey! The heat of the atmosphere, the intolerable glare of the sun, whose brilliance seemed to mock the depressed spirits of the mourners, the fatigue and the

anxiety, were altogether overpowering, and far more easy to be conceived than described. When they arrived in Lisbon, M*** had the mournful satisfaction of beholding the body of this unfortunate girl laid in the beautiful and tranquil spot appropriated by the English residents as a place of burial, and among its dark pines and cypresses he raised a simple tablet of white marble to mark her grave.

LIFE'S VOYAGE.

BY J. F. HOLLINGS, ESQ.

THE winds of heaven are loosed on high,
  The storm hath left its home;
Awoke to furious revelry,
  Wide heaves the ocean foam.
There is no moon, with trembling light,
  To calm the troubled tide,
No star to meet our watchful sight,
  No beacon ray to guide.

Faint not, thou wandering mariner,
  Though night and wrath be there;
And at thy prow the shores of Death,
  And at thy helm Despair!
Amidst the howling tempest's force,
  And threefold gloom of fear,
An eye beholds thine onward course—
  An arm to aid is near.

The baffled storm lies hush'd in sleep,
  Forth springs the morning ray,
And light the wanton breezes sweep,
  With music, on their way;
And, rippling o'er its bed of gold,
  Majestic—boundless—free!
The unfathomable deep is roll'd,
  A light-invested sea!

Now let the red wine circle fast,
  And wreathe the cup with flowers;
A strain of thanks for dangers past!
  A health to happier hours!
So shall our days in joy have birth,
  And cloudless speed along,
Hail'd by the heart's ascending mirth,
  And hymn'd to rest with song.

Awake, thou careless mariner!
  Heed not the faithless sky;
A deadlier power is on thy path,
  A darker peril nigh.
O'er many a wreck those waters flow,
  And many a hidden tomb;
And that fair sea which smiles below
  But tempts thee to thy doom!

THE CONVENT OF ST. URSULA.

BY JOHN BIRD, ESQ.

It was near the close of a brilliant autumn day, that a solitary horseman, descending a mountain road seldom visited by travellers, and rough in proportion to its disuse, stopped at the door of a wretched posada, that seemed to possess few attractions for a guest of his apparent quality. But though the tenement itself was mean almost to repulsion, the rich province of Granada could boast few more lovely or romantic valleys than that where he had chosen to make his halt. The deep masses of forest trees, just tinted with the golden glow of the waning year, threw their broad shadows around the margin of a lake, where ever-flowing rills, that leaped fantastically from rock to rock, glided gracefully into repose beneath the slanting rays of the sunset. The luxuriant hills scarcely yet denuded of the purple wealth that soared even to their summits; and the long line of shadowy mountains beyond, reflecting with diminished lustre rather than loveliness the bright radiance of evening; might well have atoned, to a less susceptible heart, for any lack of accommodation, in a country more celebrated for its scenery than its hospitality. Yet the pause of the traveller, though his eye wandered eagerly through the valley, seemed actuated by some deeper feeling than mere enthusiasm. It was the glance of one whose soul was in his gaze. In the absorbing interest of the moment he saw that object alone on which his eye was fixed, and he with-

drew his attention only to pass into the house, whither the hostess, in some amazement, and even consternation, at so unlooked-for an arrival, hastened to attend him. The trepidation of the poor woman was not diminished by a nearer view of her guest, whose dress, though travel-soiled, was rich in material, and whose form and manner were in a high degree commanding and dignified. He was tall and eminently handsome; but though his years could not have numbered thirty, care or toil had already left traces on his cheek and brow even more indelible than those of time. His first inquiries, in a voice of melancholy sweetness, were of a neighbouring convent.

"You might have seen the spires above the forest, senor," replied the hostess: "it lies but a short way behind those old cork-trees, and few there are that visit it now-a-days, except on some grand ceremony, like that of to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" repeated the stranger, in faltering accents—"What ceremony is this of which you speak?"

"One seldom witnessed at the convent of St. Ursula, senor," replied the good woman; "though in my mind it is a sad sacrifice of a beautiful young lady: for if all be true that I have heard, God's light never shone on a fairer creature than that novice who is to take the black veil to-morrow."

"To-morrow!—and the black veil!" said the stranger, shuddering.

"It is even so," cried the hostess. "Her great wealth,

no less than her loveliness, will bring the country from far and near to look on one who, in the flower of youth, can cast from her the golden gifts of fortune! But there is One who reads the heart, and hers, poor lady, may have been wrung."

"Know you her name?" demanded the stranger, hastily.

"Juana de Guidova."

He groaned, and struck his clenched hands on his forehead with a violence that affrighted the poor hostess.

"Alas! I fear me these are bitter tidings for you, senor!"

"They are, indeed! but, brief as is the space, Juana, I will tear thee from thy bondage, ay, though it be even at the foot of the altar!"

"Saints and angels protect us, senor!—if you are come for aught but to witness the ceremony, you had better have been in your grave! The abbess is a stern, proud woman, who will rather die than loose her grasp of a prize like the Lady Juana—one that can bring riches and fame to a poor, decayed convent; and, alas! were it not impious to wish——"

"I cannot reason it with you, hostess," returned the stranger, with a bitter smile; "I must see this abbess, and that quickly. Expect me back to sleep—if indeed it be my fate ever to sleep again—and let my good steed, I pray you, be cared for: he hath served me well at need, though something seems to whisper that I shall

never mount steed more!" He waved his hand impatiently, as if to forbid reply, and walked rapidly forth in the direction of the convent. The hostess looked anxiously after him: "Poor gentleman!" she exclaimed, "he will run himself into danger; and all in vain!—A true lover, I'll warrant him! but what can true love do against the power of the church?—The abbess has a heart of stone, and Father Miguel is watchful and wary.—Come what will, I must warn him of his peril, even though a heavy penance should be my only reward."

The stranger meanwhile pursued his way to the convent, now scarcely distinguishable, amid the closing shades of evening, from the dark foliage by which it was encompassed. On knocking at the gate, and inquiring for the abbess, he was conducted, after a pause, to the parlour of the superior, who with some difficulty consented to give audience to a guest that declined to announce his name.

"You will pardon me, senor," cried the abbess, coldly, "if I request you to be brief: there are yet arrangements to be completed for our holy rites of to-morrow, which at this time demand my undivided attention."

"I have a boon to ask," replied the stranger, faltering—"It is to speak—for one moment only—but alone—with the Lady Juana de Guidova."

"Holy St. Ursula!" exclaimed the abbess, raising her hands, "what impiety is this!—to break in on the

awful communings of one devoutly praying to become weaned and purified from all earthly feelings, and longing for her acceptance as a bride of him——"

"It may not be!" interrupted the stranger: "Juana is bound by vows, which not even the church has power to unloose, to me, her betrothed husband!—Her own breath alone can dissolve our solemn contract."

"What profane mocker art thou," cried the indignant superior, with flashing eyes, "who darest to impugn the power of the church, and vainly seekest to withdraw from her saintly purpose one whose heart is irrevocably fixed on divine love?—But it recks not who or what thou art—thy boon is rejected; and as thou wouldst escape the vengeance due to a scoffer at holy rites, begone, ere the hour of mercy be past!"

"Of mercy!" repeated the stranger scornfully; "say rather of cruelty unexampled, of treachery unparalleled, but not, I trust in Heaven, of craft or force to consummate thy unholy will. Know me, proud abbess, for one fearless of thy power, and resolute to defeat thy purpose. Ere the command of our emperor claimed my devoted service on the distant plains of war, Juana was affianced to me, in the presence of her deceased father, by the hand of a venerable priest, who yet lives to avouch our hallowed contract. My long absence and reported fall may have aided a belief that her vows were absolved by death; but when she knows that I live, live to demand the fulfilment of her promise——"

"It is too late," cried the abbess, with vehemence: "the church has power to bind and to loose! and potent as you may deem yourself, Alphonso de Mondemar—for I know you now—you have yet to learn, that the weak woman who stands before you is stronger in the delegated service of Heaven, than you, the favoured servant, it may be, of the mighty Charles! Be wise, therefore, in time, lest I denounce your impiety to the grand inquisitor, whose will not our righteous emperor himself dares dispute. Were he in presence—"

"Behold his signet!" cried Mondemar; "his mandate requiring you to deliver up Juana, on pain of forfeiture!"

"It is an imposture—he has been deceived," interrupted the superior, with increasing vehemence: "our gracious monarch is too fast a friend of holy church to dispute her decrees; but were he now before me, I would tell him, that, sovereign as he is, there is a power superior to that even of God's vicegerent upon earth—a power derived from Heaven alone, whose vengeance, Mondemar, you would do well to avoid."

"Say rather that I will brave; ay, at the foot even of that altar, whence Mondemar will rend thy devoted victim, or perish in the attempt."

The abbess involuntarily trembled as she listened to the denunciations of one inflexible as herself, and potent in the favour of a mighty monarch; yet her eye blanched not, her brow relaxed not; and Mondemar, perceiving the hopelessness of expostulation with a

being wholly devoted to the interests of her order, looked his defiance, and departed.

The indignation that had excited and sustained him during his interview with the abbess faded into doubt and dread as he slowly retraced his steps towards the posada. He knew too well the power of the church, more especially in a remote valley, to hold the threats of the superior lightly. Aid was distant and uncertain; the danger pressing and imminent. Foreign as it was to the high-souled impulses of his nature, he now regretted that he had not endeavoured to oppose art to art; to have gained by gold or daring some means of at least apprising Juana that he yet lived and loved. He trembled to meditate on the effect that the surprise even of joy might produce on so sensitive a frame; yet to hope that now, when the suspicions of the abbess were roused, and her vigilance alarmed, he could succeed in gaining access to Juana, was beyond even the sanguine expectation or enterprise of a lover. Yet still he lingered in faltering irresolution, lingered till a deep and heavy step warned him of the danger of discovery. Silently and steadily he then sought a neighbouring thicket, whence the thick enshrouding darkness only enabled him to perceive the dim outline of a shadowy figure that passed, hastily onward. "Some homeward-bound peasant probably," he exclaimed: "oh that I could change destinies with one who, if he hath not wealth, power, or nobility, is far richer in contentment, lowliness, and love, that

precious balm and solace of existence! Oh, Juana! that with thee I might retire to some humble cottage, some peaceful vineyard, far from the reach of worldly cares or riches! Through the shelter of this night even might I have borne thee, but for my fatal rashness, swiftly and securely. Why not now? Yet no; 't were hopeless to expose myself, or that sweet deluded one, to the vindictive rage of the abbess. In the face of day only must I confront our foes, and trust in Heaven to uphold the right."

It was with difficulty that he retraced his route to the posada; the darkness of the hour, increased by an impending storm (the distant thunders of which were heard to tremble along the mountains) preventing all recognition of the path by means of external objects. Large heavy rain-drops began now also to patter among the leaves; and he had probably been overtaken by the tempest, but for the care of his good-natured hostess, who placed a lamp at her door, which served as a beacon to his uncertain steps. She met him on the threshold. "There is one within awaiting you, senor," she cried, in a low voice; "the confessor of the convent, Father Miguel. He pretends much good-will towards you; and pray Heaven he may be sincere! but trust him not too far."

Mondemar, murmuring his thanks, yet musing on so singular a warning, passed on to the inner apartment, where he was saluted by an aged ecclesiastic, with an air of humility too strongly contrasted with

the haughty demeanour of the abbess not to excite suspicion as to the sentiment which so unlooked-for a deportment might express. The monk was a thin spare man, whose deeply-lined features seemed rather to speak of the austerities of his religious practice than of the ravages of time, though he was evidently declining into the vale of years. His looks were meek and lowly, and his hand was placed on his breast, as if to denote the sincerity of his vocation.

"Your blessing, father!" exclaimed Mondemar, with a sullen inclination of the head: "how may I have deserved this late visit from so holy a man?"

"By your misfortunes, my son, your unmerited misfortunes," replied the monk, with an air of sympathy. "I grieve to know that I am weak in power, though strong in will, to aid you."

"My misfortunes, father?" cried Mondemar.

"I have not to learn, my son," interrupted his companion; "in fact, I know the purport of your visit to our convent. I know also its unsuccessful termination. To me, as father confessor to the community, the abbess has divulged all that passed; and I lament that you have been seduced into the utterance of threats as vain as irreverent."

"Father," replied Mondemar, "on this head I am impenetrable as adamant: if you know my wrongs, if you are apprised of the arts which would tear from me one bound by vows which Heaven alone can absolve, you must feel that I have now no choice but in the

face of Heaven to claim from my deceived Juana a renunciation of oaths which it were impious even to administer."

"My son," interrupted the monk, "a cause may be just; but if rashly urged——"

"What other course remains?" said Mondemar, with vehemence. "Your abbess has defied me—has denounced, as the most flagrant profanation, my request to see or communicate with the Lady Juana, who will be lost to me unless redeemed by that one bold act which you stigmatize as rash and irreverent."

"I would," said the old man, mildly, "that I had the power to join your hands; but I can only pray that right may prevail, and counsel you to a reliance on above as your best stay: for what, alas! is all mortal wisdom but weakness and folly?"

"We must use the means vouchsafed to us, father," returned Mondemar. "We must act by that light which Heaven hath permitted; and those means—that light—impel me——"

"Yet, my son," interrupted the confessor, "the counsels of age not vainly temper the fervour of youth. I will own to you, our superior is firmly bent that the Lady Juana shall become a nun. The wealth, the distinction, I may confess, which our house will acquire by the intended rite, are too alluring to be easily abandoned; and the zeal of the Marquis D'Aranda—the guardian of our novice, and her near relation—in the same course, renders all opposition nearly hopeless.

Yet, my son, if I have not power, save by those gentle admonitory breathings which, like the airs of heaven, steal softly and sweetly to the heart, these humble aids shall not be wanting to awaken a purer feeling."

"Father!" cried the drooping Mondemar, "my spirit sickens at such aids, which seem to me but unavailing fantasies."

"Fantasies call you them!" said the friar, reddening. "But you are wet and travel-worn, and the inward man requires to be sustained no less in strength than in spirit. Within there, hostess!—Wine, wine, and viands!—You are faint, my son, from exhaustion: take freely—your fare, though rude, is salutary. Come, my son!" he continued, seizing a drinking-cup; "follow the example of an old man, who, for your sake, will this once indulge in the generous juice of the grape. You have need of its exhilarating influence. Why, how now, daughter?" he exclaimed, angrily:—"you have spilled, by your carelessness, a portion of the wine I had poured out for your guest."

"Your pardon, Father Miguel!" said the hostess, submissively; "I will bring in another flask."

"How! would you waste the remainder?" demanded the monk, angrily: "thus disregarding the sin of misusing the gifts of Heaven."

"I will not tempt her to rebel," said Mondemar, raising the cup, and hastily swallowing its contents. In the abstraction of the moment, he had not marked the changed and excited features of the monk—an ex-

citement altogether disproportioned to the occasion; but he now regarded with no less astonishment the inflamed countenance of the self-subduing friar than the mournful and disappointed looks of the hostess. The monk, perceiving this effect, so contrary to his desires, hastened to reassume his meek and humble port; but, finding that other feelings than those which had marked their latter conference now possessed the bosom of Mondemar, he murmured something of the lateness of the hour, and rose at once to depart. "I must to my sacred calling, and chiefly to labour, not, I would fain hope, without success, in your cause. But, be that issue as it may, depend on me as your true friend and advocate; one who can at least prepare the Lady Juana for your unexpected appearance, should you still persevere in that public appeal, which, as a servant of the convent, no less than as a minister of religion, I would yet deprecate, as tending to scandal and disgrace on our holy order. Yet I pray that Heaven may order it otherwise, and that those who have dared to outrage the sanctity of holy vows may be fearfully punished."

"Father, if I am to depend on your words——"

"Say rather on my deeds!" cried the retreating monk; "for it is only on these that I rely." He lifted his hands above the bending form of Mondemar, and slowly retired with the hostess, with whom he remained some time in deep conference.

Exhausted alike in mind and body, the hapless lover sought a restless couch, where, sometimes in insensi-

bility, but scarcely in sleep, the hours of night passed slowly on. If slumber at any time sunk on his overwrought frame, the fearful visions of an excited and distempered imagination destroyed its balmy influence: wild creations of fancy, combining with real yet uncertain fears, awakened his sensitive spirit to transitory horrors, but too well aided by the convulsions of the elements. At one moment he beheld Juana in the power of an exasperated inquisitor, condemned to the tortures that await a relapsed nun; while he, spellbound and powerless, was denied the use of speech and motion. At another, he seemed to be flying with her from the pursuit of her persecutors, whose steps he distinctly heard gaining rapidly on them. Again, he stood with her on the brink of a precipice, from which she was hurled by an unseen hand, shrieking for help, while he remained in impotent despair. Now they were abandoned to the fury of wild beasts; and now were hurried to the flames kindled to avenge their delinquency to the mandates of the church. It was from a dream of hopeless imprisonment within walls never again to unclose, with the cry of the fainting, dying Juana still ringing in his ear, that he suddenly awoke to a consciousness of life and liberty. It was morning, and a morning of great beauty. Hill and dale, flower and forest, glistened alike in tearful loveliness, as each slowly kindled into light and animation beneath the smiling sunbeam and the freshening breeze. Mondemar only arose pale, languid, and dispirited. He looked

from the lattice with an anxious eye on the crowds already assembling to witness the gorgeous spectacle which the profession of a noble and wealthy novice offered to their curiosity.

"Yes!" he exclaimed, with a bitter smile, "it is time that I also should nerve myself to that effort which must terminate in rapture or despair!—It is time that I should throw off this torpid feeling that presses on my heart, and gird up my limbs and my spirit, to abide the issue of my fate!—Why look you so strangely on me?" he cried, as the hostess clasped her hands in seeming terror on meeting his morning salutation.

"Holy mother!" she replied, "you are ill, senor, and, I fear——"

"What, my good hostess?" said Mondemar, faintly smiling.

"That which it were vain even to speak," answered the trembling dame, "even if I dared. Yet go not to the convent, senor;—it will be vain; it is but rushing into danger."

"Nay, but I have a friend there in the holy confessor."

"A friend!" repeated the hostess, crossing herself. "One moment only, senor: if you will go, trust not in aught but your own true heart; and may He who upholds the virtuous give you good deliverance."

Mondemar looked, as if to demand an explanation of her warning, but the hostess had already retired within her own dwelling, and he passed languidly on-

ward among the smiling groups, who gazed with wonder on one unmoved by the general festivity. It was not that his resolution was less firm, his hope less vivid;—his frame alone, that frame which had defied the fatigues, the perils of war, now shrunk from the impending crisis on which his future destiny depended. Yet, feeling the necessity of exertion, he rallied his fainting strength, and, mingling with the throng, entered the chapel of the convent where the ceremony was to take place, seemingly unrecognised, and certainly unmolested. Seeking the shelter of a massive pillar, where unseen he could thence command a full view of the altar, he looked anxiously around for the father confessor; but, though he once thought that he perceived the monk looking warily on the assembled multitude, he was either deceived, or the monk eluded discovery by immediately retiring. In the mean time the throng gradually increased, till the chapel was entirely filled, excepting the space kept apart for the performancé of the ceremony. At length the pealing organ woke on the listening ear, the voices of the nuns arose in one triumphant strain, and the novice, preceded by the archbishop, who was to receive her vows, and the superior, decorated with the insignia of her office, advanced towards the altar. Her guardian, the Marquis D'Aranda, and a train of attendant nobles, slowly followed.

With intense, with almost overpowering interest, did Mondemar gaze on the mistress of his affections, his

betrothed, his chosen bride;—on one who believed him to be no more, who was to listen to his voice as to a voice from the dead;—on one who was to seal his bliss, or confirm his despair. Now, now was the hour for effort; and now he felt his strength, his resolution, yield to a torpor unknown till this fatal moment. He gazed on her as in a bewildered dream, from which he vainly endeavoured to awake. Juana looked pale, yet calm; her eye was tranquil, but it was the tranquillity of extinguished hope:—she smiled, but her smile was beamless. Her obedience seemed the yielding of an unresisting or uninterested victim, rather than the eagerness of an aspirant for divine love. The impassioned, the elevating principle, that, soaring from earth to heaven, rapturously embraces the self-interdiction that bars a return to an abjured world, Juana knew not. Hers was the meek submission of one who delegates to others the exercise of that will which seeks only to hide a blighted heart in silence and seclusion. Yet pale, passionless as she looked, never had Juana appeared so lovely in the eyes of Mondemar as at the moment when he beheld her, as it were, snatched from his powerless grasp. His eyes grew dim;—he scarcely saw the severing of those lovely locks which at their parting he had ornamented with a chaplet of pearls, the last offering of his love;—he scarcely beheld her cast aside the rich jewels, those vain symbols of her former state, which she was about to resign for ever;—he heard not the inaugural discourse of the archbishop,

nor marked the glance of hatred and alarm which the haughty abbess threw around the chapel as the fatal ceremony commenced. But when the vow, the irrevocable vow, fell tremblingly on his ear, and the faint response of Juana faltered on her lip, life, power, and energy seemed rushing through his veins like the vivid blaze of an expiring flame.—" Juana! Juana!" he exclaimed in a voice that thrilled to every heart, " forbear!—thy vows are mine—mine, thy betrothed husband's—the living, the faithful Mondemar's!"

" Mondemar!" repeated the shrieking Juana; " am I awake!—do I look on thee!—or is it but a fantasy of the deceiver to wean me from my holy purpose!"

" No, no! thy purpose is unholy—is impious!—thou art mine—mine only!" continued the frantic Mondemar, rushing forward, regardless of the stern denunciations, or the impeding multitude that would have barred his progress. It was a noble but an expiring effort. Even as he reached the sinking Juana he met the glance of the confessor, a glance of almost demoniacal rage, and, as he fell in the agonies of death, of horrid triumph. It revealed to his awakening sense the source of those pangs which were consuming his vitals. The crafty friar had mingled poison with his wine; poison so deadly, that, but for the well-intentioned but vain stratagem of the hostess, it had numbered him with the dead ere the morning rose. " Juana! we meet but to part," cried Mondemar faintly, as the last agony dimmed his sight and speech; " yet to hold

thee once more in these arms—to impress this last kiss on thy cold lips—to die in thy dear embrace!—Yes, there is bliss even in death!—Look on me, sweet! speak but one word to the expiring Mondemar—tell him that he was still loved, and that treachery alone—but I grow faint—"

"Mondemar!—my love,—my husband!" cried the heart-stricken Juana, "you must not die; these lips shall yet breathe life. Oh, had I but known!—Cruel, cruel that ye were," she exclaimed, turning to D'Aranda and the abbess, "to deceive me thus!—Has Heaven no thunderbolts—has earth no justice?"

"Yes," cried the emperor, suddenly entering the chapel, while the terrified superior and her guilty instrument quailed before his frown, "you shall have such justice, Mondemar, as no less befits my regal oath, than my gratitude to a brave and worthy servant."

"It is too late," murmured the dying Mondemar; "but for this sweet innocent, let her not be compelled to utter vows——"

"My vows are thine, Mondemar, thine only!" cried the frantic Juana, clasping her expiring lover to her bosom; "in life or death we will not part."

He pressed his lips to hers by a convulsive effort; looked one moment upward, and expired. They hastened to unclasp the living Juana from his grasp. She waved them off, and gazing wildly at those distorted features which had only beamed on her with love and tenderness, turned to the monarch, as if to demand

vengeance on his destroyers. The emperor seemed to understand her silent appeal, and at a glance the trembling abbess and the conscience-stricken confessor were led away guarded. A smile of exultation lightened for an instant on the brow of Juana; she clasped her hands, sunk on the silent corse, and in one wild sob her spirit fled for ever.

THE WHITE SQUALL.

BY RICHARD JOHNS, ESQ.

The sea was bright, and the bark rode well,
The breeze bore the tone of the vesper bell:
'T was a gallant bark, with crew as brave
As ever launch'd on the heaving wave;
She shone in the light of declining day,
And each sail was set, and each heart was gay.

They near'd the land where in beauty smiles
The sunny shore of the Grecian isles:
All thought of home, of that welcome dear
Which soon should greet each wanderer's ear;
And in fancy join'd the social throng
In the festive dance and the joyous song.

A white cloud glides though the azure sky.—
What means that wild despairing cry?—
Farewell the vision'd scenes of home!—
That cry is "Help!" where no help can come;
For the white squall rides on the surging wave,
And the bark is gulf'd in an ocean grave.

THE ROSE AND LAUREL LEAF.

Ou va
Et la feuille de la rose, et la feuille du laurier?

On thy path of music whither
May, sweet wind, thy wandering be?
And say, what dost thou bring hither
On thy azure wings with thee?

My wild course has been where, flowing,
The silver fountains sing;
From the roses by them growing
Floats a rose-leaf on my wing.

"Through a grove of laurel breathing
Came a young poet's song;
From the green boughs round him wreathing
I bore a leaf along."

For that leaf of crimson shining,
That one of fadeless hue—
What art thou, sweet wind, designing?
With those leaves what wilt thou do?

"That red leaf of the lover,
That green leaf of the brave—
The fair earth I bear them over,
To leave them on the grave."

L. E. L.

W Daniel R.A pinx.t

THE GHAUT.

THE GHAUT;

AN INDIAN SKETCH.

BY MISS EMMA ROBERTS.

CALCUTTA, whose claim to the title of "city of palaces" few will be inclined to dispute, fills the stranger's wondering eyes with surprise and admiration. The dismal anchorage at Saugur, bounded by a low, flat, sandy coast, gives little promise of fertility beyond, and produces a melancholy impression upon the mind; but when, perhaps in the course of a night, the pinnace which receives the passengers from the larger class of Indiamen carries up its freight to the capital of Bengal, it would seem as though the shifting scene of a pantomime had suddenly transported the spectator from a dreary wilderness to a bright and vivid clime, teeming with animal life, and glowing with fruits and flowers. Imagination can scarcely paint any thing more brilliant than the prospect which greets the eye. Should the passenger land in the morning, or at mid-day, the drive from the Ghaut to the place of his residence presents a series of novelties and wonders. The sun pours forth a flood of dazzling light from a blue and cloudless sky, revealing the most distant objects by its searching rays, and gilding every stone and twig it rests upon. The gazer is first attracted by the houses; the noble style of their architecture, their flat roofs, and their white wings stretching into groves of many-tinted foliage, are viewed with peculiar admiration.

These magnificent edifices occur too close to each other to appear scattered, and yet they are not crowded, gardens and shrubberies intervening between each, or, as in the heart of the city, large court-yards, whose walls are not unfrequently terraces, adorned with flowering plants. The broad road, of that red-brown which has so mellowing an effect upon a landscape, the numerous tanks, fringed with rushes and shining like polished mirrors, and, above all, the picturesque and dense population, next excite pleasurable sensations. Multitudes of *hackerys*, small carts drawn by two diminutive bullocks, with humps between their shoulders, placed widely apart, and driven by a native, who often stands upright as he guides the reins, looking like a bronze statue, graceful in his attitude, and totally free from the awkward clownishness of the peasant of England, move along in strings of a dozen or two each. Then there are the palanquin-carriage, latticed half-way round for the sake of air, and drawn by a pair of horses; the cabriolet, which bears the less elegant title of buggy; with their attendant *syces*, grooms, who on these occasions enact the part of running footmen, walking rapidly at the side of the wheels, and shouting loudly to those who seem likely to impede the progress of the vehicle—for, there being no proper side for comers and goers, the coachmen are left to their own discretion upon that point. Next is to be seen the *kuranchee*, a nondescript conveyance which stands in the streets for hire like our hackney-coaches. Those who have

ever seen an Irish jingle may form a faint idea of these carriages; they are landaus in the most ramshackling state imaginable, provided with wooden canopies, some of which are curtained round about, and drawn by two miserable horses harnessed together by ropes. From these machines the naked arms of four or six natives may be seen protruding, and they have altogether a very curious and amusing appearance when contrasted with the splendour around. The palanquins, or *palkees*, next attract attention: large black chests, suspended on a pole and borne by four persons; a sliding door at either side admits the inmate, who reposes, or, if unaccustomed to such a species of locomotion, endeavours to repose, at full length. The broad thoroughfares are also thronged with pedestrians. An experienced eye can detect the peculiar caste of each; but all is confusion to the stranger, who, however, can be at no loss to distinguish the occupations of many who form a part of the passing pageant. The *besties*, or water-carriers, appear laden with large skins, or two jars, suspended from the shoulders after the fashion of English milk-pails; the *dobies*, washermen, with baskets of linen; crowds of *coolies*, porters, who carry burdens on their heads, and *bearers*, who convey their goods upon their shoulders. *Chuprassies*, messengers in the service of gentlemen, groups of various attendants lounging at their masters' gates, and immense numbers of idlers, are seen squatted, for that is the only word descriptive of the attitude, upon the low

walls, or on the ground, in every direction. The richer sort of natives also parade about, holding up their heads, and moving along with an air of conscious dignity. These personages are dressed in white muslin, or in the gorgeous hues of China, the rich pink and bright amber, thrown scarfwise over the shoulder, and assimilating well with the snowy texture of the *d'hotee* (a garment folded about the limbs, and descending below the knee) beneath, and the dark countenance which appears above. The great man is usually followed by a train of servants, one holding a *chattha*, umbrella, more, it should seem, for show than use, since the bearer is generally a yard or two in the rear, or, if closer, he appears to be more intent upon shielding his own head than that of his master. These *chatthas* are exceedingly clumsy and ill adapted to the purpose to which they are applied, yielding little shade. Some of them are made of plaited cane, and others, more gaudy, of painted cloth. Advancing along the road which leads from the Ghaut to Chowringee, the fashionable quarter of Calcutta, the eye rests upon Government-House, a superb and spacious building, presenting four fronts of equal splendour, and standing in a wide area, railed round, and laid out in shrubberies, which, however, do not in the slightest degree conceal any part of this viceregal mansion, which stands high on its foundation, and is approached by broad flights of steps. The beauty of the building to a stranger forms its least attraction; for the eye is fixed

upon the almost countless numbers of adjutants, large birds, which, perched upon every pinnacle of the balustraded roof, appear at first to be attached as appropriate ornaments to the stone-work on which they stand, often motionless during a considerable space, and each apparently scrupulously maintaining his own particular post. These birds abound in every part of Calcutta, though they assemble in larger multitudes upon Government-House, which seems to be their grand rendezvous, than any where else: at a distance, and upon some lofty eminence, they have an imposing appearance, but on a closer inspection they prove to be the most filthy-looking and disgusting of the inhabitants of air—the foulest of all fowls. A dark, slate-coloured body, nearly as large as that of a goose, is supported on tall, slender legs; and the long beak is furnished with a naked flesh-coloured bag, which adds to the hideousness of its aspect. These birds, in conjunction with the kites and crows, which are, however, handsome animals, perform the office of scavengers, feeding upon offal of every kind, and being, in consequence of their services, under the protection of the law.

The inside of the houses at Calcutta does not disappoint the expectations raised by their exterior pomp. The ground-floor is sometimes, though rarely, fitted up as habitable apartments, but is usually appropriated for the reception of stores, baggage, or lumber. A handsome staircase leads to a splendid suite of reception-rooms, often ten in number, spacious and lofty, and

opening into each other, and to wide verandahs, supported by rows of stone pillars, and latticed with a network of bamboo painted green, which descends to the rails, but may be drawn up at pleasure. The walls are plain, having neither paper nor cornice, which would afford harbour for musquitoes, but amply furnished with ornamented brackets, supporting lustres, formed of two or three large glass shades, containing smaller vases, fed with cocoa-nut oil, which at night diffuse an equal and mild light, unaffected by the current of air which allays the otherwise oppressive heat. The *punkah* is formed of painted canvas, silk damask, or some more splendid material, stretched over a wooden frame proportioned to the length of the saloon, about three feet in width, and suspended by ornamented ropes from the ceiling, having a cord attached to it, which either disappears through the wall and is moved on the outside, or is pulled by a servant in the apartment. Each of the numerous windows is furnished with *shill-mills*, Venetian blinds upon a large scale, descending from top to bottom, which exclude the sun's rays, while they admit a free circulation of air, and may be thrown entirely open at night: many of the doors connecting different apartments are merely shill-mills, adopted for the sake of coolness. The rest of the furniture differs little from that used in England. There are no curtains, excepting the musquito hangings for the beds, and little drapery of any kind, in consequence of the numerous insects, which, notwithstanding the precautions

taken to exclude them, are extremely troublesome. The most striking feature in an Indian residence is the number of the servants: in whatsoever direction the eye may turn, it rests upon dark moving figures, and these in every variety of dress and undress. The *kitmurgars*, footmen, who wait behind your chair at table, and of which every member of the family must have at least one, are invariably Musulmans; and their costume is very beautiful, consisting of a flat turban, white or coloured, and often plaited with gold or silver; a long white muslin vest, open at the sides from the hips downwards, and along the inside of the sleeves to the bend of the elbow; a pair of muslin trousers; and a sash, sometimes white, at others formed of two colours, twisted cable-fashion about the waist. The *surdah-bearers* (upper servants), the *dirzis* (tailors), who are to be seen seated at work in the ante-rooms, wear the same dress. The *chuprassies* wear the *d'hotée*, with a jacket not so becoming as the vest of the *kitmurgar*, the sash and turban, and a silver plate at their waists, or suspended across their breasts, which denotes their office. Besides these are troops whose designations and occupations a stranger is some time in learning; but he beholds with some surprise, in the midst of these handsomely clad attendants, more than half-naked wretches, who walk about quite as much at their ease, pulling the punkahs, dusting the furniture, sweeping the floors, and performing other servile offices, to which the high caste of their fellows will not permit them to conde-

scend. These gentry appear with nothing but a cloth about their heads and another round their waists, descending about half way to the knees. Their want of covering, however, in consequence of the darkness of their skins, which, to a European eye, suggests the idea of a close garment, does not excite the horror which would attend a similar exhibition in a white person; outside the house it is scarcely distinguishable from the other portion of the dress. But, without any ridiculous degree of fastidiousness, it must take a considerable time to reconcile the mind to so close a contact with these strange figures as their occupation about the interior apartments produces. None of the servants wear any covering on the feet, and none approach their superiors with the head bare. Their turbans are extremely various; some of them merely muslin, or cloth, folded by the wearer after his own fashion; others are arranged with great care upon a foundation of a peculiar shape: the *syces* (grooms), and some others, merely wear muslin skull-caps, which are not unfrequently spotted and bordered with silver and gold. Above stairs, in the sleeping apartments, you encounter the *ayahs*, waiting-maids; the *metrannis*, their underlings; the *bearers*, who make the beds; and the *meter-bearers*, who are sweepers: the two latter are men. Go where you will, there is no escaping these gliding phantoms; and yet, without a competent knowledge of Hindostanee, you are compelled to wait upon yourself; and even after some acquaintance with the

language, a considerable period must elapse before you can be aware of the precise duties devolving upon each of these respective attendants, or able to command their services.

New splendours characterize the evening scene at Calcutta. At sunset, the European residents, the rich half castes, and higher orders of natives, pour out their population on the course, the Hyde Park of the city. The latter have adopted many of the English customs, and appear in landaulets, barouches, buggies, or palanquin carriages, according to their tastes or incomes. The various vehicles put in requisition for the drive are chiefly open, where the ladies are seated, usually without bonnets, and dressed for dinner, receiving the homage of the cavaliers—a goodly show—on horseback. There is every variety of shade: from the fair, snowy skins of the northern beauties, the pale yellow of the Armenian, the darker tinge of the Portuguese half-caste, and the pure bronze of the native; and the costumes differ with the fancies and the customs of the motley group. Amid some of the most interesting objects are carriages filled with fair children, looking like wax dolls, in the arms of their *ayahs;* and, on the road to the course, the eye frequently rests delighted upon little Cupids of boys, mounted on ponies, their flaxen curls flying in the air, and attended by two *syces,* and probably two *chuprassies* besides; all vying with each other in the care of the precious urchins.

The equipage of the Governor-general, flying along

the broad avenue, improves the pomp of the scene. It is attended by a guard of mounted sepoys, who make a gallant and soldier-like appearance. But in the midst of its glories sudden darkness falls on the scene; night comes on at once, and you can no longer recognize the familiar face in the carriage which passes close to yours. Perhaps the city of palaces never looks more splendid than when revealed only by the light issuing from its numerous windows, all thrown open, and all disclosing their bright illuminations; the fire-flies sparkling among the trees, or shooting across your path like vagrant stars, and the flowers giving out their richest incense to the evening breeze. The eight o'clock dinner is a delightful repast; eastern luxury having contrived to set the climate at defiance: every thing to be eaten warm is served upon hot-water dishes and plates, that the air from the punkah should not prove injurious; while the wine, water, and beer, owing to the precautions of the *adbar*, butler, possess a delicious and refreshing coolness. The tables, elegantly decorated with plate, and furnished with viands equally dainty and strange, invite the languid appetite. How many aldermen of London sigh in vain for the legitimate curries and unadulterated mulligatawny which grace these dinners, and would give all the green fat of the turtle before them to taste the delicate mangoe fish, famous for its roe; the freshly-cured humps, and spiced pillaws; to say nothing of pine-apple tarts, and plantain fritters, which diversify the numerous dishes of an Indian table!

The midnight hour at Calcutta greets the stranger with incidents as new, if not so agreeable, as those which occur in the day. When the moon sheds the brightness of a tropic planet over the city, packs of jackalls may be seen scouring the roads, and prowling in the gardens; and on those nights in which, the stars only sparkling in the clear but dark blue sky, the eye cannot detect the marauding troops, their loud and long howls give convincing proof of their close vicinity. In fact, silence is not an attribute of an Indian night: the natives always appear to be upon the alert; their songs and shouts mingle with the yells of the wild beasts; and if, as it happens this year, 1828, the Hindu festival of *Jaggernaut*, and the *Hurmurrah*, *(Ramazan)* of the Musulmans, occur together, adieu to all thoughts of repose. The beating of *tom-toms* (drums), joined to other discordant instruments, the discharge of musketry, and the din of human voices, effectually murder sleep in a place where every window is necessarily open for the benefit of air; and though the height of the houses in Calcutta, and the breadth of the verandahs, or terraces, on which the bed-chambers open, remove them to a considerable distance from the street, still an ear accustomed for four months to the incessant noises of a ship is necessary to admit of slumber upon ordinary occasions; and even this long preparation is of little service upon any religious anniversary like those before mentioned. The dissonance which makes night hideous in Calcutta is not the only

drawback to a stranger's enjoyment: the heat of the climate and the stings of the musquitoes effectually mar all pleasure; and European visiters must become inured to both before they can take any delight in Oriental scenes or Oriental luxuries. If, in a moment of forgetfulness, the stranger should leave the protecting breeze of the punkah to stroll into an adjoining apartment in search of a book, a sudden oppression seizes him; he feels as if he had entered a stove; it is scarcely possible to breathe in the sultry atmosphere, and he hastens back to the punkah, or sinks beside the *tattics*, mats made of grass suspended before the windows, and kept constantly wet. And then the fearful irritation occasioned by the musquitoes, from whose furious attacks few newly arrived Europeans escape; and when to this torture that of prickly heat is added, tearing the flesh as with a red-hot iron, while the slightest pressure produces the effect of daggers driven inch deep (for needles and pins give no accurate idea of the infliction), existence becomes almost insupportable. The gaudy glare and bustle of Calcutta even during the summer, which is the dull season, soon fatigues; at least it was with feelings of no small gratification that I left the city to pay a visit at the distance of about a hundred miles up the river. A few days of pleasant sailing brought the *budgerow* boat to the appointed spot.

Mr. ——'s *bungalow* was exactly the sort of residence which in England would be styled a cottage ornée, that is, there were three saloons, and a billiard-room

outside, with bed-chambers and bathing-rooms in the same style. It stood in the centre of a spacious lawn, sloping down towards the river, and girt round by groves of the palm, the mangoe, and the tamarind, intermingled with the acacia, the magnolia, and the pomegranate. The cool air from the water rendered a punkah unnecessary; and for the first time since my arrival in India, while, looking through the pillars of the verandah, the sight embraced only a part of the quiet scene, I fancied myself once more upon my native land. Familiar objects alone greeted the eye: a flock of geese were making their way over the smooth greensward to the river; a few donkeys were browsing near; and beyond, under the trees, at too great a distance for their dissimilarity to their European brethren to be visible, a flock of sheep reposed. The air, fresh and balmy, and not impregnated by the oppressive smells from *cheroots*, the aromatic fuel of the hookah, came with cooling fragrance on my brow, bringing with it sweet thoughts of the exile's distant home. The sun was on the decline; and tempted to indulge in the unusual luxury of a walk, I passed through the verandah, and wandered to a small alcove which offered a seat, and commanded a view of the *Ghaut* or landing-place, near which a tomb, dedicated to some holy person, alike revered by Hindu and Musulman, appeared half embosomed in trees. Nothing could be more gorgeous than the view. The wide waters of the Ganges seemed formed of

liquid topaz, ruby, amethyst, and emerald, as they reflected the crimson, purple, and saffron of the sky, and the vivid foliage of the overhanging groves. While these rich deep stains upon the face of heaven were softened by hues too delicate for the broad mirror below to catch—pale pink, lilac, and the faintest primrose—my reminiscences of England were put to flight; for when this splendid array of colours began to fade, a party of natives were seen approaching the Ghaut. Their finely modelled and erect figures and picturesque attire, their handsome features and graceful movements, render them at all times objects of admiration. But there was one, a female, who particularly attracted my regards from her extreme beauty: she possessed those large, soft, melancholy black eyes, so famed in oriental song; and while every lineament was moulded with the regularity of the sculptor's chisel, they were susceptible of the sweetest and tenderest expression. A smile played around the full rich lip; the gentlest and softest feminine attributes seemed enshrined in one whose features denoted a heart incapable of aught save affectionate emotions. She was very young, and her caste, though low, from the circumstance of her going down publicly to the river to bathe, did not preclude her from the possession of wealth. Every toe was covered with massy silver rings; chains of the same metal were passed across them in a manner which would cripple an unaccustomed foot; these were attached to thick silver anclets; and she

wore numerous bracelets and bangles, a similar ornament, upon her arms, from the wrist and above the elbow. Her neck was also decorated with several gold and silver chains, making a tinkling sound as she walked along. Her *sarree*, a long piece of muslin drapery reaching from the head to the calf of the leg, was folded around a form of the utmost symmetry with infinite taste, and she carried in her hand a basket of those white double jessamine flowers with which the Hindu women are wont to adorn their hair, and which are worn by the men in chaplets round their necks. As the natives of Bengal go into the water with exactly the same quantity of clothing about them as they wear when upon shore, the men and women bathe together in the most public places, changing their garments after the ablution, and the Ghaut belonging to the different villages and stations is generally the busiest and most amusing scene. Little regarding the other members of the group, all my attention was directed to the beautiful female. I watched her while dropping the sarree upon her shoulders; she drew down her long black tresses, and, stooping, they streamed upon the water in dark luxuriance. While thus engaged, I perceived what I deemed to be a log of wood floating towards the bathers: in another instant the lovely Hindu, who was the outermost of the group, disappeared, and a loud shriek from her companions, who rushed with one accord to the bank, announced some fatal catastrophe. Scarcely knowing wherefore,

I echoed the cry: the sound of my voice brought out the gentlemen and servants from the bungalow, and they hastened to the spot. Knowing nothing of the language, though a witness of the tragic scene, it was some time before I learned the nature of the accident which had befallen the luckless Hindu; the violent gesticulations and loud laments of the survivors announced something frightful—she had been seized by an alligator, a creature which I had mistaken for a harmless piece of timber; but had I even been acquainted with its precise character, I was at too great a distance to have given the alarm. One young man seemed to be particularly affected by this horrid incident; he conversed for a long time very energetically with my host, accompanying his words with a redundancy of action. Mr. ——, when he joined me, expressed his regret that he could not do justice by any translation to the poetic eloquence of the young man's tale. "The unfortunate victim," said he, "appears to have been the paragon and pride of her village; the only child of aged parents; and, to heighten the calamity which has befallen her, she was to-morrow to have become the bride of a long-betrothed and deserving man, a sepoy, who has journeyed far, on furlough, from his corps to claim her hand, and who has brought with him testimonials of his good conduct from his officers, which have filled the breasts of his relatives and friends with pride and joy." Shuddering, I turned away from the bright river which nursed such

fearful monsters in its breast. By the time we had reached the house the darkness of the shrouding night alone was reflected upon its broad waters, and then it seemed, indeed, to wear the hue fitted for the early tomb of the young, lovely, and unfortunate Munna.

The conversation during the rest of the evening, in consequence of this melancholy incident, was chiefly comprised of the relation of accidents from the fang of the tiger, the cobra capella, and other enemies of the race of man; but I could pay little attention to them, for my thoughts were wholly engrossed with the dismal spectacle which had occurred before my eyes, and with the grief of the widowed bridegroom, the gallant and ill-starred Jewarree.

Calcutta, July, 1828.

SILENCE.

BY CHARLES BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, ESQ.

WEIGH'D with the eloquence of Silence, Sound,
With all its varied charms, is weak and vain;
If there are tones by which the heart is bound,
Silence infuses deeper bliss or pain:
The last, for months, my fretful breast has found;
The first, methinks, it ne'er will feel again.

When youthful hands, and eyes, and feelings meet,
In that prolong'd and soul-subduing pause,

Silence is Converse, dangerously sweet;
  And while the speechless Pair more deeply draws
The breath, and hears each heart responsive beat,
  In Passion's sunbeams Prudery's frost-work thaws.

The mutest signs possess a language still,
  A language framed, enervatingly strong,
To fetter Reason, drag the manly will
  In unresisting slavery along,
Quench Virtue's vestal flame, and quickly fill
  Life's cup with infamy for venial wrong.

And oh! the pangs of Silence—day by day
  Creeping along, with still the unanswer'd prayer!
As gradual darkness grows on evening's ray,
  Doubt, fear, and wonder deep'ning to despair;
Till, as the dawn prepares the Enlightener's way,
  Comes Truth, more clear and chill than morning's
    air.

When Fancy's idols base were lips and eyes,
  She soon found others prompt to smile and roll!
Sick of such treacherous chase and paltry prize,
  The wearied Mind appreciates sense and soul,
Pines with more grief than Passion's selfish sighs,
  And drains regrets, the dregs of Sorrow's bowl.

SEEKING THE HOUDY.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

THERE was a shepherd on the lands of Meggat-dale, who once set out riding with might and main, under cloud of night, for that most important and necessary personage in a remote and mountainous country, called by a different name in every country of the world, excepting perhaps Egypt and England; but by the Highlanders most expressively termed *bean-glhuine*, or *te the toctor.*

The mare that Robin rode was a black one, with a white face like a cow. She had a great big belly, a switch tail, and a back, Robin said, as sharp as a knife; but perhaps this part of the description was rather exaggerated. However, she was laziness itself personified, and the worst thing of all, her foal was closed in at home; for Robin had wiled the mare and foal into the bire with a piece of bread, which he did not give her after all, but put in his pocket in case of farther necessity: he then whipped a hair halter on the mare's head, and the straw sunks on her back, these being the only equipment within his reach; and it having cost Robin a great deal of trouble to get the foal into the bire, he now eyed him with an exulting, and at the same time a malicious, look. "Ye mischievous rascal," said he, "I think I have you now; stand you there an' chack flees till I come back to teach you better manners."

Robin then hurried out the mare to the side of the kail-yard dike, and calling out to Jean his wife not to be in ower grit a hurry, and to exercise all the patience she was mistress of, he flew on the yaud's back, and off he went at full gallop.

The hair halter that Robin rode with had a wooden snibbelt upon the end of it, as all hair halters had erewhile, when there were no other bridles in Meggat, saving branks and hair halters annexed; consequently with the further end of this halter one could hit an exceeding hard stroke. Indeed, I never saw any thing in my life that hurt so sore as a hair halter and wooden snibbelt at the end of it; and I may here mention, as an instance of its efficacy, that there was once a boy at Hartwood mines, near Selkirk, who killed with a snibbelt two Highland soldiers, who came to press his horses in *the forty-five*.

Well, to this halter and snibbelt Robin had trusted for a rod, there being no wood in Meggat-dale, not so much as a tree; and a more unlucky and dangerous goad he could scarcely have possessed, and that the black mare, with a white face like a cow, felt to her experience. Robin galloped by the light of the full moon down by the Butt-haugh and Glengaber-foot about as fast as a good horse walks; still he was galloping, and could make no more of it, although he was every now and then lending the yaud a yerk on the flank with the snibbelt. But when he came to Henderland, to which place the mare was accustomed to go every

week to meet the eggler, then Robin and the mare split in their opinions. Robin thought it the most natural and reasonable thing in the world that the mare should push on to the Sandbed, about eight miles further, to bring home the wise woman to his beloved wife's assistance. The mare thought exactly the reverse, being inwardly convinced that the most natural and reasonable path she could take was the one straight home again to her foal; and without any farther ceremony, save giving a few switches with her long ill-shapen tail, she set herself with all her might to dispute the point with Robin.

Then there was such a battle commenced as never was fought at the foot of Henderland-bank at midnight either before or since. O my beloved and respected editor and readers! I wish I could make you understand the humour of this battle as well as I do. The branks were two sticks hung by a headsteel, which, when one drew the halter hard, nipped the beast's nose most terribly; but then they were all made in one way, and could only turn the beast to the near side. Now the black mare did not, or could not, resist this agency of the branks; she turned round as often as Robin liked, but not one step farther would she proceed on the road to Sandbed. So roundabout and roundabout the two went; and the mare, by a very clever expedient, contrived at every circle to work twice her own length nearer home. Saint Sampson! how Robin did lay on with the halter and snibbelt

whenever he got her head round towards the way he wanted her to go! No—round she came again! He cursed her, he flattered her, he reminded her of the precarious state of her mistress, who had so often filled her manger; but all would not do: she thought only of the precarious state of her foal, closed in an old void smearing-house.

Robin at last fell upon a new stratagem, which was this, that as the mare wheeled round whenever her head reached the right point, he hit her a yerk with the wooden snibbelt on the near cheek, to stop that millstone motion of hers. This occasioned some furious plunges, but no advancement the right way, till at length he hit her such a pernicious blow somewhere near about the ear, that he brought her smack to the earth in a moment; and so much was he irritated, that he laid on her when down, and nodding like ane falling asleep. After two or three prolonged groans, she rose again, and, thus candidly admonished, made no further resistance for the present, but moved on apace to the time of the halter and the snibbelt. On reaching a ravine called Capper Cleuch, the mare, coming again in some degree to her senses, perceived that she was not where she ought to have been, at least where it was her interest, and the interest of her foal, that she should have been; and, raising her white face, she uttered a tremendous neigh. The hills to the left are there steep and rocky; and the night being calm and frosty, first one fine echo neighed out of the

hill, then another, and then another. "There are plenty of foals here," thought the old mare; and neighing again even louder than before, she was again answered in the same way; and, perceiving an old crabbed thorn-tree among the rocks, in the direction whence the echo proceeded, it struck her obtuse head that it was her great lubber of a foal standing on very perilous ground; and off she set at a right angle from the road, or rather a left one, with her utmost speed, braying as she went, while every scream was returned by her shaggy colt with interest. It was in vain that Robin pulled by the hair halter, and smote her on the cheek with the wooden snibbelt: away she ran, through long heath and large stones, with a tremendous and uncultivated rapidity, neighing as she flew. "Wo! ye jaud! Hap-wo! chywooo!" shouted Robin; "Hap-wo! hap-wo! Devil confound the beast, for I'm gone!"

Nothing would stay her velocity till she stabled herself against a rock over which she could not win, and then Robin lost no time in throwing himself from her back. Many and bitter were the epithets he there bestowed on his old mare, and grievous was the lamentation he made for his wife, as endeavouring to lead back the mare from the rocky hill into the miserable track of a road. No; the plague o' one foot would the mare move in that direction! She held out her long nose, with her white muslin face, straight up to heaven, as if contemplating the moon. She weened that her foal was up among the crags, and put on a resolution not

to leave him a second time for any man's pleasure. After all, Robin confessed that he had some excuse for her, for the shadow of the old thorn was so like a colt, that he could scarcely reason himself out of the belief that it was one.

Robin was now hardly set indeed, for the mare would not lead a step; and when he came back to her side to leather her with the snibbelt, she only galloped round him and round him, and neighed. "O plague on you for a beast that ever you were foaled!" exclaimed Robin; "I shall lose a dearly beloved wife, and perhaps a couple of babies at least, and all owing to your stupidity and obstinacy! I could soon run on foot to the Sandbed, but then I cannot carry the midwife home on my back; and could I once get you there, you would not be long in bringing us both home again. Plague on you for a beast, if I winna knock your brains out!"

Robin now attacked the mare's white face with the snibbelt, yerk for yerk, so potently, that the mare soon grew madly crazed, and came plunging and floundering from the hill at a great rate. Robin thus found out a secret not before known in this country, on which he acted till the day of his death; namely, "that the best way to make a horse spring forward is to strike it on the face."

Once more on the path, Robin again mounted, sparing neither the mare nor the halter; while the mare, at every five or six paces, entertained him with a bray

so loud, with its accompanying nicker, that every one made the hills ring again.

There is scarcely any thing a man likes worse than this constant neighing of the steed he rides upon, especially by night. It makes him start as from a reverie, and puts his whole frame in commotion. Robin did not like it more than other men. It caused him inadvertently to utter some imprecations on the mare, that he confessed he should not have uttered; but it also caused him to say some short prayers for preservation; and to which of these agencies he owed the following singular adventure he never could divine.

Robin had got only about half a mile farther on his road, when his mare ceased her braying, and all at once stood stone-still, cocking her large ears, and looking exceedingly frightened. "Oho, madam! what's the matter now?" said Robin; "is this another stratagem to mar my journey, for all the haste that you see me in? Get on, my fine yaud, get on! There is nothing uncanny there."

Robin coaxed thus, as well to keep up his own spirits, as to encourage his mare; for the truth is, that his hair began to stand on end with affright. The mare would neither ride, lead, nor drive, one step further; but there she stood, staring, snuffing the wind, and snorting so loud, that it was frightsome to hear as well as to see her. This was the worst dilemma of all. What was our forlorn shepherd to do now? He averred that the mare *would not* go on either by force or art;

but I am greatly deceived, if by this time he durst for his life have gone on, even though the mare could have been induced to proceed. He took the next natural expedient, which was that of shouting out as loud as he could bellow, "Hilloa! who 's there? Be ye devils, be ye witches, or be ye Christian creatures, rise an' shaw yoursels. I say, hilloa! who 's there?"

Robin was at this time standing hanging by the mare's hair halter with both his hands, for she was capering and flinging up her white face with such violence, that she sometimes made him bob off the ground; when, behold! at his last call, a being like a woman rose from among some deep heather bushes about twenty yards before him. She was like an elderly female, dressed in a coarse country garb, tall and erect; and there she stood for a space, with her pale face, on which the moon shone full, turned straight towards Robin. He then heard her muttering something to herself; and, with a half-stifled laugh, she stooped down, and lifted something from among the heath, which Robin thought resembled a baby. "There the gipsy yaud has been murdering that poor bairn!" thought Robin to himself: "it was nae wonder my auld yaud was frighted! she kens what 's what, for as contrarysome as she is. And murderess though the hizzy be, it is out o' my power to pursue her wi' this positive auld hack, for no another foot nearer her will she move."

Robin never thought but that the mysterious being was to fly from him, or at least go off the road to one

side; but in place of that she rolled her baby, or bundle, or whatever it was, deliberately up in a blanket, fastened it between her shoulders, and came straight up to the place where Robin stood hanging by his mare's head. The mare was perfectly mad. She reared, snorted, and whisked her long ill-shaped tail; but Robin held her, for he was a strong young man, and the hair halter must have been proportionably so, else it never could have stood the exercise of that eventful night.

Though I have heard Robin tell the story oftener than once when I was a boy, there was always a confusion here which I never understood. This may be accounted for, in some measure, by supposing that Robin was himself in such perplexity and confusion, that he neither knew well what passed, nor remembered it afterwards. As far as I recollect, the following was the dialogue that passed between the two.

"Wha's this?"

"What need ye speer, goodman? kend fo'k, gin it war daylight."

"I think I'm a wee bit at a loss. I dinna ken ye."

"May be no, for ye never saw me afore. An' yet it is a queer thing for a father no to ken his ain daughter."

"Ay, that wad be a queer thing indeed. But where are you gaun at this time o' the night?"

"Where am I gaun? where but up to the Craigyrigg, to get part o' my ain blithemeat. But where are you riding at sic a rate?"

"Why, I 'm just riding my whole might for the houdy: an' that 's very true, I hae little need to stand claverin here wi' you."

"Ha, ha, ha, ha! daddy Robin! It is four hours sin' ye came frae hame, an' ye 're no won three miles yet. Why, man, afore ye get to the Sandbed an' hame again, your daughter will be ready for spaining."

"Daughter! what 's a' this about a daughter? Has my dear Jean really a daughter?"

"You may be sure she has, else I could not have been here."

"An' has she only ane? for, od! ye maun ken wifie that I expectit twa at the fewest. But I dinna understand you. I wish ye may be canny enough, for my white-faced yaud seems to jalouse otherwise."

"Ye dinna ken me, Robin, but ye will ken me. I am Helen Grieve. I was weel brought up, and married to a respectable farmer's son; but he turned out a villain, and, among other qualifications, was a notorious thief; so that I have been reduced to this that you see, to travel the country with a pack, and lend women a helping-hand in their hour o' need. An', Robin, when you and I meet here again, you may be preparing for another world."

"I dinna comprehend ye at a', wifie. No; a' that I can do, I canna comprehend ye. But I understand thus far. It seems ye are a houdy, or a meedwife, as the grit fo'ks will ca' you. Now that 's the very thing I want at present, for your helping hand may be

needfu' yonder. Come on ahint me, and we'll soon be hame."

I must give the expedition home in Robin's own words.

"Weel, I forces my yaud into the Cleuch-brae, contrary as she was, wi' her white face, for she had learned by this time to take a wee care o' the timmer snibbelt. I was on her back in a jiffey; an', to say truth, the kerling wi' the pale round face, and the bit lang bundle on her back, wasna slack; for she was on ahint me, bundle an' a', ere ever I kend I was on mysel. But, Gude forgie us! sickan a voyage as we gat! I declare my yaud gae a snore that gart a' the hills ring, an' the verra fire flew frae her snirls. Out o' the Cleuch-brae she sprang, as there hadna been a bane or a joint within her hide, but her hale carcass made o' steel springs; an' ower bush, ower breer, ower stock, an' ower stane she flew, I declare, an' so be it, faster than ever an eagle flew through the firmament of the heavens.

"I kend then that I had either a witch or a mermaid on ahint me; but how was I now to get quit o' her? The hair halter had lost a' power, an' I had no other shift left, than to fix by instinct on the mane wi' baith hands, an' cry out to the mare to stop. 'Wo ye auld viper o' the pit! wo, ye beast o' Bashan!' I cries in outer desperation; but ay the louder I cried, the faster did the glyde flee. She snored, an' she grained, an' she reirdit baith ahint an' afore; an' on she dashed, regardless of a' danger.

"I soon lost sight o' the ground—off gaed my bonnet, an' away i' the wind—off gaed my plaid, an' away i' the wind; an' there was I sitting lootching forret, cleaving the wind like an arrow out of a bow, an' my een rinning pouring like streams of water from the south. At length we came to the Birk-bush Linn! and alangst the very verge of that awsome precipice there was my dementit beast scouring like a fiery dragon. 'Lord preserve me!' cried I loud out; an' I hadna weel said the word, till my mare gae a tremendous plunge ower something, I never kend what it was, and then down she came on her nose. No rider could stand this concussion, an' I declare, an' so be it, the meed-wife lost her haud, and ower the precipice she flew head foremost. I just gat ae glisk o' her as she was gaun ower the top o' the birk-bush like a shot stern, an' I heard her gie a waw like a cat; an' that was the last sight I saw o' her.

"I was then hanging by the mane an' the right hough; an', during the moment that my mare took to gather hersel' up, I recovered my seat, but only on the top o' the shoulder, for I couldna win to the right place. The mare flew on as madly as ever; and frae the shoulder I came on to the neck, an' forret, an' forret, piecemeal, till, just as I came to my ain door, I had gotten a grip o' baith the lugs. The foal gae a screed of a nicher; on which the glyde threw up her white face wi' sic a vengeance, that she gart me play at pitch-an'-toss up in the air. The foal nichered, an'

the mare nichered, an' out came the kimmers; an' I declare, an' so be it, there was I lying in the gutter senseless, wanting the plaid, an' wanting the bonnet, an' nae meedwife at a'; an' that 's the truth, sir, I declare, an' so be it.

"Then they carried me in, an' they washed me, an' they bathed me, an' at last I came to mysel'; an', to be sure, I had gotten a bonny doughter, an' a' things war gaun on *as weel as could be expectit.* 'What hae ye made o' your plaid, Robin?' says ane. 'Whare 's your bonnet, Robin?' says another. 'But, gudeness guide us! what 's come o' the houdy, Robin? Whare 's the meedwife, Robin?' cried they a' at aince. I trow this question gart me glower as I had seen a ghaist. 'Och! huh!' cried the wives, an' held up their hands; 'something has happened! something has happened! We see by his looks!—Robin! what has happened? Whare 's the meedwife?'

"'Haud your tongue, Janet Reive; an' haud ye your tongue too, Eppie Dickson,' says I, 'an' dinna speer that question at me again; for the houdy is where the Lord will, an' where my white-faced yaud was pleased to pit her, and that 's in the howe o' the Birk-bush Linn. Gin she be a human creature, she 's a' dashed to pieces: but an she be nae a human creature she may gang where she like for me; an' that 's true, I declare, an' so be it.'"

Now it must strike every reader, as it did me at first and for many years afterwards, that this mysterious

nocturnal wanderer gave a most confused and unintelligible account of herself. She was Robin's daughter; her name was Helen Grieve; she was married to such and such a man; and had now become a pedlar, and acted occasionally as a midwife: and finally, when they two met there again, it would be time for Robin to be preparing for another state of existence. Now, in the first place, Robin never had a daughter till that very hour and instant when the woman rose out of the heather-bush and accosted him. All the rest appeared to him like a confused dream, of which he had no comprehension, save that he could never again be prevailed on to pass that way alone by night; for he had an impression that at some time or other he should meet with her again.

But by far the most curious part of this story is yet to come, and it shall be related in few words. Robin went with some others, as soon as it was day, to the Birk-bush Linn, but there was neither body nor blood to be seen, nor any appearance of a person having been killed or hurt. Robin's daughter was christened by the name of Helen, after her maternal grandmother, so that her name was actually Helen Grieve: and from the time that Robin first saw his daughter, there never was a day on which some of her looks did not bring the mysterious midwife to his mind. Thus far the story had proceeded when I heard it related; for I lived twelve months in the family, and the girl was then only about seven years of age. But, strange to

relate, the midwife's short history of herself has turned out the exact history of this once lovely girl's life; and Robin, a few days before his death, met her at the Kirk Cleuch, with a bundle on her back, and recognized his old friend in every lineament and article of attire. He related this to his wife as a secret, but added, that "he did not know whether it was his *real* daughter whom he met or not."

Many are the traditions remaining in the country, relative to the seeking of midwives, or houdies, as they are universally denominated all over the south of Scotland; and strange adventures are related as having happened in these precipitate excursions, which were proverbially certain to happen by night. Indeed it would appear, that there hardly ever was a midwife brought, but some incident occurred indicative of the fate or fortunes of the little forthcoming stranger; but, amongst them all, I have selected this as the most remarkable.

I am exceedingly grieved at the discontinuance of midwifery, that primitive and original calling, in this primitive and original country; for never were there such merry groups in Scotland as the midwives and their kimmers in former days, and never was there such store of capital stories and gossip circulated as on these occasions. But those days are over! and alack, and wo is me! no future old shepherd shall tell another tale of SEEKING THE HOUDY!

MY NATIVE VALE.

BY ALEXANDER BALFOUR, ESQ.

Exotics hence! away, ye alien train,
  That pining languish in our northern air;
To me the wild flowers of my native plain
  Breathe sweeter fragrance, glow with tints more fair.
Were mine the choice the richest balm to share,
  That e'er was wafted on the southern gale,
Or scent the incense of dear Clochton's vale,
  And press the simple flowers that blossom there;
My choice were made—for there in life's gay morn
  I roved, light-hearted, o'er the rural scene;
Though distant far, 'tis mine to sigh forlorn,
  Yet fond remembrance dwells on what has been;
Though fancy's flowers have wither'd in the blast,
  It is "the joy of grief" to muse upon the past.

SONG.

BY THE LATE HENRY NEELE, ESQ.

Hope still will mount—no timorous fears
  Her purpose can beguile;
And if she weeps, those short-lived tears
  Will brighten to a smile.

So the gay sky-lark soars and sings
  To hail the orb of day,
And even the dews which wet her wings
  Soon glitter in his ray.

A BUNCH OF FORGET-ME-NOTS.

BY T. HOOD, ESQ.

FORGET me not!—It is the cry of clay
From infancy to age, from ripe to rotten;
For who, "to dumb forgetfulness a prey,"
Would be forgotten?

Hark! the poor infant, in the age of pap,
A little Laplander on nurse's lap,
Some strange neglectful gossiping old Trot,
Meanwhile on dull Oblivion's lap she lieth,
In her shrill Baby-lonish language crieth—
What?—
"Forget me not!"

The school-boy writes unto the self same tune
The yearly letter, guiltless of a blot,
"We break up on the twenty-third of June;"
And then, with Comps. from Doctor Polyglott,
"P. S. Forget me not!"

When last my elder brother sail'd for Quito,
My chalky foot had in a hobble got—
Why did he plant his timber toe on *my* toe?
To stamp on Memory's most tender spot
"Forget me not!"

The dying nabob, on whose shrivell'd skin
The Indian "Mulliga" has left its "tawny,"

Leaving life's pilgrimage so rough and thorny,
Bindeth his kin
Two tons of sculptured marble to allot,
A small "Forget me not."

The hardy sailor parting from his wives,
Sharing amongst them all that he has got,
Keeps a fond eye upon their after-lives,
And says to seventeen—"If I am shot,
Forget me not."

A past, past tense
In fact is sought for by all human kind,
And hence
One common Irish wish—to leave ourselves behind!

Why, all the mob of authors that now trouble
The world with cold-press'd volumes and with hot,
They all are seeking reputation's bubble—
Hopelessly hoping, like Sir Walter Scott,
To tie in Fame's own handkerchief a double
Forget-me-*knot*.

Forget me not—it is the common chorus,
Swell'd by all those behind us and before us;
Each fifth of each November
Calls out "Remember;"
And even a poor man of straw will try
To live by dint of powder and of plot.
In short, it is the cry of every guy,
"Forget me not!"

ON THE

PORTRAIT OF A SPANISH PRINCESS

BY DAVID WILKIE, ESQ. R. A.*

How great the limner's triumph! for he writes
A universal language, which the clown
And schoolman read alike. Behold a face
Array'd in beauty, which we dare to scan,
Nor fear its frown, nor yet more dangerous smile.
And this is one whose destiny it was
To sit in the high places of the world,
A mark for Envy's shaft! Look on that brow!
It is the throne of Genius, bathed in light!
How high and queenly too! though yet untouch'd
By queenly crown; for never diadem
Did sit on mortal temples but it left
The furrow'd impress of its cares behind.

And yet that face, all beaming though it be
With youth and health and beauty, hath a touch
Of pensiveness withal; and that dark eye,
Though sparkling with a radiance that might win
The Gheber from his idol, hath a chaste,
Subdued expression, as if once its light
Was dimm'd by many tears;—tears shed o'er scenes
'T is bitterness to think on, when the sword
Did reap her country's corn-fields, and the hoof
Of the proud war-horse press'd her grapes; and when
The blood of patriot martyrs was pour'd forth

* See the Frontispiece,

Upon the earth like water—not like it
To sink into the ground: its reek arose
A cloud between the slayer and his God,
To burst in lightnings in the day of wrath
And retribution.

Let us gaze again
Upon the picture, and admire the power
Of woman's beauty. O it hath a charm
With which the Great Artificer endues
Nought else of his creation! I have stood
Oft by the margin of the deep, and mark'd
The ripple of its waters with an ear
That deem'd it music. I have wander'd too,
By moonlight, through the woodlands, and have heard
Mysterious whisperings of many tongues,
As though the fabled genii of the trees
Held converse in their branches: and the while,
Albeit, not of Genius' favour'd sons,
Have felt the inspiration of the scene,
And wept for ecstasy: but there is still
In beauty, when enshrining woman's form,
An all-surpassing magic, which hath work'd
For evil and for good, in every age
From Adam's to our own. Let no man look
With eyes unholy on her loveliness!
She is a temple which th' Eternal One
Hath built Him to inhabit. Who will dare
To desecrate the dwelling of his God?

Ω

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